CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS

ESSAYS:

COLLECTED AND REPUBLISHED.

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193 PICCADILLY.
M DCCC.LVII.

LONDON
PRINTED BY ROBSON, LEVEY, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME IV.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.[1]

[1837.]

CHAPTER I.

Age of Romance.

The Age of Romance has not ceased; it never ceases; it does not, if we will think of it, so much as very sensibly decline. "The passions are repressed by social forms; great passions no longer show themselves?" Why, there are passions still great enough to replenish Bedlam, for it never wants tenants; to suspend men from bed-posts, from improved-drops at the west end of Newgate. A passion that explosively shivers asunder the Life it took rise in, ought to be regarded as considerable: more no passion, in the highest heyday of Romance, yet did. The passions, by grace of the Supernal and also of the Infernal Powers (for both have a hand in it), can never fail us.

And then, as to 'social forms,' be it granted that they are of the most buckram quality, and bind men up into the pitifullest straitlaced commonplace existence,—you ask, Where is the Romance? In the Scotch way one answers, Where is it not? That very spectacle of an Immortal Nature, with faculties and destiny extending through Eternity, hampered and bandaged up, by nurses, pedagogues, posturemasters, and the tongues of innumerable old women (named 'force of public opinion'); by prejudice, custom, want of knowledge, want of money, want of strength into, say, the meagre Pattern-Figure that, in these days, meets you in all tho-

[1] Fraser's Magazine, Nos. 85 and 86.

roughfares: a 'god-created Man,' all but abnegating the character of Man; forced to exist, automatised, mummy-wise (scarcely in rare moments audible or visible from amid his wrappages and cerements), as Gentleman or Gigman;[1] and so selling his birthright of Eternity for the three daily meals, poor at best, which Time yields:—is not this spectacle itself highly romantic, tragical, if we had eyes to look at it? The high-born (highest-born, for he came out of Heaven) lies drowning in the despicablest puddles; the priceless gift of Life, which he can have but *once*, for he waited a whole Eternity to be born, and now has a whole Eternity waiting to see what he will do when born,—*this* priceless gift we see strangled slowly out of him by innumerable packthreads; and there remains of the glorious Possibility, which we fondly named Man, nothing but an inanimate mass of foul loss and disappointment, which we wrap in shrouds and bury underground,—surely with well-merited tears. To the Thinker here lies Tragedy enough; the epitome and marrow of all Tragedy whatsoever.

But so few are Thinkers? Ay, Reader, so few think; there is the rub! Not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only for passive dreaming and hearsaying, and active babbling by rote. Of the eyes that men do glare withal so few can *see*. Thus is the world become such a fearful confused Treadmill; and each man's task has got entangled in his neighbour's, and pulls it awry; and the Spirit of Blindness, Falsehood and Distraction, justly named the Devil, continually maintains himself among us; and even hopes (were it not for the Opposition which by God's grace will also maintain itself) to become supreme. Thus too, among other things, has the Romance of Life gone wholly out of sight: and all History, degenerating into empty invoice-lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry, or, still worse, into 'Constitutional History,' or 'Philosophy of History,' or 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' is become dead as the Almanacs of other years,—to which species of composition, indeed, it bears, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity.

'Of all blinds that shut-up men's vision,' says one, 'the worst is Self.' How true! How doubly true, if Self, assuming her cunningest, yet miserablest disguise, come on us, in never-ceasing, all-obscuring reflexes from the innumerable Selves of others; not as Pride, not even as real Hunger, but only as Vanity, and the shadow of an imaginary Hunger for Applause; under the name of what we call 'Respectability!' Alas now for our Historian: to his other spiritual deadness (which however, so long as he physically breathes,

[1] 'I always considered him a respectable man.—What do you mean by respectable? He kept a Gig.'—*Thurtell's Trial.*

cannot be considered *complete*) this sad new magic influence is added! Henceforth his Histories must all be screwed up into the 'dignity of History.' Instead of looking fixedly at the *Thing*, and first of all, and beyond all endeavouring to *see* it, and fashion a living Picture of it, not a wretched politico-metaphysical Abstraction of it, he has now quite other matters to look to. The Thing lies shrouded, invisible, in thousandfold hallucinations, and foreign air-images: What did the Whigs say of it? What did the Tories? The Priests? The Freethinkers? Above all, What will my own listening circle say of *me* for what I say of it? And then his Respectability in general, as a literary gentleman; his not despicable talent for philosophy! Thus is our poor Historian's faculty directed mainly on two objects the Writing and the Writer, both of which are quite extraneous; and the Thing written of fares as we see. Can it be wonderful that Histories, wherein open lying is not permitted, are unromantic? Nay, our very Biographies, how stiff-starched, foisonless, hollow! They stand there respectable; and —what more? Dumb idols; with a skin of delusively painted wax-work; inwardly empty, or full of rags and bran. In our England especially, which in these days is become the chosen land of Respectability, Life-writing has dwindled to the sorrowfullest condition, it requires a man to be some disrespectable, ridiculous Boswell before he can write a tolerable Life Thus too, strangely enough, the only Lives worth reading are those of Players, emptiest and poorest of the sons of Adam, who nevertheless were sons of his, and brothers of ours; and by the nature of the case, had already bidden Respectability good-day. Such bounties, in this as in infinitely deeper matters, does Respectability shower down on us Sad are thy doings, O *Gig*; sadder than those of Juggernaut's Car, that, with huge wheel, suddenly crushes asunder the bodies of men, thou, in thy light bobbing Long Acre springs, gradually winnowest away their souls!

Depend upon it, for one thing, good Reader, no age ever seemed the Age of Romance to *itself* Charlemagne, let the Poets talk as they will, had his own provocations in the world: what with selling of his poultry and pot herbs, what with wanton daughters carrying secretaries through the snow, and, for instance, that hanging of the Saxons over the Weser-bridge (four thousand of them, they say, at one bout), it seems to me that the Great Charles had his temper ruffled at times Roland of Roncesvalles too, we see well in thinking of it, found rainy weather as well as sunny, knew what it was to have hose need darning; got tough beef to chew, or even went dinnerless, was saddle-sick, calumniated, constipated (as his madness too clearly indicates); and oftenest felt, I doubt

not, that this was a very Devil's world, and he, Roland himself, one of the sorriest caitiffs there. Only in long subsequent days, when the tough beef, the constipation and the calumny had clean vanished, did it all begin to seem Romantic, and your Turpins and Ariostos found music in it. So, I say, is it *ever!* And the more, as your true hero, your true Roland, is ever *unconscious* that he is a hero: this is a condition of all greatness.

In our own poor Nineteenth Century, the Writer of these lines has been fortunate enough to see not a few glimpses of Romance; he imagines this Nineteenth is hardly a whit less romantic than that Ninth, or any other, since centuries began. Apart from Napoleon, and the Dantons, and Mirabeaus, whose fire-words of public speaking, and fire-whirlwinds of cannon and musketry, which for a season darkened the air, are perhaps at bottom but superficial phenomena, he has witnessed, in remotest places, much that could be called romantic, even miraculous. He has witnessed overhead the infinite Deep, with greater and lesser lights, bright-rolling, silent-beaming, hurled forth by the Hand of God: around him and under his feet, the wonderfullest Earth, with her winter snow-storms and her summer spice-airs; and, unaccountablest of all, *himself* standing there. He stood in the lapse of Time; he saw Eternity behind him, and before him. The all-encircling mysterious tide of Force, thousandfold (for from force of Thought to force of Gravitation what an interval!) billowed shoreless on; bore him too along with it,—he too was part of it. From its bosom rose and vanished, in perpetual change, the lordliest Real-Phantasmagory, which men name *Being;* and ever anew rose and vanished; and ever that lordliest many-coloured scene was full, another yet the same. Oak-trees fell, young acorns sprang: Men too, new-sent from the Unknown, he met, of tiniest size, who waxed into stature, into strength of sinew, passionate fire and light: in other men the light was growing dim, the sinews all feeble, they sank, motionless, into ashes, into invisibility; returned *back* to the Unknown, beckoning him their mute farewell He wanders still by the parting-spot; cannot hear *them;* they are far, how far!—It was a sight for angels and archangels; for, indeed, God himself had made it wholly. One many-glancing asbestos-thread in the Web of Universal-History, spirit-woven, it rustled there, as with the howl of mighty winds, through that 'wild-roaring Loom of Time.' Generation after generation, hundreds of them or thousands of them, from the unknown Beginning, so loud, so stormful-busy, rushed torrent-wise, thundering down, down, and fell all silent,—nothing but some feeble re-echo, which grew ever feebler, struggling up; and Oblivion swallowed them *all.* Thousands more, to

the unknown Ending, will follow: and *thou* here, of this present one, hangest as a drop, still sungilt, on the giddy edge; one moment, while the Darkness has not yet engulfed thee. O Brother! is *that* what thou callest prosaic; of small interest? Of small interest and for *thee*? Awake, poor troubled sleeper: shake off thy torpid nightmare-dream: look, see, behold it, the Flame-image; splendours high as Heaven, terrors deep as Hell: this is God's Creation, this is Man's Life!—Such things has the Writer of these lines witnessed, in this poor Nineteenth Century of ours; and what are all such to the things he yet hopes to witness? Hopes, with truest assurance 'I have painted so much,' said the good Jean Paul, in his old days, 'and I have never seen the Ocean; the Ocean of Eternity I shall not fail to see!'

Such being the intrinsic quality of this Time, and of all Time whatsoever, might not the Poet who chanced to walk through it find objects enough to paint? What object soever he fixed on, were it the meanest of the mean, let him but paint it in its actual truth, as it swims there, in such environment; world-old, yet new and never-ending; an indestructible portion of the miraculous All,—his picture of it were a Poem. How much more if the object fixed on were not mean, but one already wonderful; the mystic 'actual truth' of which, if it lay not on the surface, yet shone through the surface, and invited even Prosaists to search for it!

The present Writer, who unhappily belongs to that class, has nevertheless a firmer and firmer persuasion of two things: first, as was seen, that Romance exists; secondly, that now, and formerly, and evermore it exists, strictly speaking, in Reality alone. The thing that *is*, what can be so wonderful; what, especially to us that *are*, can have such significance? Study Reality, he is ever and anon saying to himself, search out deeper and deeper *its* quite endless mystery see it, know it; then, whether thou wouldst learn from it, and again teach; or weep over it, or laugh over it, or love it, or despise it, or in any way relate thyself to it, thou hast the firmest enduring basis: *that* hieroglyphic page is one thou canst read on forever, find new meaning in forever.

Finally, and in a word, do not the critics teach us: 'In whatsoever thing thou hast thyself felt interest, in that or in nothing hope to inspire others with interest?'—In partial obedience to all which, and to many other principles, shall the following small Romance of the *Diamond Necklace* begin to come together. A small Romance, let the reader again and again assure himself, which is no brainweb of mine, or of any other foolish man's; but a fraction of that mystic 'spirit-woven web,' from the 'Loom of Time,' spoken of above. It is an actual Transaction that happened in this Earth

of ours. Wherewith our whole business, as already urged, is to paint it truly.

For the rest, an earnest inspection, faithful endeavour has not been wanting, on our part; nor, singular as it may seem, the strictest regard to chronology, geography (or rather in this case, topography), documentary evidence, and what else true historical research would yield. Were there but on the reader's part a kindred openness, a kindred spirit of endeavour! Beshone strongly, on both sides, by such united twofold Philosophy, this poor opaque Intrigue of the *Diamond Necklace* might become quite translucent between us; transfigured, lifted up into the serene of Universal-History; and might hang there like a smallest Diamond Constellation, visible without telescope,—so long as it could.

CHAPTER II.

The Necklace is made.

Herr, or as he is now called Monsieur, Boehmer, to all appearance wanted not that last infirmity of noble and ignoble minds—a love of fame; he was destined also to be famous more than enough. His outlooks into the world were rather of a smiling character: he has long since exchanged his guttural speech, as far as possible, for a nasal one; his rustic Saxon fatherland for a polished city of Paris, and thriven there. United in partnership with worthy Monsieur Bassange, a sound practical man, skilled in the valuation of all precious stones, in the management of workmen, in the judgment of their work, he already sees himself among the highest of his guild: nay, rather the very highest,—for he has secured, by purchase and hard money paid, the title of King's Jeweller; and can enter the Court itself, leaving all other Jewellers, and even innumerable Gentlemen, Gigmen and small Nobility, to languish in the vestibule. With the costliest ornaments in his pocket, or borne after him by assiduous shopboys, the happy Boehmer sees high drawing rooms and sacred *ruelles* fly open, as with talismanic *Sesame;* and the brightest eyes of the whole world grow brighter: to him alone of men the Unapproachable reveals herself in mysterious *négligee;* taking and giving counsel. Do not, on all gala-days and gala-nights, his works praise him? On the gorgeous robes of State, on Court-dresses and Lords' stars, on the diadem of Royalty; better still, on the swan-neck of Beauty, and her queenly garniture from plume-bearing aigrette to shoebuckle on fairy-slipper,—that blinding play of colours is Boehmer's doing: he is *Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine.*

Could the man but have been content with it! He could not: Icarus like, he must mount too high; have his wax-wings melted, and descend prostrate,—amid a cloud of vain goose-quills. One day, a fatal day (of some year, probably, among the *Seventies* of last Century[1]), it struck Boehmer: Why should not I, who, as Most Christian King's Jeweller, am properly first Jeweller of the Universe,—make a Jewel which the Universe has not matched? Nothing can prevent thee, Boehmer, if thou have the skill to do it. Skill or no skill, answers he, I have the ambition: my Jewel, if not the beautifullest, shall be the dearest. Thus was the Diamond Necklace determined on.

Did worthy Bassange give a willing, or a reluctant consent? In any case he consents; and cooperates. Plans are sketched, consultations held, stucco models made; by money or credit the costliest diamonds come in; cunning craftsmen cut them, set them: proud Boehmer sees the work go prosperously on. Proud man! Behold him on a morning after breakfast: he has stepped down to the innermost workshop, before sallying out; stands there with his laced three-cornered hat, cane under arm; drawing-on his gloves; with nod, with nasal-guttural word, he gives judicious confirmation, judicious abnegation, censure and approval. A still joy is dawning over that bland blond face of his; he can think, while in many a sacred boudoir he visits the Unapproachable, that an *opus magnum*, of which the world wotteth not, is progressing. At length comes a morning when care has terminated, and joy can not only dawn but shine; the Necklace, which shall be famous and world-famous, is made.

Made we call it, in conformity with common speech: but properly it was not made; only, with more or less spirit of method, arranged and agglomerated. What spirit of method lay in it, might be made; nothing more. But to tell the various Histories of those various Diamonds, from the first making of them; or even, omitting all the rest, from the first digging of them in the far Indian mines! How they lay, for uncounted ages and æons (under the uproar and splashing of such Deucalion Deluges, and Hutton Explosions, with steam enough, and Werner Submersions), silently imbedded in the rock; did nevertheless, when their hour came, emerge from it, and first beheld the glorious Sun smile on them, and with their many-coloured glances smiled back on him. How they served next, let us say, as eyes of Heathen Idols, and

[1] Except that Madame Campan (*Mémoires*, tome ii.) says the Necklace 'was intended for Du Barry,' one cannot discover, within many years, the date of its manufacture. Du Barry went 'into half-pay' on the 10th of May 1774,—the day when her king died.

received worship. How they had then, by fortune of war or theft, been knocked out; and exchanged among camp-sutlers for a little spirituous liquor, and bought by Jews, and worn as signets on the fingers of tawny or white Majesties; and again been lost, with the fingers too, and perhaps life (as by Charles the Rash, among the mud-ditches of Nancy), in old-forgotten glorious victories: and so, through innumerable varieties of fortune,—had come at last to the cutting-wheel of Boehmer; to be united, in strange fellowship, with comrades also blown together from all ends of the Earth, each with a History of its own! Could these aged stones, the youngest of them Six Thousand years of age and upwards, but have spoken, *there* were an Experience for Philosophy to teach by!—But now, as was said, by little caps of gold, and daintiest rings of the same, they are all being, so to speak, enlisted under Boehmer's flag,—made to take rank and file, in new order, no Jewel asking his neighbour whence he came; and parade there for a season. For a season only; and then—to disperse, and enlist anew *ad infinitum*. In such inexplicable wise are Jewels, and Men also, and indeed all earthly things, jumbled together and asunder, and shovelled and wafted to and fro, in our inexplicable chaos of a World. This was what Boehmer called *making* his Necklace.

So, in fact, do other men speak, and with even less reason. How many men, for example, hast thou heard talk of making money; of making, say, a million and a half of money? Of which million and half, how much, if one were to look into it, had they *made?* The accurate value of their Industry; not a sixpence more. Their making, then, was but, like Boehmer's, a clutching and heaping together;—by-and-by to be followed also by a dispersion. Made? Thou too vain individual! were these towered ashlar edifices; were these fair bounteous leas, with their bosky umbrages and yellow harvests; and the sunshine that lights them from above, and the granite rocks and fire-reservoirs that support them from below, made by *thee?* I think, by another. The very shilling that thou hast was dug, by man's force, in Carinthia and Paraguay; smelted sufficiently; and stamped, as would seem, not without the advice of our late Defender of the Faith, his Majesty George the Fourth. Thou hast it, and holdest it; but whether, or in what sense, thou hast *made* any farthing of it, thyself canst not say. If the courteous reader ask, What things, then, are made by man? I will answer him, Very few indeed. A Heroism, a Wisdom (a god-given Volition that has realised itself), is made now and then: for example, some five or six Books, since the Creation, have been made. Strange that there are not more: for surely every encouragement is held out. Could I, or thou, happy

reader, but make one, the world would let us keep it unstolen for Fourteen whole years,—and take what we could get for it.

But, in a word, Monsieur Boehmer has made his Necklace, what he calls made it: happy man is he. From a Drawing, as large as reality, kindly furnished by 'Taunay, Printseller, of the Rue d'Enfer;'[1] and again, in late years, by the Abbe Georgel, in the Second Volume of his *Mémoires*, curious readers can still fancy to themselves what a princely Ornament it was. A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very Queen of Diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now lastly, two other inexpressible

[1] Frontispiece of the '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785;' wherefrom Georgel's Editor has copied it. This '*Affaire du Collier*, Paris, 1785,' is not properly a Book; but a bound Collection of such Law-Papers (*Mémoires pour* &c.) as were printed and emitted by the various parties in that famed 'Necklace Trial.' These Law-Papers, bound into Two Volumes quarto; with Portraits, such as the Printshops yielded them at the time; likewise with patches of *Ms.*, containing Notes, Pasquinade-songs, and the like, of the most unspeakable character occasionally,—constitute this '*Affaire du Collier;*' which the Paris Dealers in Old Books can still procure there. It is one of the largest collections of Falsehoods that exists in print; and, unfortunately, still, after all the narrating and history there has been on the subject, forms our chief means of getting at the truth of that Transaction. The First Volume contains some Twenty-one *Mémoires pour:* not, of course, Historical statements of truth; but Culprits' and Lawyers' statements of what they wished to be believed; each party *lying* according to his ability to lie. To reach the truth, or even any honest guess at the truth, the immensities of rubbish must be sifted, contrasted, rejected: what grain of historical evidence may lie at the bottom is then attainable. Thus, as this Transaction of the Diamond Necklace has been called the 'Largest Lie of the Eighteenth Century,' so it comes to us borne, not unfitly, on a whole illimitable dim Chaos of Lies!

Nay, the Second Volume, entitled *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*, is still stranger. It relates to the Intrigue and Trial of one Bette d'Etienville, who, represents himself as a poor lad that had been kidnapped, blindfolded, introduced to beautiful Ladies, and engaged to get husbands for them; as setting out on this task, and gradually getting quite bewitched and bewildered;—most indubitably, going on to bewitch and bewilder other people on all hands of him: the whole *in consequence* of this 'Necklace Trial,' and the noise it was making! Very curious. The Lawyers did verily busy themselves with this affair of Bette's; there are scarecrow Portraits given, that stood in the Printshops, and no man can know whether the Originals ever so much as existed. It is like the Dream of a Dream. The human mind stands stupent; ejaculates the wish that such Gulf of Falsehood would close itself,—before general Delirium supervene, and the Speech of Man become mere incredible, meaningless jargon, like that of choughs and daws. Even from Bette, however, by assiduous sifting, one gathers a particle of truth here and there.

threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the Necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible sixfold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind-neck,—we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire.

All these on a neck of snow slight-tinged with rose-bloom, and within it royal Life: amidst the blaze of lustres; in sylphish movements, espiegleries, coquetteries, and minuet-mazes; with every movement a flash of star-rainbow colours, bright almost as the movements of the fair young soul it emblems! A glorious ornament; fit only for the Sultana of the World. Indeed, only attainable by such; for it is valued at 1,800,000 livres; say in round numbers, and sterling money, between eighty and ninety thousand pounds.

CHAPTER III.

The Necklace cannot be sold.

Miscalculating Boehmer! The Sultana of the Earth shall never wear that Necklace of thine; no neck, either royal or vassal, shall ever be the lovelier for it. In the present distressed state of our finances, with the American War raging round us, where thinkest thou are eighty thousand pounds to be raised for such a thing? In this hungry world, thou fool, these five hundred and odd Diamonds, good only for looking at, are intrinsically worth less to us than a string of as many dry Irish potatoes, on which a famishing Sansculotte might fill his belly. Little knowest thou, laughing Joaillier-Bijoutier, great in thy pride of place, in thy pride of *savoir-faire*, what the world has in store for thee. Thou laughest there; by-and-by thou wilt laugh on the wrong side of thy face mainly.

While the Necklace lay in stucco effigy, and the stones of it were still 'circulating in Commerce,' Du Barry's was the neck it was meant for. Unhappily, as all dogs, male and female, have but their day, her day is done; and now (so busy has Death been) she sits retired, on mere half-pay, without prospects, at Saint-Cyr. A generous France will buy no more neck-ornaments for *her*:—O Heaven! the Guillotine-axe is already forging (North, in Swedish Dalecarlia, by sledge-hammers and fire; South too, by taxes and *tailles*) that will sheer her neck in twain!

But, indeed, what of Du Barry? A foul worm; hatched by royal heat, on foul composts, into a flaunting butterfly; now diswinged, and again a worm! Are there not Kings' Daughters and

Kings' Consorts; is not Decoration the first wish of a female heart, —often also, if such heart is empty, the last? The Portuguese Ambassador is here, and his rigorous Pombal is no longer Minister: there is an Infanta in Portugal, purposing by Heaven's blessing to wed.—Singular! the Portuguese Ambassador, though without fear of Pombal, praises, but will not purchase.

Or why not our own loveliest Marie-Antoinette, once Dauphiness only; now every inch a Queen: what neck in the whole Earth would it beseem better? It is fit only for her.—Alas, Boehmer! King Louis has an eye for diamonds; but he too is without overplus of money: his high Queen herself answers queenlike, "We have more need of Seventy-fours than of Necklaces." *Laudatur et alget!*—Not without a qualmish feeling, we apply next to the Queen and King of the Two Sicilies.[1] In vain, O Boehmer! In crowned heads there is no hope for thee. Not a crowned head of them can spare the eighty thousand pounds. The age of Chivalry is gone, and that of Bankruptcy is come. A dull, deep, presaging movement rocks all thrones: Bankruptcy is beating down the gate, and no Chancellor can longer barricade her out. She will enter; and the shoreless fire lava of DEMOCRACY is at her back! Well may Kings, a second time, 'sit still with awful eye,' and think of far other things than Necklaces.

Thus for poor Boehmer are the mournfullest days and nights appointed; and this high-promising year (1780, as we laboriously guess and gather) stands blacker than all others in his calendar. In vain shall he, on his sleepless pillow, more and more desperately revolve the problem; it is a problem of the insoluble sort, a true 'irreducible case of Cardan:' the Diamond Necklace will not sell.

CHAPTER IV.

Affinities: the Two Fixed-Ideas.

Nevertheless, a man's little Work lies not isolated, stranded; a whole busy World, a whole native-element of mysterious never-resting Force, environs it; will catch it up; will carry it forward, or else backward: always, infallibly, either as living growth, or at worst as well-rotted manure, the Thing Done will come to use. Often, accordingly, for a man that had finished any little work, this were the most interesting question: In such a boundless whirl of a world, what hook will it be, and what hooks, that shall catch up this little work of mine; and whirl it also,—through such a dance? A question, we need not say, which, in the simplest of cases, would

[1] See *Mémoires de Campan*, ii. 1-26.

bring the whole Royal Society to a nonplus.—Good Corsican Letitia! while thou nursest thy little Napoleon, and he answers thy mother-smile with those deep eyes of his, a world-famous French Revolution, with Federations of the *Champ de Mars*, and September Massacres, and Bakers' Customers *en queue*, is getting ready: many a Danton and Desmoulins; prim-visaged, Tartuffe-looking Robespierre, as yet all schoolboys; and Marat weeping bitter rheum, as he pounds horsedrugs,—are preparing the fittest arena for him!

Thus too, while poor Boehmer is busy with those Diamonds of his, picking them 'out of Commerce,' and his craftsmen are grinding and setting them; a certain ecclesiastical Coadjutor and Grand Almoner, and prospective Commendator and Cardinal, is in Austria, hunting and giving suppers; for whom mainly it is that Boehmer and his craftsmen so employ themselves. Strange enough, once more! The foolish Jeweller at Paris, making foolish trinkets; the foolish Ambassador at Vienna, making blunders and debaucheries: these Two, all uncommunicating, wide asunder as the Poles, are hourly forging for each other the wonderfullest hook-and-eye; which will hook them together, one day,—into artificial Siamese-Twins, for the astonishment of mankind.

Prince Louis de Rohan is one of those select mortals born to honours, as the sparks fly upwards; and, alas, also (as all men are) to troubles no less. Of his genesis and descent much might be said, by the curious in such matters; yet perhaps, if we weigh it well, intrinsically little. He can, by diligence and faith, be traced back some handbreadth or two, some century or two; but after that, merges in the mere 'blood-royal of Brittany;' long, long on this side of the Northern Immigrations, he is not so much as to be sought for;—and leaves the whole space onwards from that, into the bosom of Eternity, a blank, marked only by one point, the Fall of Man! However, and what alone concerns us, his kindred, in these quite recent times, have been much about the Most Christian Majesty; could there pick up what was going. In particular, they have had a turn of some continuance for Cardinalship and Commendatorship. Safest trades these, of the calm, do-nothing sort; in the do-something line, in Generalship, or such like (witness poor Cousin Soubise, at Rosbach[1]), they might not fare so well. In any case, the actual Prince Louis, Coadjutor at Strasburg, while his uncle the Cardinal-Archbishop has not yet de-

[1] Here is the Epigram they made against him on occasion of Rosbach,—in that 'Despotism tempered by Epigrams,' which France was then said to be:

'Soubise dit, la lanterne à la main,
J'ai beau chercher, où diable est mon Armée?
Elle était là pourtant hier matin:
Me l'a-t-on prise, ou l'aurais-je égarée?—

ceased, and left him his dignities, but only fallen sick, already takes his place on one grandest occasion: he, thrice-happy Coadjutor, receives the fair, young, trembling Dauphiness, Marie-Antoinette, on her first entrance into France; and can there, as Ceremonial Fugleman, with fit bearing and semblance (being a tall man, of six-and-thirty), do the needful. Of his other performances up to this date, a refined History had rather say nothing.

In fact, if the tolerating mind will meditate it with any sympathy, what could poor Rohan perform? Performing needs light, needs strength, and a firm clear footing; all of which had been denied him. Nourished, from birth, with the choicest physical spoon-meat, indeed; yet also, with no better spiritual Doctrine and Evangel of Life than a French Court of Louis the Well-beloved could yield; gifted moreover, and this too was but a new perplexity for him, with shrewdness enough to see through much, with vigour enough to despise much; unhappily, not with vigour enough to spurn it from him, and be forever enfranchised of it,—he awakes, at man's stature, with man's wild desires, in a World of the merest incoherent Lies and Delirium; himself a nameless Mass of delirious Incoherences,—covered over at most, and held-in a little, by conventional Politesse, and a Cloak of prospective Cardinal's Plush. Are not intrigues, might Rohan say, the industry of this our Universe; nay is not the Universe itself, at bottom, properly an intrigue? A Most Christian Majesty, in the *Parc-aux-cerfs*; he, thou seest, is the god of this lower world; in the fight of Life, our war banner and celestial *En-touto-nika* is a Strumpet's Petticoat: these are thy gods, O France!—What, in such singular circumstances, could poor Rohan's creed and world-theory be, that he should 'perform' thereby? Atheism? Alas, no; not even Atheism: only Machiavelism; and the indestructible faith that 'ginger is hot in the mouth.' Get ever new and better *ginger*, therefore; chew it ever the more diligently: 'tis all thou hast to look to, and that only for a day.

Ginger enough, poor Louis de Rohan: too much of ginger! Whatsoever of it, for the five senses, money, or money's worth, or backstairs diplomacy, can buy; nay for the sixth sense too, the far spicier ginger, Antecedence of thy fellow-creatures,—merited, at least, by infinitely finer housing than theirs. Coadjutor of Strasburg, Archbishop of Strasburg, Grand Almoner of France, Com-

---

Que vois-je, ô ciel! que mon âme est ravie!
Prodige heureux! la voilà, la voilà!—
Ah, ventrebleu! qu'est-ce donc que cela?
Je me trompais, c'est l'Armée Ennemie!'

LACRETELLE, ii. 206.

mander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, Cardinal, Commendator of St. Wast d'Arras (one of the fattest benefices here below): all these shall be housings for Monseigneur: to all these shall his Jesuit Nursing-mother, our vulpine Abbé Georgel, through fair court-weather and through foul, triumphantly bear him; and wrap him with them, fat, somnolent Nurseling as he is.—By the way, a most assiduous, ever-wakeful Abbé is this Georgel; and wholly Monseigneur's. He has scouts dim-flying, far out, in the great deep of the world's business; has spider-threads that overnet the whole world; himself sits in the centre, ready to run. In vain shall King and Queen combine against Monseigneur: "I was at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,"—persuasively wagging my sleek coif, and the sleek reynard-head under it; I managed it all for him. Here too, on occasion of Reynard Georgel, we could not but reflect what a singular species of creature your Jesuit must have been. Outwardly, you would say, a man; the smooth semblance of a man: inwardly, to the centre, filled with stone! Yet in all breathing things, even in stone Jesuits, are inscrutable sympathies: how else does a Reynard Abbé so loyally give himself, soul and body, to a somnolent Monseigneur;—how else does the poor Tit, to the neglect of its own eggs and interests, nurse up a huge lumbering Cuckoo; and think its pains all paid, if the sootbrown Stupidity will merely grow bigger and bigger!—Enough, by Jesuitic or other means, Prince Louis de Rohan shall be passively kneaded and baked into Commendator of St. Wast and much else; and truly *such* a Commendator as hardly, since King Thierri, first of the *Fainéans*, founded that Establishment, has played his part there.

Such, however, have Nature and Art combined together to make Prince Louis. A figure thrice-clothed with honours; with plush, and civic and ecclesiastic garniture of all kinds; but in itself little other than an amorphous congeries of contradictions, somnolence and violence, foul passions and foul habits. It is by his plush cloaks and wrappages mainly, as above hinted, that such a figure sticks together; what we call 'coheres,' in any measure; were it not for these, he would flow out boundlessly on all sides. Conceive him farther, with a kind of radical vigour and fire, for he can see clearly at times, and speak fiercely; yet left in this way to stagnate and ferment, and lie overlaid with such floods of fat material: have we not a true image of the shamefullest Mud-volcano, gurgling and sluttishly simmering, amid continual steamy indistinctness,—except, as was hinted, in wind-*gusts;* with occasional terrifico-absurd mud-explosions!

This, garnish it and fringe it never so handsomely, is, alas, the intrinsic character of Prince Louis. A shameful spectacle: such,

however, as the world has beheld many times; as it were to be wished, but is not yet to be hoped, the world might behold no more. Nay, are not all possible delirious incoherences, outward and inward, summed up, for poor Rohan, in this one incrediblest incoherence, that *he*, Prince Louis de Rohan, is named Priest, Cardinal of the Church? A debauched, merely libidinous mortal, lying there quite helpless, *dis*solute (as we well say); whom to see Church *Cardinal*, symbolical *Hinge* or main Corner of the Invisible Holy in this World, an Inhabitant of Saturn might split with laughing,—if he did not rather swoon with pity and horror!

Prince Louis, as ceremonial fugleman at Strasburg, might have hoped to make some way with the fair young Dauphiness; but seems not to have made any. Perhaps, in those great days, so trying for a fifteen-years Bride and Dauphiness, the fair Antoinette was too preoccupied: perhaps, in the very face and looks of Prospective-Cardinal Prince Louis, her fair young soul read, all unconsciously, an incoherent *Roué*-ism, bottomless Mud-volcanoism; from which she by instinct rather recoiled.

However, as above hinted, he is now gone, in these years, on Embassy to Vienna: with 'four-and-twenty pages' (if our remembrance of Abbé Georgel serve) 'of noble birth,' all in scarlet breeches; and such a retinue and parade as drowns even his fat revenue in perennial debt. Above all things, his Jesuit Familiar is with him. For so everywhere they must manage: Eminence Rohan is the cloak, Jesuit Georgel the man or automaton within it. Rohan, indeed, sees Poland a-partitioning; or rather Georgel, with his 'masked Austrian' traitor 'on the ramparts,' sees it for him: but what can he do? He exhibits his four-and-twenty scarlet pages,—who, we find, 'smuggle' to quite unconscionable lengths; rides through a Catholic procession, Prospective-Cardinal though he be, because it is too long and keeps him from an appointment; hunts, gallants, gives suppers, Sardanapalus-wise, the finest ever seen in Vienna. Abbé Georgel, as we fancy it was, writes a Despatch in his name 'every fortnight;'—mentions in one of these, that 'Maria Theresa stands, indeed, with the handkerchief in one 'hand, weeping for the woes of Poland; but with the sword in the 'other hand, ready to cut Poland in sections, and take her share.'[1]

[1] *Mémoires de l'Abbé Georgel*, ii. 1-220. Abbé Georgel, who has given, in the place referred to, a long solemn Narrative of the Necklace Business, passes for the grand authority on it: but neither will he, strictly taken up, abide scrutiny. He is vague as may be; writing in what is called the 'soaped-pig' fashion: yet sometimes you *do* catch him, and hold him. There are hardly above three dates in his whole Narrative. He mistakes several times; perhaps, once or twice, wilfully misrepresent[illegible] incident of the business is mis-

Untimely joke; which proved to Prince Louis the root of unspeakable chagrins! For Minister D'Aiguillon (much against his duty) communicates the Letter to King Louis; Louis to Du Barry, to season her *souper*, and laughs over it: the thing becomes a court-joke; the filially-pious Dauphiness hears it, and remembers it. Accounts go, moreover, that Rohan spake censuringly of the Dauphiness to her Mother: this probably is but hearsay and false; the devout Maria Theresa disliked him, and even despised him, and vigorously laboured for his recall.

Thus, in rosy sleep and somnambulism, or awake only to quaff the full wine-cup of the Scarlet Woman his Mother, and again sleep and somnambulate, does the Prospective Cardinal and Commendator pass his days. Unhappy man! This is not a world which was made in sleep; which it is safe to sleep and somnambulate in. In that 'loud-roaring Loom of Time' (where above nine hundred millions of hungry Men, for one item, restlessly weave and work), so many threads fly humming from their 'eternal spindles;' and swift invisible shuttles, far darting, to the Ends of the World,—complex enough! At this hour, a miserable Boehmer in Paris, whom thou wottest not of, is spinning, of diamonds and gold, a paltry thrum that will go nigh to strangle the life out of thee.

Meanwhile Louis the Well-beloved has left, forever, his *Parc-aux-cerfs;* and, amid the scarce-suppressed hootings of the world, taken up his last lodging at St. Denis. Feeling that it was all over (for the small-pox has the victory, and even Du Barry is off), he, as the Abbé Georgel records, 'made the *amende honorable* to God' (these are his Reverence's own words); had a true repentance of three days' standing; and so, continues the Abbé, 'fell asleep in the Lord.' Asleep in the Lord, Monsieur l'Abbé! If such a mass of Laziness and Lust fell asleep in the Lord, *who*, fanciest thou, is it that falls asleep—elsewhere? Enough that he did fall asleep; that thick-wrapt in the Blanket of the Night, under what keeping we ask not, *he* never through endless Time can, for his own or our sins, insult the face of the Sun any more;—and so now we go onward, if not to less degrees of beastliness, yet at least and worst, to cheering varieties of it.

Louis XVI. therefore reigns (and, under the Sieur Gamain, makes locks); his fair Dauphiness has become a Queen. Eminence Rohan is home from Vienna: to condole and congratulate. He bears a Letter from Maria Theresa; hopes the Queen will not

dated by him, almost a twelvemonth. It is to be remembered that the poor Abbé wrote in exile; and with cause enough for prepossessions and hostilities.

forget old Ceremonial Fuglemen, and friends of the Dauphiness. Heaven and Earth! The Dauphiness Queen will not see him; orders the Letter to be *sent* her: The King himself signifies briefly that he 'will be asked for when wanted!'

Alas! at Court, our motion is the delicatest, unsurest. We go spinning, as it were, on teetotums, by the edges of bottomless deeps. Rest is fall; so is one false whirl. A moment ago, Eminence Rohan seemed waltzing with the best: but, behold, his teetotum has *carried him over;* there is an inversion of the centre of gravity; and so now, heels uppermost, velocity increasing as the time, space as the square of the time,—he rushes.

On a man of poor Rohan's somnolence and violence, the sympathising mind can estimate what the effect was. Consternation, stupefaction, the total jumble of blood, brains and nervous spirits; in ear and heart, only universal hubbub, and louder and louder singing of the agitated air. A fall comparable to that of Satan! Men have, indeed, been driven from Court; and borne it, according to ability. Choiseul, in these very years, retired Parthianlike, with a smile or scowl; and drew half the Court-host along with him. Our Wolsey, though once an *Ego et Rex meus*, could journey, it is said, without strait-waistcoat, to his monastery; and there telling beads, look forward to a still longer journey. The melodious, too soft-strung Racine, when his King turned his back on him, emitted one meek wail, and submissively—died. But the case of Coadjutor de Rohan differed from all these. No loyalty was in him, that he should die; no self-help, that he should live; no faith, that he should tell beads. His is a mud-volcanic character; incoherent, mad, from the very foundation of it. Think too, that his Courtiership (for how could any nobleness enter there?) was properly a gambling speculation: the loss of his trump Queen of Hearts can bring nothing but flat unredeemed despair. No other game has he, in this world,—or in the next. And then the exasperating *Why?* The *How came it?* For that Rohanic, or Georgelic, sprightliness of the 'handkerchief in one hand, and sword in the other,' if indeed that could have caused it all, has quite escaped him. In the name of Friar Bacon's Head, *what* was it? Imagination, with Desperation to drive her, may fly to all points of Space;—and returns with wearied wings, and no tidings. Behold *me here:* this, which is the first grand certainty for man in general, is the first and last and only one for poor Rohan. And then his *Here!* Alas, looking upwards, he can eye, from his burning marl, the azure realms, once his; and Cousin Countess de Marsan, and so many Richelieus, Polignacs, and other happy angels, male and female, all blissfully gyrating there; while he—!

Nevertheless hope, in the human breast, though not in the diabolic, springs eternal. The outcast Rohan bends all his thoughts, faculties, prayers, purposes, to one object; one object he will attain, or go to Bedlam. How many ways he tries; what days and nights of conjecture, consultation; what written unpublished reams of correspondence, protestation, backstairs diplomacy of every rubric! How many suppers has he eaten; how many given,—in vain! It is his morning song, and his evening prayer. From innumerable falls he rises; only to fall again. Behold him even, with his red stockings, at dusk, in the Garden of Trianon: he has bribed the Concierge; will see her Majesty in spite of Etiquette and Fate; peradventure, pitying his long sad King's-evil, she will touch him and heal him. In vain,—says the Female Historian, Campan.[1] The Chariot of Majesty shoots rapidly by, with high-plumed heads in it; Eminence is known by his red stockings, but not looked at, only laughed at, and left standing like a Pillar of Salt.

Thus through ten long years, of new resolve and new despondency, of flying from Saverne to Paris, and from Paris to Saverne, has it lasted; hope deferred making the heart sick. Reynard Georgel and Cousin de Marsan, by eloquence, by influence, and being 'at M. de Maurepas' pillow before six,' have secured the Archbishopric, the Grand-Almonership; the Cardinalship (by the medium of Poland); and, lastly, to tinker many rents, and appease the Jews, that fattest Commendatorship, founded by King Thierri the Do-nothing—perhaps with a view to such cases. All good! languidly croaks Rohan; yet all not the one thing needful; alas, the Queen's eyes do not yet shine on me.

Abbé Georgel admits, in his own polite diplomatic way, that the Mud volcano was much agitated by these trials; and in time quite changed. Monseigneur deviated into cabalistic courses, after elixirs, philtres, and the philosopher's stone; that is, the volcanic steam grew thicker and heavier: at last by Cagliostro's magic (for Cagliostro and the Cardinal by elective affinity must meet), it sank into the opacity of perfect London fog! So too, if Monseigneur grew choleric; wrapped himself up in reserve, spoke roughly to his domestics and dependents,—were not the terrifico-

[1] Madame Campan, in her Narrative, and, indeed, in her *Memoirs* generally, does not seem to *intend* falsehood: this, in the Business of the Necklace, is saying a great deal. She rather, perhaps, intends the producing of an impression; which may have appeared to herself to be the right one. But, at all events, she has, here or elsewhere, no notion of historical rigour; she gives hardly any date, or the like; will tell the same thing in different places, different ways, &c. There is a tradition that Louis XVIII. revised her *Mémoires* before publication. She requires to be read with scepticism everywhere; but yields something in that way.

absurd, mud-explosions becoming more frequent? Alas, what wonder? Some nine-and-forty winters have now fled over his Eminence (for it is 1783), and his beard falls white to the shaver; but age for him brings no 'benefit of experience.' He is possessed by a fixed-idea!

Foolish Eminence! is the Earth grown all barren and of a snuff colour, because one pair of eyes in it look on thee askance? Surely thou hast thy Body there yet; and what of soul might from the first reside in it. Nay, a warm, snug Body, with not only five senses (sound still, in spite of much tear and wear), but most eminent clothing, besides;—clothed with authority over much, with red Cardinal's cloak, red Cardinal's hat; with Commendatorship, Grand-Almonership, so kind have thy Fripiers been; with dignities and dominions too tedious to name. The stars rise nightly, with tidings (for thee too, if thou wilt listen) from the infinite Blue; Sun and Moon bring vicissitudes of season; dressing green, with flower-borderings, and cloth of gold, this ancient ever-young Earth of ours, and filling her breasts with all-nourishing mother's milk. Wilt thou work? The whole Encyclopedia (not Diderot's only, but the Almighty's) is there for thee to spread thy broad faculty upon. Or, if thou have no faculty, no Sense, hast thou not, as already suggested, Senses, to the number of five? What victuals thou wishest, command; with what wine savoureth thee, be filled. Already thou art a false lascivious Priest; with revenues of, say, a quarter of a million sterling; and no mind to mend. Eat, foolish Eminence; eat with voracity,—leaving the shot till *afterwards!* In all this the eyes of Marie Antoinette can neither help thee nor hinder.

And yet what is the Cardinal, dissolute mud-volcano though he be, more foolish herein, than all Sons of Adam? Give the wisest of us once a 'fixed-idea,'—which, though a temporary madness, who has not had?—and see where his wisdom is! The Chamois-hunter serves his doomed seven years in the Quicksilver Mines; returns salivated to the marrow of the backbone; and next morning—goes forth to hunt again. Behold Cardalion King of Urinals; with a woful ballad to his mistress' eyebrow! He blows out, Werter-wise, his foolish existence, because *she* will not have it to keep;—heeds not that there are some five hundred millions of other mistresses in this noble Planet; most likely much such as she. O foolish men! They sell their Inheritance (as their Mother did hers), though it is Paradise, for a crotchet: will they not, in every age, dare not only grape-shot and gallows-ropes, but Hell-fire itself, for better sauce to their victuals? My friends, beware of fixed-ideas.

Here, accordingly, is poor Boehmer with one in his head too! He has been hawking his 'irreducible case of Cardan,' that Necklace of his, these three long years, through all Palaces and Ambassadors' Hotels, over the old 'nine Kingdoms,' or more of them than there now are: searching, sifting Earth, Sea and Air, for a customer. To take his Necklace in pieces; and so, losing only his manual labour and expected glory, dissolve his fixed-idea, and fixed diamonds, into current ones: this were simply casting out the Devil—from himself; a miracle, and perhaps more! For he too has a Devil, or Devils: one mad object that he strives at; that he too will attain, or go to Bedlam. Creditors, snarling, hound him on from without; mocked Hopes, lost Labours, bear-bait him from within: to these torments his fixed-idea keeps him chained. In six-and-thirty weary revolutions of the Moon, was it wonderful the man's brain had got dried a little?

Behold, one day, being Court-Jeweller, he too bursts, almost as Rohan had done, into the Queen's retirement, or apartment; flings himself (as Campan again has recorded) at her Majesty's feet; and there, with clasped uplifted hands, in passionate nasal-gutturals, with streaming tears and loud sobs, entreats her to do one of two things: Either to buy his Necklace; or else graciously to vouchsafe him her royal permission to drown himself in the River Seine. Her Majesty, pitying the distracted bewildered state of the man, calmly points out the plain third course: *Dépécez votre Collier*, Take your Necklace in pieces;—adding withal, in a tone of queenly rebuke, that if he would drown himself, he at all times could, without her furtherance.

Ah, *had* he drowned himself, with the Necklace in his pocket; and Cardinal Commendator at his skirts! Kings, above all, beautiful Queens, as far-radiant Symbols on the pinnacles of the world, are so exposed to madmen. Should these two fixed-ideas that beset this beautifullest Queen, and almost burst through her Palace-walls, one day *unite*, and this *not* to jump into the River Seine:—what maddest result may be looked for!

CHAPTER V.

The Artist.

If the reader has hitherto, in our too figurative language, seen only the figurative hook and the figurative eye, which Boehmer and Rohan, far apart, were respectively fashioning for each other, he shall now see the cunning Milliner (an actual, unmetaphorical *Milliner*) by whom these two individuals, with their two imple-

ments, are brought in contact, and hooked together into stupendous artificial Siamese-Twins;—after which the whole nodus and solution will naturally combine and unfold itself.

Jeanne de Saint-Remi, by courtesy or otherwise, Countess styled also *of Valois*, and even *of France*, has now, in this year of Grace 1783, known the world for some seven-and twenty summers; and had crooks in her lot. She boasts herself descended, by what is called *natural* generation, from the Blood-Royal of France: Henri Second, before that fatal tourney-lance entered his right eye and ended him, appears to have had, successively or simultaneously, four—unmentionable women: and so, *in vice* of the third of these, came a certain Henri de Saint-Remi into this world; and, as High and Puissant Lord, ate his victuals and spent his days, on an allotted domain of Fontette, near Bar-sur-Aube, in Champagne. Of High and Puissant Lords, at this Fontette, six other generations followed; and thus ultimately, in a space of some two centuries,—succeeded in realising this brisk little Jeanne de Saint-Remi, here in question. But, ah, what a falling-off! The Royal Family of France has wellnigh forgotten its left hand collaterals: the last High and Puissant Lord (much clipt by his predecessors), falling into drink, and left by a scandalous world to drink his pitcher *dry*, had to alienate by degrees his whole worldly Possessions, down almost to the indispensable, or inexpressibles; and die at last in the Paris Hôtel-Dieu; glad that it was not on the street. So that he has, indeed, given a sort of bastard royal life to little Jeanne, and her little brother; but not the smallest earthly provender to keep it in. The mother, in her extremity, forms the wonderfullest connexions; and little Jeanne, and her little brother, go out into the highways to beg.[1]

A charitable Countess Boulainvilliers, struck with the little bright-eyed tatterdemalion from the carriage-window, picks her up; has her scoured, clothed; and rears her, in her fluctuating miscellaneous way, to be, about the age of twenty, a nondescript of Mantuamaker, Soubrette, Court-beggar, Fine-lady, Abigail, and Scion-of Royalty. Sad combination of trades! The Court, after infinite soliciting, puts one off with a hungry dole of little more than thirty pounds a-year. Nay, the audacious Count Boulainvilliers dares, with what purposes he knows best, to offer some suspicious presents![2] Whereupon his good Countess, especially as Mantuamaking languishes, thinks it could not but be fit to go

[1] *Vie de Jeanne Comtesse de Lamotte* (by Herself), vol. i.

[2] He was of Hebrew descent: grandson of the renowned Jew Bernard, whom Louis XV., and even Louis XIV., used to 'walk with in the Royal Garden,' when they wanted him to lend them money. See *Souvenirs du Duc de Levis; Mémoires de Duclos*, &c.

down to Bar-sur-Aube; and there see whether no fractions of that alienated Fontette Property, held perhaps on insecure tenure, may, by terror or cunning, be recoverable. Burning her paper patterns, pocketing her pension till more come, Mademoiselle Jeanne sallies out thither, in her twenty-third year.

Nourished in this singular way, alternating between saloon and kitchen-table, with the loftiest of pretensions, meanest of possessions, our poor High and Puissant Mantuamaker has realised for herself a 'face not beautiful, yet with a certain piquancy;' dark hair, blue eyes; and a character, which the present Writer, a determined student of human nature, declares to be undecipherable. Let the Psychologists try it! Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Valois de France actually lived, and worked, and was: she has even published, at various times, three considerable Volumes of Autobiography, with loose Leaves (in Courts of Justice) of unknown number;[1] wherein he that runs may read,—but not understand. Strange Volumes! more like the screeching of distracted night-birds (suddenly disturbed by the torch of Police-Fowlers), than the articulate utterance of a rational unfeathered biped. Cheerfully admitting these statements to be all lies; we ask, How any mortal could, or should, *so* lie?

The Psychologists, however, commit one sore mistake; that of searching, in every character named human, for something like a conscience. Being mere contemplative recluses, for most part, and feeling that Morality is the heart of Life, they judge that with all the world it is so. Nevertheless, as practical men are aware, Life can go on in excellent vigour, without crotchet of that kind. What is the essence of Life? Volition? Go deeper down, you find a much more universal root and characteristic: Digestion. While Digestion lasts, Life cannot, in philosophical language, be said to be extinct: and Digestion will give rise to Volitions enough; at any rate, to Desires and attempts, which may pass for such. He who looks neither before nor after, any farther than the Larder and Stateroom, which latter is properly the finest com-

[1] Four *Mémoires pour* by her, in this *Affaire du Collier;* like 'Lawyers' tongues turned inside out!' Afterwards One Volume, *Mémoires Justificatifs de la Comtesse de,* &c. (London, 1788); with Appendix of 'Documents' so-called. This has also been translated into a kind of English. Then Two Volumes, as quoted above: *Vie de Jeanne de,* &c.; printed in London,—by way of extorting money *from Paris.* This latter Lying Autobiography of Lamotte was bought-up by French persons in authority. It was the burning of this *Editio Princeps* in the Sèvres Potteries, on the 30th of May 1792, which raised such a smoke, that the Legislative Assembly took alarm; and had an investigation about it, and considerable examining of Potters, &c., till the truth came out. Copies of the Book were speedily reprinted after the Tenth of August. It is in English too; and, except in the Necklace part, is not so entirely distracted as the former.

partment of the Larder, will need no World-theory, Creed as it is called, or Scheme of Duties: lightly leaving the world to wag as it likes with any theory or none, his grand object is a theory and practice of ways and means. Not goodness or badness is the type of him; only shiftiness or shiftlessness.

And now, disburdened of this obstruction, let the Psychologists consider it under a bolder view. Consider the brisk Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Saint-Shifty as a Spark of vehement Life, not developed into Will of any kind, yet fully into Desires of all kinds, and cast into such a Life-element as we have seen. Vanity and Hunger; a Princess of the Blood, yet whose father had sold his inexpressibles; uncertain whether fosterdaughter of a fond Countess, with hopes sky-high, or supernumerary Soubrette; with not enough of mantuamaking: in a word, *Gigmanity disgigged;* one of the saddest, pitiable, unpitied predicaments of man! She is of that light unreflecting class, of that light unreflecting sex: *varium semper et mutabile.* And then her Fine-ladyism, though a purseless one: capricious, coquettish, and with all the finer sensibilities of the heart; now in the rackets, now in the sullens; vivid in contradictory resolves; laughing, weeping without reason,—though these acts are said to be signs of reason. Consider too, how she has had to work her way, all along, by flattery and cajolery; wheedling, eaves-dropping, namby-pambying: how she needs wages, and knows no other productive trades. Thought can hardly be said to exist in her: only Perception and Device. With an understanding lynx-eyed for the surface of things, but which pierces beyond the surface of nothing; every individual thing (for she has never seized the heart of it) turns up a new face to her every new day, and seems a thing changed, a different thing. Thus sits, or rather vehemently bobs and hovers her vehement mind, in the middle of a boundless many-dancing whirlpool of gilt-shreds, paper-clippings, and windfalls,—to which the revolving chaos of my Uncle Toby's Smoke-jack was solidity and regularity. Reader! thou for thy sins must have met with such fair Irrationals; fascinating, with their lively eyes, with their quick snappish fancies; distinguished in the higher circles, in Fashion, even in Literature: they hum and buzz there, on graceful film-wings;—searching, nevertheless, with the wonderfullest skill, for honey; '*un*tamable as flies!'

Wonderfullest skill for honey, we say; and, pray, mark that, as regards this Countess de Saint-Shifty. Her instinct-of-genius is prodigious; her appetite fierce. In any foraging speculation of the private kind, she, unthinking as you call her, will be worth a hundred thinkers. And so of such untamable flies the untam-

ablest, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is now buzzing down, in the Bar-sur-Aube Diligence; to inspect the honey-jars of Fontette; and see and smell whether there be any flaws in them.

Alas, at Fontette, we can, with sensibility, behold straw-roofs we were nursed under; farmers courteously offer cooked milk, and other country messes: but no soul will part with his Landed Property, for which, though cheap, he declares hard money was paid. The honey-jars are all close, then?—However, a certain Monsieur de Lamotte, a tall Gendarme, home on furlough from Lunéville, is now at Bar; pays us attentions; becomes quite particular in his attentions,—for we have a face 'with a certain piquancy,' the liveliest glib-snappish tongue, the liveliest kittenish manner (not yet hardened into *cat*-hood), with thirty pounds a-year, and prospects. M. de Lamotte, indeed, is as yet only a private sentinel; but then a private sentinel in the *Gendarmes:* and did not his father die fighting 'at the head of his company,' at Minden? Why not in virtue of our own Countesship dub him too Count; by left-hand collateralism, get him advanced?—Finished before the furlough is done! The untamablest of flies has again buzzed off; in wedlock with M. de Lamotte; if not to get honey, yet to escape spiders; and so lies in garrison at Lunéville, amid coquetries and hysterics, in Gigmanity disgigged,—disconsolate enough.

At the end of four long years (too long), M. de Lamotte, or call him now *Count* de Lamotte, sees good to lay down his fighting-gear (unhappily still only the musket), and become what is by certain moderns called 'a Civilian:' not a Civil-Law Doctor; merely a Citizen, one who does not live by being killed. Alas! cold eclipse has all along hung over the Lamotte household. Countess Boulainvilliers, it is true, writes in the most feeling manner; but then the Royal Finances are so deranged! Without personal pressing solicitation, on the spot, no Court-solicitor, were his Pension, the meagrest, can hope to better it. At Lunéville the sun, indeed, shines; and there is a kind of Life; but only an Un-Parisian, half or quarter Life; the very tradesmen grow clamorous, and no cunningly devised fable, ready-money alone will appease them. Commandant Marquis d'Autichamp[1] agrees with Madame Boulainvilliers that a journey to Paris were the project; whither, also, he himself is just going. Perfidious Commandant Marquis! His plan is seen through: he dares to presume to make love to a Scion-of-Royalty; or to hint that he could dare to presume to do it! Whereupon, indignant Count de Lamotte, as

[1] He is the same Marquis d'Autichamp who was to 'relieve Lyons,' and raise the Siege of Lyons, in Autumn 1793, but could not do it.

we said, throws up his commission, and down his fire-arms, without further delay. The King loses a tall private sentinel; the World has a new blackleg: and Monsieur and Madame de Lamotte take places in the Diligence for Strasburg.

Good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, however, is no longer at Strasburg: she is forward at the Archiepiscopal Palace in Saverne; on a visit there, to his Eminence Cardinal Commendator Grand-Almoner Archbishop Prince Louis de Rohan! Thus, then, has Destiny at last brought it about. Thus, after long wanderings, on paths so far separate, has the time come, in this late year 1783, when, of all the nine hundred millions of the Earth's denizens, these preappointed Two behold each other!

The foolish Cardinal, since no sublunary means, not even bribing of the Trianon Concierge, will serve, has taken to the superlunary: he is here, with his fixed-idea and volcanic vaporosity darkening, under Cagliostro's management, into thicker and thicker opaque,—of the Black-Art itself. To the glance of hungry genius, Cardinal and Cagliostro could not but have meaning. A flush of astonishment, a sigh over boundless wealth (for the mountains of debt lie invisible) in the hands of boundless Stupidity; some vague looming of indefinite hope: all this one can well fancy. But, alas, what, to a high plush Cardinal, is a now insolvent Scion-of-Royalty,—though with a face of some piquancy? The good Fostermother's visit, in any case, can last but three days; then, amid old nambypambyings, with effusions of the nobler sensibilities and tears of pity at least for oneself, Countess de Lamotte, and husband, must off with her to Paris, and new possibilities at Court. Only when the sky again darkens, can this vague looming from Saverne look out, by fits, as a cheering weather-sign.

CHAPTER VI.

Will the Two Fixed-ideas unite?

However, the sky, according to custom, is not long in darkening again. The King's finances, we repeat, are in so distracted a state! No D'Ormesson, no Joly de Fleury, wearied with milking the already dry, will increase that scandalous Thirty Pounds of a Scion-of-Royalty by a single doit. Calonne himself, who has a willing ear and encouraging word for all mortals whatsoever, only with difficulty, and by aid of Madame of France,[1] raises it to some still miserable Sixty-five. Worst of all, the good Fostermother Boulainvilliers, in few months, suddenly dies: the wretched wi-

[1] See *Campan.*

dower, sitting there, with his white handkerchief, to receive condolences, with closed shutters, mortuary tapestries, and sepulchral cressets burning (which, however, the instant the condolences are gone, he blows out, to save oil), has the audacity again, amid crocodile tears, to—drop hints![1] Nay more, he, wretched man in all senses, abridges the Lamotte table; will besiege virtue both in the positive and negative way. The Lamottes, wintry as the world looks, cannot be gone too soon.

As to Lamotte the husband, he, for shelter against much, decisively dives down to the 'subterranean shades of Rascaldom;' gambles, swindles; can hope to live, miscellaneously, if not by the Grace of God, yet by the Oversight of the Devil,—for a time. Lamotte the wife also makes her packages: and waving the unseductive Count Boulainvilliers Save-all a disdainful farewell, removes to the *Belle Image* in Versailles; there within wind of Court, in attic apartments, on poor watergruel board, resolves to await what can betide. So much, in few months of this fateful year 1783, has come and gone.

Poor Jeanne de Saint-Remi de Lamotte Valois, Ex-Mantuamaker, Scion-of-Royalty! What eye, looking into those bare attic apartments and water-gruel platters of the *Belle Image*, but must, in spite of itself, grow dim with almost a kind of tear for thee! There thou art, with thy quick lively glances, face of a certain piquancy, thy gossamer untamable character, snappish sallies, glib all-managing tongue; thy whole incarnated, garmented and so sharply appetent 'spark of Life;' cast down alive into this World, without vote of thine (for the Elective Franchises have not yet got that length); and wouldst so fain live there. Paying scot-and-lot; providing, or fresh-scouring silk court-dresses; 'always keeping a gig!' Thou must hawk and shark to and fro, from anteroom to anteroom; become a kind of terror to all men in place, and women that influence such; dance not light Ionic measures, but attendance merely; have weepings, thanksgiving effusions, aulic, almost forensic, eloquence: perhaps eke out thy thin livelihood by some coquetries, in the small way;—and so, most poverty-stricken, cold-blighted, yet with young keen blood struggling against it, spin forward thy unequal feeble thread, which the Atropos-scissors will soon clip!

Surely now, if ever, were that vague looming from Saverne welcome, as a weather-sign. How doubly welcome is his plush Eminence's personal arrival;—for with the earliest spring he has come in person, as he periodically does; vaporific, driven by his fixed-idea.

[1] *Vie de Jeanne de Lamotte, &c. écrite par elle-même*, vol. i.

Genius, of the mechanical-practical kind, what is it but a bringing together of two Forces that fit each other, that will give birth to a third? Ever, from Tubalcain's time, Iron lay ready hammered; Water, also, was boiling and bursting: nevertheless, for want of a genius, there was as yet no Steam-engine. In his Eminence Prince Louis, in that huge, restless, incoherent Being of his, depend on it, brave Countess, there are Forces deep, manifold; nay, a fixed-idea concentrates the whole huge Incoherence as it were into one Force: cannot the eye of genius discover its *fellow?*

Communing much with the Court *valetaille*, our brave Countess has more than once heard talk of Boehmer, of his Necklace, and threatened death by water; in the course of gossiping and tattling, this topic from time to time emerges; is commented upon with empty laughter,—as if there lay no farther meaning in it. To the common eye there is indeed none: but to the eye of genius? In some moment of inspiration, the question rises on our brave Lamotte: Were not *this*, of all extant Forces, the cognate one that would unite with Eminence Rohan's? Great moment, light-beaming, fire-flashing; like birth of Minerva; like all moments of Creation! Fancy how pulse and breath flutter, almost stop, in the greatness: the great not Divine Idea, the great Diabolic Idea, is too big for her.—Thought (how often must we repeat it?) rules the world. Fire and, in a less degree, Frost; Earth and Sea (for what is your swiftest ship, or steamship, but a *Thought*—embodied in wood?); Reformed Parliaments, rise and ruin of Nations,—sale of Diamonds: all things obey Thought. Countess de Saint-Remi de Lamotte, by power of Thought, is now a made woman. With force of genius she represses, crushes deep down, her Undivine Idea; bends all her faculty to realise it. Prepare thyself, Reader, for a series of the most surprising Dramatic Representations ever exhibited on any stage.

We hear tell of Dramatists, and scenic illusion how 'natural,' how illusive it was: if the spectator, for some half-moment, can half-deceive himself into the belief that it was real, he departs doubly content. With all which, and much more of the like, I have no quarrel. But what must be thought of the Female Dramatist who, for eighteen long months, can exhibit the beautifullest Fata-morgana to a plush Cardinal, wide awake, with fifty years on his head; and so keep him in her scenic illusion that he never doubts but it is all firm earth, and the pasteboard Coulisse-trees are producing Hesperides apples? Could Madame de Lamotte, then, have written a *Hamlet?* I conjecture, not. More goes to

the writing of a *Hamlet* than completest 'imitation' of all characters and things in this Earth; there goes, before and beyond all, the rarest *understanding* of these, insight into their hidden essences and harmonies. Erasmus's Ape, as is known in Literary History, sat by while its Master was shaving, and 'imitated' every point of the process; but its own foolish beard grew never the smoother.

As in looking at a finished Drama, it were nowise meet that the spectator first of all got behind the scenes, and saw the burnt-corks, brayed-resin, thunder-barrels, and withered hunger-bitten men and women, of which such heroic work was made: so here with the reader. A peep into the side-scenes shall be granted him, from time to time. But, on the whole, repress, O reader, that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine; let thy *æsthetic* feeling first have play; and witness what a Prospero's grotto poor Eminence Rohan is led into, to be pleased he knows not why.

Survey first what we might call the stage-lights, orchestra, general structure of the theatre, mood and condition of the audience. The theatre is the World, with its restless business and madness; near at hand rise the royal Domes of Versailles, mystery around them, and as background the memory of a thousand years. By the side of the River Seine walks, haggard, wasted, a Joaillier-Bijoutier de la Reine, with Necklace in his pocket. The audience is a drunk Christopher Sly in the fittest humour. A fixed-idea, driving him headlong over steep places, like that of the Gadarenes' Swine, has produced a deceptibility, as of desperation, that will clutch at straws. Understand one other word: Cagliostro is prophesying to him! The Quack of Quacks has now for years had him in leading. Transmitting 'predictions in cipher;' questioning, before Hieroglyphic Screens, Columbs in a state of innocence, for elixirs of life, and philosopher's stone; unveiling, in fuliginous clear-obscure, an imaginary majesty of Nature; he isolates him more and more from all unpossessed men. Was it not enough that poor Rohan had become a dissolute, somnolent-violent, ever-vapoury Mud-volcano; but black Egyptian magic must be laid on him!

If perhaps, too, our Countess de Lamotte, with her blandishments—? For though not beautiful, she 'has a certain piquancy' *et cetera!*—Enough, his poor Eminence sits in the fittest place, in the fittest mood: a newly-awakened Christopher Sly; and with his 'small ale,' too, beside him. Touch, only, the lights with firetipt rod; and let the orchestra, soft-warbling, strike up their fara-lara fiddle-diddle-dee!

CHAPTER VII.

Marie-Antoinette.

Such a soft-warbling fara-lara was it to his Eminence, when, in early January of the year 1784, our Countess first, mysteriously, and under seal of sworn secrecy, hinted to him that, with her winning tongue and great talent as Anecdotic Historian, she had worked a passage to the ear of Queen's Majesty itself.[1] Gods! dost *thou* bring with thee airs from Heaven? Is thy face yet radiant with some reflex of that Brightness beyond bright?—Men with fixed-idea are not as other men. To listen to a plain varnished tale, such as your Dramatist can fashion; to ponder the words; to snuff them up, as Ephraim did the east-wind, and grow flatulent and drunk with them: what else could poor Eminence do? His poor somnolent, so swift-rocked soul feels a new element infused into it; turbid resinous light, wide-coruscating, glares over the waste of his imagination. Is he interested in the mysterious tidings? Hope has seized them; there is in the world nothing else that interests him.

The secret friendship of Queens is not a thing to be let sleep: ever new Palace Interviews occur;—yet in deepest privacy; for how should her Majesty awaken so many tongues of Principalities and Nobilities, male and female, that spitefully watch her? Above all, however, 'on the 2d of February,' that day of 'the Procession of blue Ribands,'[2] much was spoken of: somewhat, too, of Monseigneur de Rohan!—Poor Monseigneur, hadst thou *three* long ears, thou'dst hear her.

But will she not, perhaps, in some future priceless Interview, speak a good word for thee? Thyself shalt speak it, happy Eminence; at least, write it: our tutelary Countess will be the bearer! —On the 21st of March goes off that long exculpatory imploratory Letter: it is the first Letter that went off from Cardinal to Queen; to be followed, in time, by 'above two hundred others;' which are graciously answered by verbal Messages, nay at length by Royal Autographs on gilt paper,—the whole delivered by our tutelary Countess.[3] The tutelary Countess comes and goes, fetching and carrying; with the gravity of a Roman Augur, inspects those ex-

[1] Compare Rohan's *Mémoires pour* (there are four of them), in the *Affaire du Collier*, with Lamotte's-four. They go on in the way of controversy, of argument and response.

[2] Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs* (London, 1788).

[3] See *Georgel:* see Lamotte's *Mémoires;* in her Appendix of 'Documents' to that volume, certain of these Letters are given.

traordinary chicken-bowls, and draws prognostics from them. Things are in fair train: the Dauphiness took some offence at Monseigneur, but the Queen has nigh forgotten it. No inexorable Queen; ah no! So good, so free, light-hearted; only sore beset with malicious Polignacs and others;—at times, also, short of money.

Marie Antoinette, as the reader well knows, has been much blamed for want of Etiquette. Even now, when the other accusations against her have sunk down to oblivion and the Father of Lies, this of wanting Etiquette survives her;—in the Castle of Ham, at this hour,[1] M. de Polignac and Company may be wringing their hands, not without an oblique glance at *her* for bringing them thither. She indeed discarded Etiquette; once, when her carriage broke down, she even entered a hackney-coach. She would walk, too, at Trianon, in mere straw-hat, and perhaps muslin gown! Hence, the Knot of Etiquette being loosed, the Frame of Society broke up; and those astonishing 'Horrors of the French Revolution' supervened. On what Damocles' hairs must the judgment-sword hang over this distracted Earth! Thus, however, it was that Tenterden Steeple brought an influx of the Atlantic on us, and so Godwin Sands. Thus, too, might it be that because Father Noah took the liberty of, say, rinsing out his wine-vat, his Ark was floated off, and a world drowned.—Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low! For, if thy Being came to thee out of old Hapsburg Dynasties, came it not also (like my own) out of Heaven? *Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.* Oh, is there a man's heart that thinks, without pity, of those long months and years of slow-wasting ignominy;—of thy Birth, soft-cradled in Imperial Schönbrunn, the winds of heaven not to visit thy face too roughly, thy foot to light on softness, thy eye on splendour; and then of thy Death, or hundred Deaths, to which the Guillotine and Fouquier Tinville's judgment-bar was but the merciful end? Look *there*, O man born of woman! The bloom of that fair face is wasted, the hair is gray with care; the brightness of those eyes is quenched, their lids hang drooping, the face is stony pale as of one living in death. Mean weeds, which her own hand has mended,[2] attire the Queen of the World. The death-hurdle, where thou sittest pale motionless, which only curses environ, has to stop: a people, drunk with vengeance, will drink it again in full draught, looking at thee there. Far as the eye reaches, a multitudinous

[1] A.D. 1831.

[2] Weber: *Mémoires concernant Marie-Antoinette* (London, 1809), tome iii., notes, 106.

sea of maniac heads; the air deaf with their triumph-yell! The Living-dead must shudder with yet one other pang; her startled blood yet again suffuses with the hue of agony that pale face, which she hides with her hands. There is then *no* heart to say, God pity thee? O think not of these; think of HIM whom thou worshippest, the Crucified,—who also treading the wine-press *alone*, fronted sorrow still deeper; and triumphed over it, and made it holy; and built of it a 'Sanctuary of Sorrow,' for thee and all the wretched! Thy path of thorns is nigh ended. One long last look at the Tuileries, where thy step was once so light,—where thy children shall not dwell. The head is on the block; the axe rushes—Dumb lies the World; that wild-yelling World, and all its madness, is behind thee.

Beautiful Highborn that wert so foully hurled low! Rest yet in thy innocent gracefully heedless seclusion, unintruded on by *me*, while rude hands have not yet desecrated it. Be the curtains, that shroud-in (if for the last time on this Earth) a Royal Life, still sacred to me. *Thy* fault, in the French Revolution, was that thou wert the Symbol of the Sin and Misery of a thousand years; that with Saint-Bartholomews, and Jacqueries, with Gabelles, and Dragonades, and Parcs aux-cerfs, the heart of mankind was filled full, —and foamed over, into all-involving madness. To no Napoleon, to no Cromwell wert thou wedded: such sit not in the highest rank, of themselves; are raised on high by the shaking and confounding of all the ranks! As poor peasants, how happy, worthy had ye two been! But by evil destiny ye were made a King and Queen of; and so both once more—are become an astonishment and a by-word to all times.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Two Fixed-Ideas will unite.

"Countess de Lamotte, then, had penetrated into the confidence of the Queen? Those gilt-paper Autographs were actually written by the Queen?' Reader, forget not to repress that too insatiable scientific curiosity of thine! What I know is, that a certain Villette-de-Rétaux, with military whiskers, denizen of Rascaldom, comrade there of Monsieur le Comte, is skilful in imitating hands. Certain it is also, that Madame la Comtesse has penetrated to the Trianon—Doorkeeper's. Nay, as Campan herself must admit, she has met, 'at a Man-midwife's in Versailles,' with worthy Queen's-valet Lesclaux,—or Desclos, for there is no uniformity in it. With these, or the like of these, she in the back-parlour of the Palace itself (if late enough), may pick a merrythought, sip the foam from

a glass of Champagne. No farther seek her honours to disclose, for the present; or anatomically dissect, as we said, those extraordinary chicken-bowels, from which *she*, and she alone, can read Decrees of Fate, and also realise them.

Sceptic, seest thou his Eminence waiting there, in the moonlight; hovering to and fro on the back terrace, till she come out—from the ineffable Interview?[1] He is close muffled; walks restlessly observant; shy also, and courting the shade. She comes: up closer with thy capote, O Eminence, down with thy broadbrim; for she has an escort! 'Tis but the good Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux: and now he is sent back again, as no longer needful. Mark him, Monseigneur, nevertheless; thou wilt see him yet another time. Monseigneur marks little: his heart is in the ineffable Interview, in the gilt-paper Autograph alone.—Queen's-valet Lesclaux? Methinks, he has much the stature of Villette, denizen of Rascaldom! Impossible!

How our Countess managed with Cagliostro? Cagliostro, gone from Strasburg, is as yet far distant, winging his way through dim Space; will not be here for months: only his 'predictions in cipher' are here. Here or there, however, Cagliostro, to our Countess, can be useful. At a glance, the eye of genius has descried him to be a bottomless slough of falsity, vanity, gulosity and thick-eyed stupidity: of foulest material, but of fattest;—fit compost for the Plant she is rearing. Him who has deceived all Europe she can undertake to deceive. His Columbs, demonic Masonries, Egyptian Elixirs, what is all this to the light-giggling exclusively practical Lamotte? It runs off from her, as all speculation, good, bad and indifferent, has always done, 'like water from one in wax-cloth dress.' With the lips meanwhile she can honour it; Oil of Flattery, the best patent antifriction known, subdues all irregularities whatsoever.

On Cagliostro, again, on his side, a certain uneasy feeling might, for moments, intrude itself; the raven loves not ravens. But what can he do? Nay, she is partly playing *his* game: can he not spill her full cup yet, at the right season, and pack her out of doors? Oftenest, in their joyous orgies, this light fascinating Countess,—who perhaps has a design on *his* heart, seems to him but one other of those light *Papiliones*, who have fluttered round him in all climates; whom with grim muzzle he has snapt by the thousand.

Thus, what with light fascinating Countess, what with Quack of Quacks, poor Eminence de Rohan lies safe; his mud-volcano

[1] See *Georgel.*

placidly simmering in thick Egyptian haze: withdrawn from all the world. Moving figures, as of men, he sees; takes not the trouble to look at. Court-cousins rally him; are answered in silence; or, if it go too far, in mud-explosions terrifico-absurd. Court-cousins and all mankind are unreal shadows merely; Queen's favour the only substance.

Nevertheless, the World, on its side too, has an existence; lies not idle in these days. It has got its Versailles Treaty signed, long months ago; and the plenipotentiaries all home again, for votes of thanks. Paris, London and other great Cities and small, are working, intriguing; dying, being born. There, in the Rue Taranne, for instance, the once noisy Denis Diderot has fallen silent enough. Here also, in Bolt Court, old Samuel Johnson, like an over-wearied Giant, must lie down, and slumber without dream;—the rattling of carriages and wains, and all the world's din and business rolling by, as ever, from of old.—Sieur Boehmer, however, has not yet drowned himself in the Seine; only walks haggard, wasted, purposing to do it.

News (by the merest accident in the world) reach Sieur Boehmer, of Madame's new favour with her Majesty! Men will do much before they drown. Sieur Boehmer's Necklace is on Madame's table, his guttural-nasal rhetoric in her ear: he will abate many a pound and penny of the first just price; he will give cheerfully a Thousand Louis-d'or, as *cadeau*, to the generous Scion-of-Royalty that shall persuade her Majesty. The man's importunities grow quite annoying to our Countess; who, in her glib way, satirically prattles how she has been bored,—to Monseigneur, among others.

Dozing on down cushions, far inwards, with soft ministering Hebes, and luxurious appliances; with ranked Heyducs, and a *Valetaille* innumerable, that shut out the prose-world and its discord: thus lies Monseigneur, in enchanted dream. Can he, even in sleep, forget his tutelary Countess, and her service? By the delicatest presents he alleviates her distresses, most undeserved. Nay, once or twice, gilt Autographs, from a Queen,—with whom he is evidently rising to unknown heights in favour,—have done Monseigneur the honour to make him *her* Majesty's Grand Almoner, when the case was pressing. Monseigneur, we say, has had the honour to disburse charitable cash, on her Majesty's behalf, to this or the other distressed deserving object: say only to the length of a few thousand pounds, advanced from his own funds;—her Majesty being at the moment so poor, and charity a thing that will not wait. Always Madame, good, foolish, gadding crea-

ture, takes charge of delivering the money.—Madame can descend from her attics, in the *Belle Image;* and feel the smiles of Nature and Fortune, a little; so bounteous has the Queen's-Majesty been.[1]

To Monseigneur the power of money over highest female hearts had never been incredible. Presents have, many times, worked wonders. But then, O Heavens, *what* present? Scarcely were the Cloud-Compeller himself, all coined into new Louis-d'or, worthy to alight in such a lap. Loans, charitable disbursements, however, as we see, are permissible; these, by defect of payment, may become presents. In the vortex of his Eminence's day-dreams, lumbering multiform slowly round, this of importunate Boehmer and his Necklace, from time to time, turns up. Is the Queen's Majesty at heart desirous of it; but again, at the moment, too poor? Our tutelary Countess answers vaguely, mysteriously;—confesses, at last, under oath of secrecy, her own private suspicion, that the Queen wants this same Necklace, of all things; but dare not, for a stingy husband, buy it. She, the Countess de Lamotte, will look farther into the matter; and, if aught serviceable to his Eminence can be suggested, in a good way suggest it, in the proper quarter.

Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte; for now, with thickening breath, thou approachest the moment of moments! Principalities and Powers, *Parlement*, *Grand Chambre* and *Tournelle*, with all their whips and gibbet-wheels; the very Crack of Doom hangs over thee, if thou trip. Forward, with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt; *like* a Treasure-digger, in silence, looking neither to the right nor left,—where yawn abysses deep as the Pool, and all Pandemonium hovers, eager to rend thee into rags!

CHAPTER IX.

Park of Versailles.

Or will the reader incline rather, taking the other and sunny side of the matter, to enter that Lamottic Circean theatrical establishment of Monseigneur de Rohan; and see there how, under the best of Dramaturgists, Melodrama with sweeping pall flits past him; while the enchanted Diamond fruit is gradually ripening, to fall by a shake?

The 28th of July, of this same momentous 1784, has come; and with it the most rapturous tumult into the heart of Monseigneur. Ineffable expectancy stirs-up his whole soul, with the much that lies therein, from its lowest foundations: borne on wild seas to

[1] *Georgel.* Rohan's four *Mémoires pour;* Lamotte's four.

Armida Islands, yet as is fit, through Horror dim-hovering round, he tumultuously rocks. To the Château, to the Park! This night the Queen will meet thee, the Queen herself: so far has our tutelary Countess brought it. What can ministerial impediments, Polignac intrigues, avail against the favour, nay—Heaven and Earth! —perhaps the tenderness of a Queen? She vanishes from amid their meshwork of Etiquette and Cabal; descends from her celestial Zodiac, to thee a shepherd of Latmos. Alas, a white-bearded pursy shepherd, fat and scant of breath! Who can account for the taste of females? But thou, burnish-up thy whole faculties of gallantry, thy fifty-years experience of the sex; this night, or never!—In such unutterable meditations does Monseigneur restlessly spend the day; and long for darkness, yet dread it.

Darkness has at length come. The perpendicular rows of Heyducs, in that Palais or Hôtel de Strasbourg, are all cast prostrate in sleep; the very Concierge resupine, with open mouth, audibly drinks-in nepenthe; when Monseigneur, 'in blue greatcoat, with slouched hat,' issues softly, with his henchman Planta of the Grisons, to the Park of Versailles. Planta must loiter invisible in the distance; Slouched-hat will wait here, among the leafy thickets; till our tutelary Countess, 'in black domino,' announce the moment, which surely must be near.

The night is of the darkest for the season; no Moon; warm, slumbering July, in motionless clouds, drops fatness over the Earth. The very stars from the Zenith see not Monseigneur; see only his and the world's cloud-covering, fringed with twilight in the far North. Midnight, telling itself forth from these shadowy Palace Domes? All the steeples of Versailles, the villages around, with metal tongue, and huge Paris itself dull-droning, answer drowsily, Yes! Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World. From Arctic to Antarctic, the Life of our Earth lies all, in long swaths, or rows (like those rows of Heyducs and snoring Concierge), successively mown down, from vertical to horizontal, by Sleep! Rather curious to consider.

The flowers are all asleep in Little Trianon, the roses folded-in for the night; but the Rose of Roses still wakes. O wondrous Earth! O doubly wondrous Park of Versailles, with Little and Great Trianon,—and a scarce-breathing Monseigneur! Ye Hydraulics of Lenôtre, that also slumber, with stop-cocks, in your deep leaden chambers, babble not of *him*, when ye arise. Ye odorous balm-shrubs, huge spectral Cedars, thou sacred Boscage of Hornbeam, ye dim Pavilions of the Peerless, whisper not! Moon, lie silent, hidden in thy vacant cave; no star look down: let neither Heaven nor Hell peep through the blanket of the Night, to cry,

Hold, Hold!—The Black Domino? Ha! Yes!—With stouter step than might have been expected, Monseigneur is under way; the Black Domino had only to whisper, low and eager: "In the Hornbeam Arbour!" And now, Cardinal, O now!—Yes, there hovers the white Celestial; 'in white robe of *linon moucheté*,' finer than moonshine; a Juno by her bearing: there, in that bosket! Monseigneur, down on thy knees; never can red breeches be better wasted. Oh, he would kiss the royal shoe-tie, or its shadow if there were one: not words; only broken gaspings, murmuring prostrations, eloquently speak his meaning. But, ah, behold! Our tutelary Black Domino, in haste, with vehement whisper: "*On vient.*" The white Juno drops a fairest Rose, with these evermemorable words, "*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire,* You know what that means;" vanishes in the thickets, the Black Domino hurrying her with eager whisper of "*Vite, vite,* Away, away!" for the sound of footsteps (doubtless from Madame, and Madame d'Artois, unwelcome sisters that they are!) is approaching fast. Monseigneur picks-up his Rose; runs as for the King's plate, almost overturns poor Planta, whose laugh assures him that all is safe.[1]

O Ixion de Rohan, happiest mortal of this world, since the first Ixion, of deathless memory,—who nevertheless, in that cloud-embrace, begat strange Centaurs! Thou art Prime Minister of France without peradventure: is not this the Rose of Royalty, worthy to become ottar of roses, and yield perfume forever? How *thou,* of all people, wilt contrive to govern France, in these very peculiar times—But that is little to the matter. There, doubtless, is thy Rose (which, methinks, it were well to have a Box or Casket made for): nay, was there not in the dulcet of thy Juno's "*Vous savez*" a kind of trepidation, a quaver,—as of still deeper meanings!

Reader, there is hitherto no item of this miracle that is not historically proved and *true.*—In distracted black-magical phantasmagory, adumbrations of yet higher and highest Dalliances[2] hover stupendous in the background: whereof your Georgels, and Campans, and other official characters *can* take no notice! There, in distracted black-magical phantasmagory, let these hover. The

[1] Compare *Georgel,* Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs,* and the *Mémoires pour* of the various parties, especially Gay d'Oliva's. Georgel places the scene in the year 1785; quite wrong. Lamotte's 'royal Autographs' (as given in the Appendix to *Mémoires Justificatifs*) seem to be misdated as to the day of the month. There is endless confusion of dates.

[2] Lamotte's *Mémoires Justificatifs;* Ms. Songs in the *Affaire du Collier,* &c. &c. Nothing can exceed the brutality of these things (unfit for Print or Pen); which nevertheless found believers,—increase of believers, in the public exasperation; and did the Queen, say all her historians, incalculable damage.

truth of them for us is that they do so hover. The truth of them in itself is known only to three persons: Dame self-styled Countess de Lamotte; the Devil; and Philippe Egalité,—who furnished money and facts for the Lamotte *Memoirs*, and, before guillotinement, begat the present King of the French.

Enough, that Ixion de Rohan, lapsed almost into deliquium, by such sober certainty of waking bliss, is the happiest of all men; and his tutelary Countess the dearest of all women, save one only. On the 25th of August (so strong still are those villanous Drawing-room cabals) he goes, weeping, but submissive, by order of a gilt Autograph, home to Saverne; till farther dignities can be matured for him. He carries his Rose, now considerably faded, in a Casket of fit price; may, if he so please, perpetuate it as *pot-pourri*. He names a favourite walk in his Archiepiscopal pleasure-grounds, *Promenade de la Rose;* there let him court digestion, and loyally somnambulate till called for.

I notice it as a coincidence in chronology, that, few days after this date, the Demoiselle (or even, for the last month, Baroness) Gay d'Oliva began to find Countess de Lamotte 'not at home,' in her fine Paris hotel, in her fine Charonne country-house; and went no more, with Villette, and such pleasant dinner-guests, and her, to see Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*[1] running its hundred nights.

CHAPTER X.

Behind the Scenes.

"The Queen?" Good reader, *thou* surely art not a Partridge the Schoolmaster, or a Monseigneur de Rohan, to mistake the stage for a reality!—"But who this Demoiselle d'Oliva was?" Reader, let us remark rather how the labours of our Dramaturgic Countess are increasing.

New actors I see on the scene; not one of whom shall guess what the other is doing; or, indeed, know rightly what himself is doing. For example, cannot Messieurs de Lamotte and Villette, of Rascaldom, like Nisus and Euryalus, take a midnight walk of contemplation, with 'footsteps of Madame and Madame d'Artois' (since all footsteps are much the same), without offence to any one? A Queen's Similitude can believe that a Queen's Self, for frolic's sake, is looking at her through the thickets;[2] a terrestrial Cardinal can kiss, with devotion a celestial Queen's slipper, or Queen's Similitude's slipper,—and no one but a Black Domino

[1] Gay d'Oliva's First *Mémoire pour,* p. 37.
[2] See *Lamotte;* see *Gay d'Oliva.*

the wiser. All these shall follow each his precalculated course; for their inward mechanism is known, and fit wires hook themselves on this. To Two only is a clear belief vouchsafed: to Monseigneur, a clear belief founded on stupidity; to the great creative Dramaturgist, sitting at the heart of the whole mystery, a clear belief founded on completest insight. Great creative Dramaturgist! How, like Schiller, 'by union of the Possible with the Necessarily-existing, she brings out the'—Eighty thousand Pounds! Don Aranda, with his triple-sealed missives and hoodwinked secretaries, bragged justly that he cut down the Jesuits in one day: but here, without ministerial salary, or King's favour, or any help beyond her own black domino, labours a greater than he. How she advances, stealthily, stedfastly, with Argus eye and ever-ready brain; with nerve of iron, on shoes of felt! O worthy to have intrigued for Jesuitdom, for Pope's Tiara;—to have been Pope Joan thyself, in those old days; and as Arachne of Arachnes, sat in the centre of that stupendous spider-web, which, reaching from Goa to Acapulco, and from Heaven to Hell, overnetted the thoughts and souls of men!—Of which spider-web stray tatters, in favourable dewy mornings, even yet become visible.

The Demoiselle d'Oliva? She is a Parisian Demoiselle of three-and-twenty, tall, blond and beautiful;[1] from unjust guardians, and an evil world, she has had somewhat to suffer.

'In this month of June 1784,' says the Demoiselle herself, in her (judicial) Autobiography, 'I occupied a small apartment in 'the Rue du Jour, Quartier St. Eustache. I was not far from the 'Garden of the Palais Royal; I had made it my usual promenade.' For, indeed, the real God's-truth is, I was a Parisian unfortunate-female, with moderate custom; and one must go where his market lies. 'I frequently passed three or four hours of the afternoon 'there, with some women of my acquaintance, and a little child of 'four years old, whom I was fond of, whom his parents willingly 'trusted with me. I even went thither alone, except for him, 'when other company failed.

'One afternoon, in the month of July following, I was at the 'Palais-Royal: my whole company, at the moment, was the child

[1] I was then presented 'to two Ladies, one of whom was remarkable for the richness of her shape: she had blue eyes and chestnut hair' (Bette d'Etienville's Second *Mémoire pour;* in the *Suite de l'Affaire du Collier*). This is she whom Bette, and Bette's Advocate, intended the world to take for Gay d'Oliva. 'The other is of middle size: dark eyes, chestnut hair, white complexion: the 'sound of her voice is agreeable; she speaks perfectly well, and with no less 'faculty than vivacity:' this one is meant for Lamotte. Oliva's real name was Essigny; the *Oliva* (OLISVA, anagram of VALOIS) was given her by Lamotte, along with the title of *Baroness* (Ms. Note, *Affaire du Collier*).

'I speak of. A tall young man, walking alone, passes several 'times before me. He was a man I had never seen. He looks at 'me; he looks fixedly at me. I observe even that always, as he 'comes near, he slackens his pace, as if to survey me more at 'leisure. A chair stood vacant; two or three feet from mine. He 'seats himself there.

'Till this instant, the sight of the young man, his walks, his 'approaches, his repeated gazings, had made no impression on 'me. But now when he was sitting so close by, I could not avoid 'noticing him. His eyes ceased not to wander over all my person. 'His air becomes earnest, grave. An unquiet curiosity appears 'to agitate him. He seems to measure my figure, to seize by 'turns all parts of my physiognomy.'—He finds me (but whispers not a syllable of it) tolerably like, both in person and profile; for even the Abbé Georgel says, I was a *belle courtisane.*

'It is time to name this young man: he was the Sieur de Lamotte, styling himself Comte de Lamotte.' Who doubts it? He praises 'my feeble charms;' expresses a wish to 'pay his addresses to me.' I, being a lone spinster, know not what to say; think it best in the mean while to retire. Vain precaution! 'I see him all on a sudden appear in my apartment!'

On his 'ninth visit' (for he was always civility itself), he talks of introducing a great Court-lady, by whose means I may even do her Majesty some little secret-service,—the reward of which will be unspeakable. In the dusk of the evening, silks mysteriously rustle: enter the creative Dramaturgist, Dame styled Countess de Lamotte; and so—the too intrusive scientific reader has now, for his punishment, *got* on the wrong-side of that loveliest Transparency; finds nothing but grease-pots, and vapour of expiring wicks!

The Demoiselle Gay d'Oliva may once more sit, or stand, in the Palais-Royal, with such custom as will come. In due time, she shall again, but with breath of Terror, be blown upon; and blown out of France to Brussels.

CHAPTER XI.

The Necklace is sold.

Autumn, with its gray moaning winds and coating of red strewn leaves, invites Courtiers to enjoy the charms of Nature; and all business of moment stands still. Countess de Lamotte, while everything is so stagnant, and even Boehmer has locked-up his

Necklace and his hopes for the season, can drive, with her Count and Euryalus Villette, down to native Bar-sur-Aube, and there (in virtue of a Queen's bounty) show the envious a Scion-of-royalty *re*-grafted; and make them yellower looking on it. A well-varnished chariot, with the Arms of Valois duly painted in bend-sinister; a house gallantly furnished, bodies gallantly attired,—secure them the favourablest reception from all manner of men. The very Duc de Penthièvre (Egalité's father-in-law) welcomes our Lamotte, with that urbanity characteristic of his high station and the old school. Worth, indeed, makes the man, or woman; but 'leather' of gig-straps, and 'prunella' of gig-lining, first makes it *go*.

The great creative Dramaturgist has thus let down her drop-scene; and only, with a Letter or two to Saverne, or even a visit thither (for it is but a day's drive from Bar), keeps up a due modicum of intermediate instrumental music. She needs some pause, in good sooth, to collect herself a little; for the last act and grand Catastrophe is at hand. Two fixed-ideas, Cardinal's and Jeweller's, a negative and a positive, have felt each other; stimulated now by new hope, are rapidly revolving round each other, and approximating; like two flames, are stretching-out long fire-tongues to join and be one.

Boehmer, on his side, is ready with the readiest; as indeed he has been these four long years. The Countess, it is true, will have neither part nor lot in that foolish *Cadeau* of his, or in the whole foolish Necklace business: this she has, in plain words, and even not without asperity, due to a bore of such magnitude, given him to know. From her, nevertheless, by cunning inference, and the merest accident in the world, the sly Joaillier-Bijoutier has gleaned thus much, that Monseigneur de Rohan is the man.—Enough! Enough! Madame shall be no more troubled. Rest there, in hope, thou Necklace of the Devil; but, O Monseigneur, be thy return speedy!

Alas, the man lives not that would be speedier than Monseigneur, if he durst. But as yet no gilt Autograph invites him, permits him; the few gilt Autographs are all negatory, procrastinating. Cabals of Court; forever cabals! Nay, if it be not for some Necklace, or other such crotchet or necessity, who knows but he may *never* be recalled (so fickle is womankind); but forgotten, and left to rot here, like his Rose, into *pot-pourri?* Our tutelary Countess, too, is shyer in this matter than we ever saw her. Nevertheless, by intense skilful cross-questioning, he has extorted somewhat; sees partly how it stands. The Queen's

Majesty will have her Necklace; for when, in such case, had not woman her way? The Queen's Majesty can even pay for it—by instalments; but then the stingy husband! Once for all, she will not be seen in the business. Now, therefore, Were it, or were it not, permissible to mortal to transact it secretly in her stead? That is the question. If to mortal, then to Monseigneur. Our Countess has even ventured to hint afar off at Monseigneur (kind Countess!) in the proper quarter; but his discretion in regard to money-matters is doubted. Discretion? And I on the *Promenade de la Rose?*—Explode not, O Eminence! Trust will spring of trial; thy hour is coming.

The Lamottes meanwhile have left their farewell card with all the respectable classes of Bar-sur-Aube; our Dramaturgist stands again behind the scenes at Paris. How is it, O Monseigneur, that she is still so shy with thee, in this matter of the Necklace; that she leaves the love-lorn Latmian shepherd to droop, here in lone Saverne, like weeping-ash, in naked winter, on his Promenade of the Rose, with vague commonplace responses that his hour is coming?—By Heaven and Earth! at last, in late January, it is *come*. Behold it, this new gilt Autograph: 'To Paris, on a small business of delicacy, which our Countess will explain,'—which I already know! To Paris! Horses; postilions; beef-eaters!—And so his resuscitated Eminence, all wrapt in furs, in the pleasantest frost (Abbé Georgel says, *un beau froid de Janvier*), over clear-jingling highways rolls rapidly,—borne on the bosom of Dreams.

O Dame de Lamotte, has the enchanted Diamond fruit ripened, then? Hast thou *given* it the little shake, big with unutterable fate?—I? can the Dame justly retort: Who saw me in it?——The reader, therefore, has still Three scenic Exhibitions to look at, by our great Dramaturgist; then the Fourth and last,—by another Author.

To us, reflecting how oftenest the true moving force in human things works hidden underground, it seems small marvel that this month of January 1785, wherein our Countess so little courts the eye of the vulgar historian, should nevertheless have been the busiest of all for her; especially the latter half thereof.

Wisely eschewing matters of Business (which she could never in her life understand), our Countess will personally take no charge of that bargain-making; leaves it all to her Majesty and the gilt Autographs. Assiduous Boehmer nevertheless is in frequent close conference with Monseigneur: the Paris Palais-de-Strasbourg, shut to the rest of men, sees the Joaillier-Bijoutier, with eager official

aspect, come and go. The grand difficulty is—must we say it?—her Majesty's wilful whimsicality, unacquaintance with Business. She positively will not write a gilt Autograph, *authorising* his Eminence to make the bargain; but writes rather, in a pettish manner, that the thing is of no consequence, and can be given up! Thus must the poor Countess dash to and fro, like a weaver's shuttle, between Paris and Versailles; wear her horses and nerves to pieces; nay, sometimes in the hottest haste, wait many hours within call of the Palace, considering what *can* be done (with none but Villette to bear her company),—till the Queen's whim pass.

At length, after furious-driving and conferences enough, on the 29th of January, a middle course is hit on. Cautious Boehmer shall write out, on finest paper, his terms; which are really rather fair: Sixteen hundred thousand livres; to be paid in five equal instalments; the first this day six months; the other four from three months to three months; this is what Court-Jewellers, Boehmer and Bassange, on the one part, and Prince Cardinal Commendator Louis de Rohan, on the other part, will stand to; witness their hands. Which written sheet of finest paper our poor Countess must again take charge of, again dash-off with to Versailles; and therefrom, after trouble unspeakable (shared in only by the faithful Villette, of Rascaldom), return with it, bearing this most precious marginal note, '*Bon—Marie-Antoinette de France,*' in the Autograph-hand! Happy Cardinal! this *thou* shalt keep in the innermost of all thy repositories. Boehmer meanwhile, secret as Death, shall tell no man that he has sold his Necklace; or if much pressed for an actual sight of the same, confess that it is sold to the Favourite Sultana of the Grand Turk for the time being.[1]

Thus, then, do the smoking Lamotte horses at length get rubbed down, and feel the taste of oats, after midnight; the Lamotte Countess can also gradually sink into needful slumber, perhaps not unbroken by dreams. On the morrow the bargain shall be concluded; next day the Necklace be delivered, on Monseigneur's receipt.

Will the reader, therefore, be pleased to glance at the following two Life-Pictures, Real-Phantasmagories, or whatever we may call them: they are the two first of those Three scenic real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist: short Exhibitions, but essential ones.

[1] *Campan.*

CHAPTER XII.

The Necklace vanishes.

It is the first day of February; that grand day of Delivery. The Sieur Boehmer is in the Court of the Palais de Strasbourg; his look mysterious-official, and though much emaciated, radiant with enthusiasm. The Seine has missed him; though lean, he will fatten again, and live through new enterprises.

Singular, were we not used to it: the name "Boehmer," as it passes upwards and inwards, lowers all halberts of Heyducs in perpendicular rows: the historical eye beholds him, bowing low, with plenteous smiles, in the plush Saloon of Audience. Will it please Monseigneur, then, to do the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces the honour of looking at it? A piece of Art, which the Universe cannot parallel, shall be parted with (Necessity compels Court-Jewellers) at that ruinously low sum. They, the Court-Jewellers, shall have much ado to weather it; but their work, at least, will find a fit Wearer, and go down to juster posterity. Monseigneur will merely have the condescension to sign this Receipt of Delivery: all the rest, her Highness the Sultana of the Sublime Porte has settled it.—Here the Court-Jeweller, with his joyous though now much-emaciated face, ventures on a faint knowing smile; to which, in the lofty dissolute-serene of Monseigneur's, some twinkle of permission could not but respond.—This is the First of those Three real-poetic Exhibitions, brought about by our Dramaturgist,—with perfect success.

It was said, long afterwards, that Monseigneur should have known, and even that Boehmer should have known, her Highness the Sultana's marginal note, her '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France*,' to be a forgery and mockery: the '*of France*' was fatal to it. Easy talking, easy criticising! But how are two enchanted men to know; two men with a fixed-idea each, a negative and a positive, rushing together to neutralise each other in rapture?—Enough, Monseigneur has the *ne-plus-ultra* of Necklaces, conquered by man's valour and woman's wit; and rolls off with it, in mysterious speed, to Versailles,—triumphant as a Jason with his Golden Fleece.

The Second grand scenic Exhibition by our Dramaturgic Countess occurs in her own apartment at Versailles, so early as the following night. It is a commodious apartment, with alcove; and the alcove has a glass door.[1] Monseigneur enters,—with a follower bearing a mysterious Casket, who carefully deposits it, and then

[1] *Georgel*, &c.

respectfully withdraws. It is the Necklace itself in all its glory! Our tutelary Countess, and Monseigneur, and we can at leisure admire the queenly Talisman; congratulate ourselves that the painful conquest of it is achieved.

But, hist! A knock, mild but decisive, as from one knocking with authority! Monseigneur and we retire to our alcove; there, from behind our glass screen, observe what passes. Who comes? The door flung open: *de par la Reine!* Behold him, Monseigneur: he enters with grave, respectful, yet official air; worthy Monsieur Queen's-valet Lesclaux, the same who escorted our tutelary Countess, that moonlight night, from the back apartments of Versailles. Said we not, thou wouldst see *him* once more?—Methinks, again, spite of his Queen's-uniform, he has much the features of Villette of Rascaldom!—Rascaldom or Valetdom (for to the blind all colours are the same), he has, with his grave, respectful, yet official air, received the Casket, and its priceless contents; with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires bowing low.

Thus softly, silently, like a very Dream, flits away our solid Necklace—through the Horn Gate of Dreams!

CHAPTER XIII.

Scene Third: by Dame de Lamotte.

Now too, in these same days (as he can afterwards prove by affidavit of Landlords) arrives Count Cagliostro himself, from Lyons! No longer by predictions in cipher; but by his living voice, often in wrapt communion with the unseen world, 'with Caraffe and four candles;' by his greasy prophetic bulldog face, said to be the 'most perfect quack-face of the eighteenth century,' can we assure ourselves that all is well; that all will turn 'to the glory of Monseigneur, to the good of France, and of mankind,'[1] and of Egyptian masonry. 'Tokay flows like water;' our charming Countess, with her piquancy of face, is sprightlier than ever; enlivens with the brightest sallies, with the adroitest flatteries to all, those suppers of the gods. O Nights, O Suppers—too good to last! Nay, now also occurs another and Third scenic Exhibition, fitted by its radiance to dispel from Monseigneur's soul the last trace of care.

Why the Queen does not, even yet, openly receive me at Court? Patience, Monseigneur! Thou little knowest those too intricate cabals; and how she still but works at them silently, with royal suppressed fury, like a royal lioness only *delivering* herself from the hunter's toils. Meanwhile, is not thy work done? The Necklace,

[1] *Georgel, &c.*

she rejoices over it; beholds, many times in secret, her Juno-neck mirrored back the lovelier for it,—as our tutelar Countess can testify. Come tomorrow to the *Œil-de-Bœuf;* there see with eyes, in high noon, as already in deep midnight thou hast seen, whether in *her* royal heart there were delay.

Let us stand, then, with Monseigneur, in that *Œil de-Bœuf*, in the Versailles Palace Gallery; for all well-dressed persons are admitted: there the Loveliest, in pomp of royalty, will walk to mass. The world is all in pelisses and winter furs; cheerful, clear,—with noses tending to blue. A lively many-voiced hum plays fitful, hither and thither: of sledge parties and Court parties; frosty state of the weather; stability of M. de Calonne; Majesty's looks yesterday;—such hum as always, in these sacred Court-spaces, since Louis le Grand made and consecrated them, has, with more or less impetuosity, agitated our common Atmosphere.

Ah, through that long high Gallery what Figures have passed —and vanished! Louvois,—with the Great King, flashing fire-glances on the fugitive; in his red right hand a pair of tongs, which pious Maintenon hardly holds back: Louvois, where art thou? Ye *Maréchaux de France?* Ye unmentionable-women of past generations? Here also was it that rolled and rushed the 'sound, absolutely like thunder,'[1] of Courtier hosts; in that dark hour when the signal-light in Louis the Fifteenth's chamber-window was blown out; and his ghastly infectious Corpse lay lone, forsaken on its tumbled death-lair, 'in the hands of some poor women;' and the Courtier-hosts rushed from the Deep-fallen to hail the New-risen! These too rushed, and passed; and their 'sound, absolutely like thunder,' became silence. Figures? Men? They are fast-fleeting Shadows; fast chasing each other: it is not a Palace, but a Caravansera.— Monseigneur (with thy too much Tokay overnight)! cease puzzling: here *thou* art, this blessed February day:—the Peerless, will she turn lightly that high head of hers, and glance aside into the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, in passing? Please Heaven, she will. To our tutelary Countess, at least, she promised it;[2] though, alas, so fickle is womankind!—

Hark! Clang of opening doors! She issues, like the Moon in silver brightness, down the Eastern steeps. *La Reine vient!* What a figure! I (with the aid of glasses) discern *her*. O Fairest, Peerless! Let the hum of minor discoursing hush itself wholly; and only one successive rolling peal of *Vive la Reine*, like the movable radiance of a train of fire-works, irradiate her path.—Ye Immortals! She does, she beckons, turns her head this way!—

[1] *Campan.* [2] See *Georgel.*

"Does she not?" says Countess de Lamotte.—Versailles, the *Œil-de-Bœuf*, and all men and things are drowned in a Sea of Light; Monseigneur and that high beckoning Head are alone, with each other in the Universe.

O Eminence, what a beatific vision! Enjoy it, blest as the gods; ruminate and re-enjoy it, with full soul: it is the last provided for thee. Too soon, in the course of these six months, shall thy beatific vision, like Mirza's vision, gradually melt away; and only oxen and sheep be grazing in its place;—and thou, as a doomed Nebuchadnezzar, be grazing with them.

"Does she not?" said the Countess de Lamotte. That it is a habit of hers; that hardly a day passes *without* her doing it: this the Countess de Lamotte did not say.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Necklace cannot be paid.

Here, then, the specially Dramaturgic labours of Countess de Lamotte may be said to terminate. The rest of her life is Histrionic merely, or Histrionic and Critical; as, indeed, what had all the former part of it been but a *Hypocrisia*, a more or less correct Playing of Parts? O 'Mrs. Facing-both-ways' (as old Bunyan said), what a talent hadst thou! No Proteus ever took so many shapes, no Chameleon so often changed colour. One thing thou wert to Monseigneur; another thing to Cagliostro, and Villette of Rascaldom; a third thing to the World, in printed *Mémoires;* a fourth thing to Philippe Egalité: all things to all men!

Let her, however, we say, but manage now to *act* her own parts, with proper Histrionic illusion; and, by Critical glosses give her past Dramaturgy the fit aspect, to Monseigneur and others: this henceforth, and not new Dramaturgy, includes her whole task. Dramatic Scenes, in plenty, will follow of themselves; especially that Fourth and final Scene, spoken of above as by another Author, —by Destiny itself.

For in the Lamotte Theatre, so different from our common Pasteboard one, the Play goes on, even when the Machinist has left it. Strange enough: those Air-images, which from her Magic-lantern she hung out on the empty bosom of Night, have clutched hold of this solid-seeming World (which some call the Material World, as if that made it more a Real one), and will tumble hither and thither the solidest masses there. Yes, reader, so goes it here below. What thou callest a Brain-web, or mere illusive Nothing,

is it not a web of the Brain; of the Spirit which inhabits the Brain;' and which, in this World (rather, as I think, to be named the Spiritual one), very naturally moves and tumbles hither and thither all things it meets with, in Heaven or in Earth?—So too, the Necklace, though we saw it vanish through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and in my opinion man shall never more behold it,—yet its activity ceases not, nor will. For no Act of a man, no Thing (how much less the man himself!) is extinguished when *it* disappears: through considerable times it still visibly works, though done and vanished; I have known a done thing work visibly Three Thousand Years and more: invisibly, unrecognised, all done things work through endless times and years. Such a Hyper-magical is this our poor old Real world; which some take upon them to pronounce effete, prosaic! Friend, it is thyself that art all withered up into effete Prose, dead as ashes: know this (I advise thee); and seek passionately, with a passion little short of desperation, to have it remedied.

Meanwhile, what will the feeling heart think to learn that Monseigneur de Rohan, as we prophesied, again experiences the fickleness of a Court; that, notwithstanding beatific visions, at noon and midnight, the Queen's Majesty, with the light ingratitude of her sex, flies off at a tangent; and, far from ousting his detested and detesting rival, Minister Breteuil, and openly delighting to honour Monseigneur, will hardly vouchsafe him a few gilt Autographs, and those few of the most capricious, suspicious, soul-confusing tenour? What terrifico-absurd explosions, which scarcely Cagliostro, with Caraffe and four candles, can still; how many deep-weighed Humble Petitions, Explanations, Expostulations, penned with fervidest eloquence, with craftiest diplomacy,—all delivered by our tutelar Countess: in vain!—O Cardinal, with what a huge iron mace, like Guy of Warwick's, thou smitest Phantasms in two, which close again, take shape again; and only thrashest the air!

One comfort, however, is that the Queen's Majesty has committed herself. The Rose of Trianon, and what may pertain thereto, lies it not here? That '*Right—Marie Antoinette of France*,' too; and the 30th of July, first-instalment-day, coming? She shall be *brought* to terms, good Eminence! Order horses and beef-eaters for Saverne; there, ceasing all written or oral communication, starve her into capitulating.[1] It is the bright May month: his Eminence again somnambulates the *Promenade de la Rose;* but now with grim dry eyes; and, from time to time, terrifically stamping.

[1] See *Lamotte*.

But who is this that I see mounted on costliest horse and horse-gear; betting at Newmarket Races; though he can speak no English word, and only some Chevalier O'Niel, some Capuchin Macdermot, from Bar-sur-Aube, interprets his French into the dialect of the Sister Island? Few days ago I observed him walking in Fleet-street, thoughtfully through Temple-Bar;—in deep treaty with Jeweller Jeffreys, with Jeweller Grey,[1] for the sale of Diamonds: such a lot as one may boast of. A tall handsome man; with ex-military whiskers; with a look of troubled gaiety, and rascalism: you think it is the Sieur self-styled Count de Lamotte; nay the man himself confesses it! The Diamonds were a present to his Countess,—from the still-bountiful Queen.

Villette too, has he completed his sales at Amsterdam? Him I shall by and by behold; not betting at Newmarket, but drinking wine and ardent spirits in the Taverns of Geneva. Ill-gotten wealth endures not; Rascaldom has no strong-box. Countess de Lamotte, for what a set of cormorant scoundrels hast thou laboured, art thou still labouring!

Still labouring, we may say: for as the fatal 30th of July approaches, what is to be looked for but universal Earthquake; Mud-explosion that will blot-out the face of Nature? Methinks, stood I in thy pattens, Dame de Lamotte, I would cut and run.—"Run!" exclaims she, with a toss of indignant astonishment: "Calumniated Innocence run?" For it is singular how in some minds, which are mere bottomless 'chaotic whirlpools of gilt shreds,' there is no deliberate Lying whatever; and nothing is either believed or disbelieved, but only (with some transient suitable Histrionic emotion) spoken and heard.

Had Dame de Lamotte a certain greatness of character, then; at least, a strength of transcendent audacity, amounting to the bastard-heroic? Great, indubitably great, is her Dramaturgic and Histrionic talent; but as for the rest, one must answer, with reluctance, No. Mrs. Facing-both-ways is a 'Spark of vehement Life,' but the farthest in the world from a brave woman: she did not, in any case, show the bravery of a woman; did, in many cases, show the mere screaming trepidation of one. Her grand quality is rather to be reckoned negative: the 'untamableness' as of a fly; the 'wax-cloth dress' from which so much ran down like water. Small sparrows, as I learn, have been trained to fire cannon; but would make poor Artillery Officers in a Waterloo. Thou dost not call that Cork a strong swimmer? Which nevertheless shoots,

[1] Grey lived in No. 13 New Bond Street; Jeffreys in Piccadilly (Rohan's *Mémoire pour:* see also *Count* de Lamotte's Narrative, in the *Mémoires Justificatifs*). Rohan says, 'Jeffreys bought more than 10,000*l.* worth.'

without limit, the Falls of Niagara; defies the thunderbolt itself to sink it, for more than a moment. Without intellect, imagination, power of attention, or any spiritual faculty, how brave were one,—with fit motive for it, such as hunger! How much might one dare, by the simplest of methods, by not thinking of it, not knowing it! —Besides, is not Cagliostro, foolish blustering Quack, still here? No scapegoat had ever broader back. The Cardinal too, has he not money? Queen's Majesty, even in effigy, shall not be insulted; the Soubises, De Marsans, and high and puissant Cousins, must huddle the matter up: Calumniated Innocence, in the most universal of Earthquakes, will find *some* crevice to whisk through, as she has so often done.

But all this while how fares it with his Eminence, left somnambulating the *Promenade de la Rose;* and at times truculently stamping? Alas, ill, and ever worse. The starving method, singular as it may seem, brings no capitulation; brings only, after a month's waiting, our tutelary Countess, with a gilt Autograph, indeed, and 'all wrapt in silk threads, sealed where they cross,'—but which we read with curses.[1]

We must back again to Paris; there pen new Expostulations; which our unwearied Countess will take charge of, but, alas, can get no answer to. However, is not the 30th of July coming?—Behold, on the 19th of that month, the shortest, most careless of Autographs: with some fifteen hundred pounds of real money in it, to pay the—*interest* of the first instalment; the principal, of some thirty thousand, not being at the moment perfectly convenient! Hungry Boehmer makes large eyes at this proposal; will accept the money, but only as part of payment; the man is positive: a Court of Justice, if no other means, shall get him the remainder. What now is to be done?

Farmer-general Monsieur Saint-James, Cagliostro's disciple, and wet with Tokay, will cheerfully advance the sum needed—for her Majesty's sake; thinks, however (with all his Tokay), it were good to *speak* with her Majesty first.—I observe, meanwhile, the distracted hungry Boehmer driven hither and thither, not by his fixed-idea; alas, no, but by the far more frightful *ghost* thereof,—since no payment is forthcoming. He stands, one day, speaking with a Queen's waiting-woman (Madame Campan herself), in 'a thunder-shower, which neither of them notice,'—so thunderstruck are they.[2] What weather-symptoms for his Eminence!

The 30th of July has come, but no money; the 30th is gone, but no money. O Eminence, what a grim farewell of July is this

[1] See *Lamotte.* [2] *Campan.*

of 1785! The last July went out with airs from Heaven, and Trianon Roses. These August days, are they not worse than dog's days; worthy to be blotted out from all Almanacs? Boehmer and Bassange thou canst still see; but only 'return from them swearing.'[1] Nay, what new misery is this? Our tutelary Histrionic Countess enters, distraction in her eyes:[2] she has just been at Versailles; the Queen's Majesty, with a levity of caprice which we dare not trust ourselves to characterise, declares plainly that she will deny ever having got the Necklace; ever having had, with his Eminence, any transaction whatsoever!—Mud-explosion without parallel in volcanic annals.—The Palais de Strasbourg appears to be beset with spies; the Lamottes, for the Count too is here, are packing-up for Bar-sur-Aube. The Sieur Boehmer, has he fallen insane? Or into communication with Minister Breteuil?—

And so, distractedly and distractively, to the sound of all Discords in Nature, opens that Fourth, final Scenic Exhibition, composed by Destiny.

CHAPTER XV.

Scene Fourth: by Destiny.

It is Assumption-day, the 15th of August. Don thy pontificalia, Grand-Almoner; crush down these hideous temporalities out of sight. In any case, smooth thy countenance into some sort of lofty-dissolute serene: thou hast a thing they call worshipping God to enact, thyself the first actor.

The Grand-Almoner has done it. He is in Versailles *Œil-de-Bœuf* Gallery; where male and female Peerage, and all Noble France in gala various and glorious as the rainbow, waits only the signal to begin worshipping: on the serene of his lofty-dissolute countenance, there can nothing be read.[3] By Heaven! he is sent for to the Royal Apartment!

He returns with the old lofty-dissolute look, inscrutably serene: has his turn for favour actually come, then? Those fifteen long years of soul's travail are to be rewarded by a birth?—Monsieur le Baron de Breteuil issues; great in his pride of place, in this the crowning moment of his life. With one radiant glance, Breteuil summons the Officer on Guard; with another, fixes Monseigneur:

[1] *Lamotte.* [2] *Georgel.*

[3] This is Bette d'Etienville's description of him: 'A handsome man, of 'fifty; with high complexion; hair white-gray, and the front of the head bald: 'of high stature; carriage noble and easy, though burdened with a certain 'degree of corpulency; who, I never doubted, was Monsieur de Rohan.' (First *Mémoire pour.*)

"*De par le Roi, Monseigneur:* you are arrested! At *your* risk, Officer!"—Curtains as of pitch-black whirlwind envelop Monseigneur; whirl off with him,—to outer darkness. Versailles Gallery explodes aghast; as if Guy Fawkes's Plot had *burst* under it. "The Queen's Majesty was weeping," whisper some. There will be no Assumption-service; or such a one as was never celebrated since Assumption came in fashion.

Europe, then, shall ring with it from side to side!—But why rides that Heyduc as if all the Devils drove him? It is Monseigneur's Heyduc: Monseigneur spoke three words in German to him, at the door of his Versailles Hotel; even handed him a slip of writing, which, with borrowed Pencil, 'in his red square cap,' he had managed to prepare on the way thither.[1] To Paris! To the Palais-Cardinal! The horse dies on reaching the stable; the Heyduc swoons on reaching the cabinet: but his slip of writing fell from his hand; and I (says the Abbé Georgel) was there. The red Portfolio, containing all the gilt Autographs, is burnt utterly, with much else, before Breteuil can arrive for apposition of the seals!—Whereby Europe, in ringing from side to side, must worry itself with guessing: and at this hour, on this paper, sees the matter in such an interesting clear-obscure.

Soon Count Cagliostro and his Seraphic Countess go to join Monseigneur, in State Prison. In few days, follows Dame de Lamotte, from Bar-sur-Aube; Demoiselle d'Oliva by-and-by, from Brussels; Villette-de-Rétaux, from his Swiss retirement, in the taverns of Geneva. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to them all.

CHAPTER LAST.

Missa est.

Thus, then, the Diamond Necklace having, on the one hand, vanished through the Horn Gate of Dreams, and so, under the pincers of Nisus Lamotte and Euryalus Villette, lost its sublunary individuality and being; and, on the other hand, all that trafficked in it, sitting now safe under lock and key, that justice may take cognisance of them,—our engagement in regard to the matter is on the point of terminating. That extraordinary '*Procès du Collier*, Necklace Trial,' spinning itself through Nine other ever-memorable Months, to the astonishment of the hundred and eighty-seven assembled *Parlementiers*, and of all Quidnuncs, Journalists, Anecdotists, Satirists, in both Hemispheres, is, in every sense, a

[1] *Georgel.*

'Celebrated Trial,' and belongs to Publishers of such. How, by innumerable confrontations and expiscatory questions, through entanglements, doublings and windings that fatigue eye and soul, this most involute of Lies is finally winded off to the scandalous-ridiculous cinder-heart of it, let others relate.

Meanwhile, during these Nine ever-memorable Months, till they terminate late at night precisely with the May of 1786,[1] how many fugitive leaves, quizzical, imaginative, or at least mendacious, were flying about in Newspapers; or stitched together as Pamphlets; and what heaps of others were left creeping in Manuscript, we shall not say;—having, indeed, no complete Collection of them, and what is more to the purpose, little to do with such Collection. Nevertheless, searching for some fit Capital of the composite order, to adorn adequately the now finished singular Pillar of our Narrative, what can suit us better than the following, so far as we know, yet unedited,

Occasional Discourse, by Count Alessandro Cagliostro, Thaumaturgist, Prophet and Arch-Quack; delivered in the Bastille: Year of Lucifer, 5789; *of the Mahometan Hegira from Mecca,* 1201; *of the Cagliostric Hegira from Palermo,* 24; *of the Vulgar Era,* 1785.

'Fellow Scoundrels,—An unspeakable Intrigue, spun from the 'soul of that Circe-Megæra, by our voluntary or involuntary help, 'has assembled us all, if not under one roof-tree, yet within one 'grim iron-bound ring-wall. For an appointed number of months, 'in the ever-rolling flow of Time, we, being gathered from the 'four winds, did by Destiny work together in body corporate; 'and, joint labourers in a Transaction already famed over the 'Globe, obtain unity of Name, like the Argonauts of old, as *Con-'querors of the Diamond Necklace.* Erelong it is done (for ring-walls 'hold not captive the free Scoundrel forever); and we disperse 'again, over wide terrestrial Space; some of us, it may be, over 'the very marches of Space. Our Act hangs indissoluble toge-'ther; floats wondrous in the older and older memory of men: 'while *we* the little band of Scoundrels, who saw each other, now 'hover so far asunder, to see each other no more, if not once more 'only on the universal Doomsday, the Last of the Days!

'In such interesting moments, while we stand within the verge 'of parting, and have not yet parted, methinks it were well here, 'in these sequestered Spaces, to institute a few general reflections. 'Me, as a public speaker, the Spirit of Masonry, of Philosophy,

[1] On the 31st of May 1786, sentence was pronounced: about ten at night, the Cardinal got out of the Bastille; large mobs hurrahing round him,—out of spleen to the Court. (See *Georgel.*)

'and Philanthropy, and even of Prophecy, blowing mysterious 'from the Land of Dreams, impels to do it. Give ear, O Fellow 'Scoundrels, to what the Spirit utters; treasure it in your hearts, 'practise it in your lives.

'Sitting here, penned-up in this which, with a slight metaphor, I call the Central Cloaca of Nature, where a tyrannical De 'Launay can forbid the bodily eye free vision, you with the mental 'eye see but the better. This Central Cloaca, is it not rather a 'Heart, into which, from all regions, mysterious conduits intro'duce and forcibly inject whatsoever is choicest in the Scoundrel'ism of the Earth; there to be absorbed, or again (by the other 'auricle) ejected into new circulation? Let the eye of the mind 'run along this immeasurable venous-arterial system; and astound 'itself with the magnificent extent of Scoundreldom; the deep, I 'may say, unfathomable, significance of Scoundrelism.

'Yes, brethren, wide as the Sun's range is our Empire; wider 'than old Rome's in its palmiest era. I have in my time been 'far; in frozen Muscovy, in hot Calabria, east, west, wheresoever 'the sky overarches civilised man: and never hitherto saw I 'myself an alien; out of Scoundreldom I never was. Is it not 'even said, from of old, by the opposite party: "*All* men are 'liars?" Do they not (and this nowise "in haste") whimperingly 'talk of "one just person" (as they call him), and of the remain'ing thousand save one that take part with us? So decided is 'our majority.'—(Applause.)

'Of the Scarlet Woman,—yes, Monseigneur, without offence,— 'of the Scarlet Woman that sits on Seven Hills, and her Black 'Jesuit Militia, out foraging from Pole to Pole, I speak not; for 'the story is too trite: nay, the Militia itself, as I see, begins to 'be disbanded, and invalided, for a second treachery; treachery 'to herself! Nor yet of Governments; for a like reason. Ambas'sadors, said an English punster, *lie* abroad for their masters. 'Their masters, we answer, lie at home for themselves. Not of 'all this, nor of Courtship with its Lovers'-vows, nor Courtiership, 'nor Attorneyism, nor Public Oratory, and Selling by Auction, do 'I speak: I simply ask the gainsayer, Which is the particular 'trade, profession, mystery, calling, or pursuit of the Sons of 'Adam that they successfully manage in the other way? He can'not answer!—No: Philosophy itself, both practical and even 'speculative, has at length, after shamefullest groping, stumbled 'on the plain conclusion that Sham is indispensable to Reality, 'as Lying to Living; that without Lying the whole business of 'the world, from swaying of senates to selling of tapes, must ex'plode into anarchic discords, and so a speedy conclusion ensue.

'But the grand problem, Fellow Scoundrels, as you well know, 'is the *marrying* of Truth and Sham; so that they become one 'flesh, man and wife, and generate these three: Profit, Pudding, 'and Respectability that always keeps her Gig. Wondrously, in- 'deed, do Truth and Delusion play into one another; Reality rests 'on Dream. Truth is but the *skin* of the bottomless Untrue: and 'ever, from time to time, the Untrue *sheds* it; is clear again; and 'the superannuated True itself becomes a Fable. Thus do all 'hostile things crumble back into our Empire; and of its increase 'there is no end.

'O brothers, to think of the Speech without meaning (which 'is mostly ours), and of the Speech with contrary meaning (which 'is wholly ours), manufactured by the organs of Mankind in one 'solar day! Or call it a day of Jubilee, when public Dinners are 'given, and Dinner-orations are delivered: or say, a Neighbouring 'Island in time of General Election! O ye immortal gods! The 'mind is lost; can only admire great Nature's plenteousness with 'a kind of sacred wonder.

'For tell me, What is the chief end of man? "To glorify God," 'said the old Christian Sect, now happily extinct. "To eat and 'find eatables by the readiest method," answers sound Philoso- 'phy, discarding whims. If the method *readier* than this of per- 'suasive-attraction is yet discovered,—point it out!—Brethren, I 'said the old Christian Sect was happily extinct: as, indeed, in 'Rome itself, there goes the wonderfullest traditionary Prophecy,[1] 'of that Nazareth Christ coming back, and being crucified a 'second time *there*: which truly I see not in the least how he 'could fail to be. Nevertheless, that old Christian whim, of an 'actual living and ruling God, and some sacred covenant binding 'all men in Him, with much other mystic stuff, does, under new 'or old shape, linger with a few. From these few keep yourselves 'forever far! They must even be left to their whim, which is not 'like to prove infectious.

'But neither are we, my Fellow Scoundrels, without our Re- 'ligion, our Worship; which, like the oldest, and all true Wor- 'ships, is one of Fear. The Christians have their Cross, the 'Moslem their Crescent: but have not we too our—Gallows? 'Yes, *infinitely* terrible is the Gallows; it bestrides with its pati- 'bulary fork the Pit of bottomless Terror! No Manicheans are 'we; our God is One. Great, exceeding great, I say, is the Gal- 'lows; of old, even from the beginning, in this world; knowing 'neither variableness nor decadence; forever, forever, over the 'wreck of ages, and all civic and ecclesiastic convulsions, meal-

[1] Goethe mentions it (*Italiänische Reise*).

'mobs, revolutions, the Gallows with front serenely terrible towers
'aloft. Fellow Scoundrels, fear the Gallows, and have no other
'fear! *This* is the Law and the Prophets. Fear every emanation
'of the Gallows. And what is every buffet, with the fist, or even
'with the tongue, of one having authority, but some such emana-
'tion? And what is Force of Public Opinion but the infinitude
'of such emanations,—rushing combined on you, like a mighty
'storm-wind? Fear the Gallows, I say! O when, with its long
'black arm, *it* has clutched a man, what avail him all terrestrial
'things? These pass away, with horrid nameless dinning in his
'ears; and the ill-starred Scoundrel pendulates between Heaven
'and Earth, a thing rejected of *both*.'—(Profound sensation.)

'Such, so wide in compass, high, gallows-high in dignity, is
'the Scoundrel Empire; and for depth, it is deeper than the
'Foundations of the World. For what was Creation itself wholly,
'according to the best Philosophers, but a Divulsion by the Time-
'Spirit (or Devil so-called); a forceful Interruption, or breaking
'asunder, of the old Quiescence of Eternity? It was Lucifer that
'fell, and made this lordly World arise. Deep? It is bottomless-
'deep; the very Thought, diving, bobs up from it baffled. Is not
'this that they call Vice of Lying the *Adam-Kadmon*, or primeval
'Rude-Element, old as Chaos mother's-womb of Death and Hell;
whereon their thin film of Virtue, Truth, and the like, poorly
'wavers—for a day? All Virtue, what is it, even by their own
'showing, but Vice transformed,—that is. manufactured, rendered
'artificial? "Man's Vices are the roots from which his Virtues
'grow out and see the light," says one: "Yes," add I, "and thank-
'lessly steal their nourishment!" Were it not for the nine hun-
'dred ninety and nine unacknowledged, perhaps martyred and
'calumniated Scoundrels, how were their single Just Person (with
'a murrain on him!) so much as possible?—Oh, it is high, high:
'these things are too great for me; Intellect, Imagination, flags
'her tired wings; the soul lost, baffled'—

—Here Dame de Lamotte tittered audibly, and muttered *Coq-d'Inde*, which, being interpreted into the Scottish tongue, signifies *Bubbly Jock!* The Arch-Quack, whose eyes were turned inwards as in rapt contemplation, started at the titter and mutter: his eyes flashed outwards with dilated pupil; his nostrils opened wide; his very hair seemed to stir in its long twisted pigtails (his fashion of curl); and as Indignation is said to make Poetry, it here made Prophecy, or what sounded as such. With terrible, working features, and gesticulation not recommended in any Book of Gesture, the Arch-Quack, in voice supernally discordant, like Lions worrying Bulls of Bashan, began:

'Sniff not, Dame de Lamotte; tremble, thou foul Circe-Megæra; thy day of desolation is at hand! Behold ye the Sanhedrim of Judges, with their fanners of written Parchment, loud-rustling, as they winnow all her chaff and down-plumage, and she stands there naked and mean?—Villette, Oliva, do *ye* blab secrets? Ye have no pity of her extreme need, she none of yours. Is thy light-giggling, untamable heart at last heavy? Hark ye! Shrieks of one cast out; whom they brand on both shoulders with iron stamp; the red-hot "V," thou *Voleuse*, hath it entered thy soul? Weep, Circe de Lamotte; wail there in truckle-bed, and hysterically gnash thy teeth: nay do, smother thyself in thy door mat coverlid; thou hast found thy mates; thou art in the Salpêtrière!—Weep, daughter of the high and puissant Sans-inexpressibles! Buzz of Parisian Gossipry is about thee; but not to help thee: no, to eat before thy time. What shall a King's Court do with thee, thou unclean thing, while thou yet livest? Escape! Flee to utmost countries; hide there, if thou canst, thy mark of Cain!—In the Babylon of Fog-land! Ha! is that my London? See I Judas Iscariot Egalité? Print, yea print abundantly the abominations of your two hearts: breath of rattlesnakes can bedim the steel mirror, but only for a time.—And there! Ay, there at last! Tumblest thou from the lofty leads, poverty-stricken, O thriftless daughter of the high and puissant, escaping bailiffs? Descendest thou precipitate, in dead night, from window in the third story; hurled forth by Bacchanals, to whom thy shrill tongue had grown unbearable?[1] Yea, through the smoke of that new Babylon thou fallest head-long; one long scream of screams makes night hideous: thou liest there, shattered like addle egg, "nigh to the Temple of Flora!" O Lamotte, has thy *Hypocrisia* ended, then? Thy many characters were all acted. Here at last thou actest not, but art what thou seemest: a mangled squelch of gore, confusion and abomination; which men huddle underground, with no burial-stone. Thou gallows-carrion!'—

—Here the prophet turned up his nose (the broadest of the eighteenth century), and opened wide his nostrils with such a greatness of disgust, that all the audience, even Lamotte herself, sympathetically imitated him.—'O Dame de Lamotte! Dame de Lamotte! Now, when the circle of thy existence lies complete;

[1] The English Translator of Lamotte's *Life* says, she fell from the leads of her house nigh the Temple of Flora, endeavouring to escape seizure for debt; and was taken up so much hurt that she died in consequence. Another report runs that she was flung out of window, as in the Cagliostric text. One way or other she did die, on the 23d of August 1791 (*Biographie Universelle*, xxx. 287). Where the 'Temple of Flora' was, or is, one knows not.

'and my eye glances over these two score and three years that 'were lent thee, to do evil as thou couldst; and I behold thee a 'bright-eyed little Tatterdemalion, begging and gathering sticks in 'the Bois de Boulogne; and also at length a squelched Putrefac-'tion, here on London pavements; with the headdressings and 'hungerings, the gaddings and hysterical gigglings that came be-'tween,—*what* shall I say was the meaning of thee at all?—

'Villette-de-Rétaux! Have the catchpoles trepanned thee, by 'sham of battle, in thy Tavern, from the sacred Republican soil?[1] 'It is thou that wert the hired Forger of Handwritings? Thou 'wilt confess it? Depart, unwhipt yet accursed.—Ha! The dread 'Symbol of our Faith? Swings aloft, on the Castle of St. Angelo, a 'Pendulous Mass, which I think I discern to be the body of Vil-'lette! There let him end; the sweet morsel of our Juggernaut.

'Nay, weep not thou, disconsolate Oliva; blear not thy bright 'blue eyes, daughter of the shady Garden! Thee shall the San-'hedrim not harm: this Cloaca of Nature emits thee; as nota-'blest of unfortunate-females, thou shalt have choice of husbands 'not without capital; and accept one.[2] Know this; for the vision 'of it is true.

'But the Anointed Majesty whom ye profaned? Blow, spirit 'of Egyptian Masonry, blow aside the thick curtains of Space! 'Lo you, her eyes are red with their first tears of pure bitterness; 'not with their last. Tirewoman Campan is choosing, from the 'Print-shops of the Quais, the reputed-best among the hundred 'likenesses of Circe de Lamotte:[3] a Queen shall consider if the 'basest of women ever, by any accident, darkened daylight or can-'dle-light for the highest. The Portrait answers: Never!'—(Sen-sation in the audience.)

'—Ha! What is *this?* Angels, Uriel, Anachiel, and ye other 'five; Pentagon of Rejuvenescence; Power that destroyedst Ori-

[1] See *Georgel*, and Villette's *Mémoire*.

[2] In the *Affaire du Collier* is this Ms. Note: 'Gay d'Oliva, a common-girl 'of the Palais-Royal, who was chosen to play a part in this Business, got mar-'ried, some years afterwards, to one Beausire, an Ex Noble, formerly attached 'to the d'Artois Household. In 1790, he was Captain of the National Guard 'Company of the Temple. He then retired to Choisy, and managed to be 'named Procureur of that Commune: he finally employed himself in drawing-'up Lists of Proscription in the Luxembourg Prison, when he played the part 'of informer (*mouton*). See *Tableau des Prisons de Paris sous Robespierre.*' These details are correct. In the *Mémoires sur les Prisons* (new Title of the Book just referred to), ii. 171, we find this: 'The second Denouncer was Beau-'sire, an Ex-Noble, known under the old government for his intrigues. To 'give an idea of him, it is enough to say that he married the d'Oliva,' &c., as in the Ms. Note already given. Finally is added: 'He was the main spy of 'Boyenval; who, however, said that he made use of him; but that Fouquier-'Tinville did not like him, and would have him guillotined in good time.'

[3] See *Campan.*

'ginal Sin; Earth, Heaven, and thou Outer Limbo which men
'name Hell! Does the EMPIRE OF IMPOSTURE waver? Burst
'there, in starry sheen, updarting, Light-rays from out *its* dark
'foundations; as it rocks and heaves, not in travail-throes, but in
'death-throes? Yea, Light-rays, piercing, clear, that salute the
'Heavens,—lo, they *kindle* it; their starry clearness becomes as
'red Hell-fire! IMPOSTURE is in flames, Imposture is burnt up:
'one Red-sea of Fire, wild-billowing enwraps the World; with its
'fire-tongue licks at the very Stars. Thrones are hurled into it,
'and Dubois Mitres, and Prebendal Stalls that drop fatness, and
'—ha! what see I?—all the *Gigs* of Creation: all, all! Woe is
'me! Never since Pharaoh's Chariots, in the Red-sea of water,
'was there wreck of Wheel-vehicles like this in the sea of Fire.
'Desolate, as ashes, as gases, shall they wander in the wind.

'Higher, higher yet flames the Fire-Sea; crackling with new
'dislocated timber; hissing with leather and prunella. The metal
'Images are molten; the marble Images become mortar-lime; the
'stone Mountains sulkily explode. RESPECTABILITY, with all her
'collected Gigs inflamed for funeral pyre, wailing, leaves the
'Earth: not to return save under new Avatar. Imposture, how it
'burns, through generations: how it is burnt up—for a time.
'The World is black ashes; which, ah, when will they grow
'green? The Images all run into amorphous Corinthian brass;
'all Dwellings of men destroyed; the very mountains peeled and
'riven, the valleys black and dead: it is an empty World! Woe
'to them that shall be born then!——A King, a Queen (ah me!)
'were hurled in; did rustle once; flew aloft, crackling, like paper-
'scroll. Oliva's Husband was hurled in; Iscariot Egalité; thou
'grim De Launay, with thy grim Bastille; whole kindreds and
'peoples; five millions of mutually destroying Men. For it is the
'End of the Dominion of IMPOSTURE (which is Darkness and opaque
'Firedamp); and the burning-up, with unquenchable fire, of all
'the Gigs that are in the Earth!'—Here the Prophet paused,
fetching a deep sigh; and the Cardinal uttered a kind of faint,
tremulous Hem!

'Mourn not, O Monseigneur, spite of thy nephritic cholic and
'many infirmities. For thee mercifully it was not unto death.[1]
'O Monseigneur (for thou hadst a touch of goodness), who would
'not weep over thee, if he also laughed? Behold! The not too
'judicious Historian, that long years hence, amid remotest wilder-

[1] Rohan was elected of the Constituent Assembly; and even got a compliment or two in it, as Court-victim, from here and there a man of weak judgment. He was one of the first who, recalcitrating against 'Civil Constitution of the Clergy' &c., took himself across the Rhine.

'nesses, writes thy Life, and names thee *Mud-volcano*; even he 'shall reflect that it *was* thy Life this same; thy *only* chance 'through whole Eternity; which thou (poor gambler) hast ex-'pended *so*: and, even over his hard heart, a breath of dewy pity 'for thee shall blow.—O Monseigneur, thou wert not all ignoble: 'thy Mud-volcano was but strength dislocated, fire misapplied. 'Thou wentest ravening through the world; no Life-elixir or Stone 'of the Wise could *we* two (for want of funds) discover: a foulest 'Circe undertook to fatten thee; and thou hadst to fill thy belly 'with the east wind. And burst? By the Masonry of Enoch, 'No! Behold, has not thy Jesuit Familiar his Scouts dim flying 'over the deep of human things? Cleared art thou of crime, save 'that of fixed-idea; weepest, a repentant exile, in the Mountains 'of Auvergne. Neither shall the Red Fire-sea itself consume thee; 'only consume thy Gig, and, instead of Gig (O rich exchange!), 'restore thy Self. Safe beyond the Rhine-stream, thou livest 'peaceful days; savest many from the fire, and anointest their 'smarting burns. Sleep finally, in thy mother's bosom, in a good 'old age!'—The Cardinal gave a sort of guttural murmur, or gurgle, which ended in a long sigh.

'O Horrors, as ye shall be called,' again burst forth the Quack, 'why have ye missed the Sieur de Lamotte; why not of him, too, 'made gallows-carrion? Will spear, or swordstick, thrust at him '(or supposed to be thrust), through window of hackney-coach, in 'Piccadilly of the Babylon of Fog, where he jolts disconsolate, not 'let out the imprisoned animal existence? Is he poisoned, too?[1] 'Poison will not kill the Sieur Lamotte; nor steel, nor massacres.[2] 'Let him drag his utterly superfluous life to a second and a third 'generation; and even admit the not too judicious Historian to 'see his face before he die.

[1] See Lamotte's Narrative (*Mémoires Justificatifs*).

[2] Lamotte, after his wife's death, had returned to Paris; and been arrested, —*not* for building churches. The Sentence of the old Parlement against him, in regard to the Necklace Business, he gets annulled by the new Courts; but is, nevertheless, 'retained in confinement' (*Moniteur* Newspaper, 7th August 1792). He was still in Prison at the time the September Massacre broke out. From Maton de la Varenne we cite the following grim passage: Maton is in La Force Prison.

'At one in the morning' (of Monday, September 3), writes Maton, 'the 'grate that led to our quarter was again opened. Four men in uniform, hold-'ing each a naked sabre and blazing torch, mounted to our corridor; a turn-'key showing the way; and entered a room close on ours, to investigate a box, 'which they broke open. This done, they halted in the gallery; and began 'interrogating one Cuissa, to know where Lamotte was; who, they said, un-'der pretext of finding a treasure, which they should share in, had swindled 'one of them out of 300 livres, having asked him to dinner for that purpose. 'The wretched Cuissa, whom they had in their power, and who lost his life 'that night, answered, all trembling, that he remembered the fact well, but

'But, ha!' cried he, and stood wide-staring, horror-struck, as if some Cribb's fist had knocked the wind out of him: 'O horror 'of horrors! Is it not Myself I see? Roman Inquisition! Long 'months of cruel baiting! *Life of Giuseppe Balsamo!* Cagliostro's 'Body still lying in St. Leo Castle, his *Self* fled—*whither?* By-'standers wag their heads, and say: "The Brow of Brass, behold 'how it has got all unlackered; these Pinchbeck lips can lie no 'more!" Eheu! Ohoo!'—And he burst into unstanchable blubbering of tears; and sobbing out the moanfullest broken howl, sank down in swoon; to be put to bed by De Launay and others.

Thus spoke (or thus might have spoken), and prophesied, the Arch-Quack Cagliostro: and truly much better than he ever else did: for not a jot or tittle of it (save only that of our promised Interview with Nestor de Lamotte, which looks unlikelier than ever, for we have not heard of him, dead or living, since 1826)—but has turned out to be literally *true*. As indeed, in all this History, one jot or tittle of untruth, that we could render true, is perhaps not discoverable; much as the distrustful reader may have disbelieved.

Here, then, our little labour ends. The Necklace was, and is no more: the stones of it again 'circulate in Commerce,' some of them perhaps in Rundle's at this hour; and may give rise to what other Histories we know not. The Conquerors of it, every one that trafficked in it, have they not all had their due, which was Death?

This little Business, like a little cloud, bodied itself forth in skies clear to the unobservant: but with such hues of deep-tinted villany, dissoluteness and general delirium as, to the observant, betokened it electric; and wise men, a Goethe for example, boded Earthquakes. Has not the Earthquake come?

'could not say what had become of the prisoner. Resolute to find this Lamotte 'and confront him with Cuissa, they ascended into other rooms, and made far-'ther rummaging there; but apparently without effect, for I heard them say 'to one another: "Come, search among the corpses, then; for, *Nom de* '*Dieu!* we must know what is become of him."' (*Ma Résurrection, par Maton de la Varenne;* reprinted in the *Histoire Parlementaire,* xviii. 142.)—Lamotte lay in the Bicêtre Prison; but had got out, precisely in the nick of time,—and dived beyond soundings.

MIRABEAU.[1]

[1837.]

A PROVERB says, 'The house that is a-building looks not as the house that is built.' Environed with rubbish and mortar-heaps, with scaffold-poles, hodmen, dust-clouds, some rudiments only of the thing that is to be, can, to the most observant, disclose themselves through the mean tumult of the thing that hitherto is. How true is this same with regard to all works and facts whatsoever in our world; emphatically true in regard to the highest fact and work which our world witnesses,—the Life of what we call an Original Man. Such a man is one not made altogether by the common pattern; one whose phases and goings-forth cannot be prophesied of, even approximately; though, indeed, by their very newness and strangeness they most of all provoke prophecy. A man of this kind, while he lives on earth, is 'unfolding himself out of nothing into something,' surely under very complex conditions: he is drawing continually towards him, in continual succession and variation, the materials of his structure, nay his very plan of it, from the whole realm of Accident, you may say, and from the whole realm of Freewill: he is *building* his life together in this manner; a guess and a problem as yet, not to others only but to himself. Hence such criticism by the bystanders; loud no-knowledge, loud misknowledge! It is like the opening of the Fisherman's Casket in the Arabian Tale, this beginning and growing-up of a life: vague smoke wavering hither and thither; some features of a Genie looming through; of the ultimate shape of which no fisherman or man can judge. And yet, as we say, men do judge, and pass provisional sentence, being forced to it; you can predict with what accuracy! 'Look at the audience in a theatre,' says one: 'the life of a man is 'there compressed within five-hours duration; is transacted on 'an open stage, with lighted lamps, and what the fittest words and 'art of genius can do to make the spirit of it clear; yet listen, when

[1] LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 8.—*Mémoires biographiques, littéraires et politiques de Mirabeau; écrits par lui-même, par son Père, son Oncle et son Fils Adoptif* (Memoirs, biographical, literary and political, of Mirabeau; written by himself, by his Father, his Uncle and his Adopted Son). 8 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1834-36.

'the curtain falls, what a discerning public will say of that!' And now, if the drama extended over threescore and ten years; and were enacted, not with a view to clearness, but rather indeed with a view to concealment, often in the deepest attainable involution of obscurity; and your discerning public, occupied otherwise, cast its eye on the business now here for a moment, and then there for a moment? Woe to him, answer we, who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment! He is a doomed man: doomed by conviction to hard penalties; nay purchasing acquittal (too probably) by a still harder penalty, that of being a triviality, superficiality, self-advertiser, and partial or total quack, which is the hardest penalty of all.

But suppose farther, that the man, as we said, was an original man; that his life-drama would not and could not be measured by the three unities alone, but partly by a rule of its own too: still farther, that the transactions he had mingled in were great and world-dividing; that of all his judges there were not one who had not something to love him for unduly, to hate him for unduly! Alas, is it not precisely in this case, where the whole world is promptest to judge, that the whole world is likeliest to be wrong; natural opacity being so doubly and trebly darkened by accidental difficulty and perversion? The crabbed moralist had some show of reason who said: To judge of an original contemporary man, you must, in general, reverse the world's judgment about him; the world is not only wrong on that matter, but cannot on any such matter be right.

One comfort is, that the world is ever working itself righter and righter on such matters; that a continual revisal and rectification of the world's first judgment on them is inevitably going on. For, after all, the world loves its original men, and can in no wise forget them; not till after a long while; sometimes not till after thousands of years. Forgetting *them*, what, indeed, should it remember? The world's wealth is its original men; by these and their works it is a world and not a waste: the memory and record of what MEN it bore—this is the sum of its strength, its sacred 'property forever,' whereby it upholds itself, and steers forward, better or worse, through the yet undiscovered deep of Time. All knowledge, all art, all beautiful or precious possession of existence, is, in the longrun, this, or connected with this. Science itself, is it not under one of its most interesting aspects, Biography; is it not the Record of the *Work* which an original man, still named by us, or not now named, was blessed by the heavens to do? That Sphere-and-cylinder is the monument and abbreviated history of the man Archimedes; not to be forgotten, probably, till the world itself

vanish. Of Poets, and what they have done, and how the world loves them, let us, in these days, very singular in respect of the Art, say nothing, or next to nothing. The greatest modern of the poetic guild has already said: 'Nay, if thou wilt have it, who but 'the poet first formed gods for us, brought them down to us, 'raised us up to them?'

Another remark, on a lower scale, not unworthy of notice, is by Jean Paul: that 'as in art, so in conduct, or what we call morals, 'before there can be an Aristotle with his critical canons, there 'must be a Homer, many Homers with their heroic performances.' In plainer words, the original man is the true creator (or call him revealer) of Morals too: it is from his example that precepts enough are derived, and written down in books and systems: he properly is the *thing;* all that follows after is but talk about the thing, better or worse interpretation of it, more or less wearisome and ineffectual discourse of logic on it. A remark this of Jean Paul's which, well meditated, may seem one of the most pregnant lately written on these matters. If any man had the ambition of building a new system of morals (not a promising enterprise, at this time of day), there is no remark known to us which might better serve him as a chief corner-stone, whereon to found, and to build, high enough, nothing doubting;—high, for instance, as the Christian Gospel itself. And to whatever other heights man's destiny may yet carry him! Consider whether it was not, from the first, by example, or say rather by human exemplars, and such reverent imitation or abhorrent aversion and avoidance as these gave rise to, that man's duties were made indubitable to him? Also, if it is not yet, in these last days, by very much the same means (example, precept, prohibition, 'force of public opinion,' and other forcings and inducings), that the like result is brought about; and, from the Woolsack down to the Treadmill, from Almack's to Chalk Farm and the west-end of Newgate, the incongruous whirlpool of life is forced and induced to whirl with some attempt at regularity? The two Mosaic Tables were of simple limited stone; no logic appended to them: we, in our days, are privileged with Logic,—Systems of Morals, Professors of Moral Philosophy, Theories of Moral Sentiment, Utilities, Sympathies, Moral Senses, not a few; useful for those that feel comfort in them. But to the observant eye, is it not still plain that the rule of man's life rests not very steadily on logic (rather carries logic unsteadily resting on *it,* as an excuse, an exposition, or ornamental solacement to oneself and others); that ever, as of old, the thing a man will do is the thing he feels commanded to do: of which command, again, the origin and reasonableness remains often as good as *in*demonstrable by logic; and, indeed, lies

mainly in this, That it has been demonstrated otherwise and better; by experiment, namely; that an experimental (what we name original) man has already done it, and we have *seen* it to be good and reasonable, and now know it to be so once and forevermore? —Enough of this.

He were a sanguine individual surely that should turn to the French Revolution for new rules of conduct, and creators or exemplars of morality,—except, indeed, exemplars of the gibbeted *in-terrorem* sort. A greater work, it is often said, was never done in the world's history by men so small. Twenty-five millions (say these severe critics) are hurled forth out of all their old habitudes, arrangements, harnessings and garnitures, into the new, quite void arena and career of *Sansculottism;* there to show what originality is in them. Fanfaronading and gesticulation, vehemence effervescence, heroic desperation, they do show in abundance; but of what one can call originality, invention, natural stuff or character, amazingly little. Their heroic desperation, such as it was, we will honour and even venerate, as a new document (call it rather a renewal of that primeval ineffaceable document and charter) of the manhood of man. But, for the rest, there were Federations; there were Festivals of Fraternity, 'the Statue of Nature pouring water from her two *mammelles,*' and the august Deputies all drinking of it from the same iron saucer; Weights and Measures were attempted to be changed; the Months of the Year became Pluviose, Thermidor, Messidor (till Napoleon said, *Il faudra se débarrasser de ce Messidor,* One must get this Messidor sent about its business): also Mrs. Momoro and others rode prosperous, as Goddesses of Reason; and then, these being mostly guillotined, Mahomet Robespierre did, with bouquet in hand, and in new black breeches, in front of the Tuileries, pronounce the scraggiest of prophetic discourses on the *Etre Suprême,* and set fire to much emblematic pasteboard:—all this, and an immensity of such, the Twenty-five millions did devise and accomplish; but (apart from their heroic desperation, which was no miracle either, beside that of the old Dutch, for instance) this, and the like of this, was almost all. Their arena of *Sansculottism* was the most original arena opened to man for above a thousand years; and they, at bottom, were unexpectedly commonplace in it. Exaggerated commonplace, triviality run distracted, and a kind of universal 'Frenzy of John Dennis,' is the figure they exhibit. The brave Forster,—sinking slowly of broken heart, in the midst of that volcanic chaos of the Reign of Terror, and clinging still to the cause, which, though now bloody and terrible, he believed to be the highest, and for which

he had sacrificed all, country, kindred, fortune, friends and life,—compares the Revolution, indeed, to 'an explosion and new creation of the world;' but the actors in it, who went buzzing about him, to a '*handvoll mücken*, handful of flies.'[1] And yet, one may add, this same explosion of a world was their work; the work of these—flies? The truth is, neither Forster nor any man can see a French Revolution; it is like seeing the ocean: poor Charles Lamb complained that he could not see the multitudinous ocean at all, but only some insignificant fraction of it from the deck of the Margate hoy. It must be owned, however (urge these severe critics), that examples of rabid triviality abound in the French Revolution, to a lamentable extent. Consider Maximilien Robespierre; for the greater part of two years, what one may call Autocrat of France. A poor sea-green (*verdâtre*), atrabiliar Formula of a man; without head, without heart, or any grace, gift, or even vice beyond common, if it were not vanity, astucity, diseased rigour (which some count strength) as of a cramp: really a most poor sea-green individual in spectacles; meant by Nature for a Methodist parson of the stricter sort, to doom men who departed from the written confession; to chop fruitless shrill logic; to contend, and suspect, and ineffectually wrestle and wriggle; and, on the whole, to love, or to know, or to be (properly speaking) Nothing:—this was he who, the sport of wracking winds, saw himself whirled aloft to command *la première nation de l'univers*, and all men shouting long life to him: one of the most lamentable, tragic, sea-green objects, ever whirled aloft in that manner, in any country, to his own swift destruction, and the world's long wonder!

So argue these severe critics of the French Revolution: with whom we argue not here; but remark rather, what is more to the purpose, that the French Revolution did disclose original men: among the twenty-five millions, at least one or two units. Some reckon, in the present stage of the business, as many as three: Napoleon, Danton, Mirabeau. Whether more will come to light, or of what sort, when the computation is quite liquidated, one cannot say: meanwhile let the world be thankful for these three;—as, indeed, the world is; loving original men, without limit, were they never so questionable, well knowing how rare they are! To us, accordingly, it is rather interesting to observe how on these three also, questionable as they surely are, the old process is repeating itself; how these also are getting known in their true likeness. A second generation, relieved in some measure from the spectral hallucinations, hysterical ophthalmia and natural panic-delirium of the first contemporary one, is gradually coming to dis-

[1] Forster's *Briefe und Nachlass*.

cern and measure what its predecessor could only execrate and shriek over: for, as our Proverb said, the dust is sinking, the rubbish-heaps disappear; the built house, such as it is, and was appointed to be, stands visible, better or worse.

Of Napoleon Bonaparte, what with so many bulletins, and such self-proclamation from artillery and battle-thunder, loud enough to ring through the deafest brain, in the remotest nook of this earth, and now, in consequence, with so many biographies, histories and historical arguments for and against, it may be said that *he* can now shift for himself; that his true figure is in a fair way of being ascertained. Doubtless it will be found one day what significance was in him; how (we quote from a New-England Book) 'the man 'was a divine missionary, though unconscious of it; and preached, 'through the cannon's throat, that great doctrine, "*La carriere* '*ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them," which 'is our ultimate Political Evangel, wherein alone can Liberty lie. 'Madly enough he preached, it is true, as enthusiasts and first 'missionaries are wont; with imperfect utterance, amid much 'frothy rant; yet as articulately perhaps as the case admitted. 'Or call him, if you will, an American backwoodsman, who had to 'fell unpenetrated forests, and battle with innumerable wolves, 'and did not entirely forbear strong liquor, rioting and even theft; 'whom, nevertheless, the peaceful sower will follow, and, as he 'cuts the boundless harvest, bless.'—From 'the incarnate Moloch,' which the word once was, onwards to this quiet version, there is a considerable progress.

Still more interesting is it, not without a touch almost of pathos, to see how the rugged *Terræ Filius* Danton begins likewise to emerge, from amid the blood-tinted obscurations and shadows of horrid cruelty, into calm light; and seems now not an Anthropophagus, but partly a man. On the whole, the Earth feels it to be something to have a 'Son of Earth;' *any* reality, rather than a hypocrisy and formula! With a man that went honestly to work with himself, and said and acted, in any sense, with the whole mind of him, there is always something to be done. Satan himself, according to Dante, was a praiseworthy object, compared with those *juste-milieu* angels (so over-numerous in times like ours) who 'were *neither* faithful nor rebellious,' but were for their little selves only: trimmers, moderates, plausible persons, who, in the Dantean Hell, are found doomed to this frightful penalty, that 'they have not the hope to die (*non han speranza di morte*);' but sunk in torpid death-life, in mud and the plague of flies, they are to doze and dree forever,—'hateful to God and to the Enemies of God:'

'*Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!*'

If Bonaparte were the 'armed Soldier of Democracy,' invincible while he continued true to that, then let us call this Danton the *Enfant Perdu*, and *un*enlisted Revolter and Titan of Democracy, which could not yet have soldiers or discipline, but was by the nature of it lawless. An Earthborn, we say, yet honestly born of Earth! In the *Memoirs of Garat* and elsewhere, one sees these fire-eyes beam with earnest insight, fill with the water of tears; the broad rude features speak withal of wild human sympathies; that Antæus' bosom also held a heart. "It is not the alarm-cannon that you hear," cries he to the terror-struck, when the Prussians were already at Verdun: "it is the *pas de charge* against our enemies." "*De l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, To dare, and again to dare, and without limit to dare!"—there is nothing left but that. Poor 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes,' what a mission! And it could not be but done,—and it was done! But, indeed, may there not be, if well considered, more virtue in this feeling itself, once bursting earnest from the wild heart, than in whole lives of immaculate Pharisees and Respectabilities, with their eye ever set on 'character,' and the letter of the law: "*Que mon nom soit flétri*, Let my name be blighted, then; let the Cause be glorious, and have victory!" By-and-by, as we predict, the Friend of Humanity, since so many Knife grinders have no story to tell him, will find some sort of story in this Danton. A rough-hewn giant of a man, not anthropophagous entirely; whose 'figures of speech,' and also of action, 'are all gigantic;' whose 'voice reverberates from the domes,' and dashes Brunswick across the marches in a very wrecked condition. Always his total freedom from cant is one thing; even in his briberies, and sins as to money, there is a frankness, a kind of broad greatness. Sincerity, a great rude sincerity of insight and of purpose, dwelt in the man, which quality is the root of all: a man who could see through many things, and would stop at very few things; who marched and fought impetuously forward, in the questionablest element; and now bears the penalty, in a name 'blighted,' yet, as we say, visibly clearing itself. Once cleared, why should not this name too have significance for men? The wild history is a tragedy, as all human histories are. Brawny Dantons, still to the present hour, rend the glebe, as simple brawny Farmers, and reap peaceable harvests, at Arcis-sur-Aube; and *this* Danton—! It is an *un*rhymed tragedy; very bloody, fuliginous (after the manner of the *elder* dramatists); yet full of tragic elements; not undeserving natural pity and fear. In quiet times, perhaps still at a great distance, the happier onlooker may stretch out the hand, across dim centuries, to him, and say: "Ill-starred brother, how thou foughtest with wild lion-strength,

and yet not with strength *enough*, and flamedst aloft, and wert trodden down of sin and misery;—behold, thou also wert a man!" It is said there lies a Biography of Danton written, in Paris, at this moment: but the editor waits till the 'force of public opinion' ebb a little. Let him publish, with utmost convenient despatch, and say what he knows, if he do know it: the lives of remarkable men are always worth understanding instead of misunderstanding; and public opinion must positively adjust itself the best way it can.

But without doubt the far most interesting, best-gifted of this questionable trio is not the Mirabeau of the Sansculottes, but the Mirabeau himself: a man of much finer nature than either of the others; of a genius equal in strength, we will say, to Napoleon's; but a much humaner genius, almost a poetic one. With wider sympathies of his own, he appeals far more persuasively to the sympathies of men.

Of him too it is interesting to notice the progressive dawning, out of calumny, misrepresentation and confused darkness, into visibility and light; and how the world manifests its continued curiosity about him; and as book after book comes forth with new evidence, the matter is again taken up, the old judgment on it revised and anew revised;—whereby, in fine, we can hope the right, or approximately right, sentence will be found; and so the question be left settled. It would seem this Mirabeau also is one whose memory the world will not, for a long while, let die. Very different from many a high memory, dead and deep-buried long since then! In his lifetime, even in the final effulgent part of it, this Mirabeau took upon him to write, with a sort of awe-struck feeling, to our Mr. Wilberforce; and did not, that we can find, get the benefit of any answer. Pitt was prime minister, and then Fox, then again Pitt, and again Fox, in sweet vicissitude; and the noise of them, reverberating through Brookes's and the club-rooms, through tavern-dinners, electioneering hustings, leading-articles, filled all the earth; and it seemed as if those two (though which might be *which*, you could not say) were the Ormuzd and Ahriman of political Nature;—and now! Such difference is there, once more, between an original man, of never such questionable sort, and the most dexterous, cunningly-devised parliamentary mill. The difference is great; and one of those on which the future time makes largest contrast with the present. Nothing can be more important than the mill while it continues and grinds; important, above all, to those who have sacks about the hopper. But the grinding once done, how can the memory of it endure? It is important now to no individual, not even to the individual with a

sack. So that, this tumult well over, the memory of the original man, and of what small revelation he, as Son of Nature and brother-man, could make, does naturally rise on us: his memorable sayings, actings and sufferings, the very vices and crimes he fell into, are a kind of pabulum which all mortals claim their right to.

Concerning *Peuchet, Chaussard, Gassicourt,* and, indeed, all the former Biographers of Mirabeau, there can little be said here, except that they abound with errors: the present ultimate *Fils Adoptif* has never done picking faults with them. Not as memorials of Mirabeau, but as memorials of the world's relation to him, of the world's treatment of him, they may, a little longer, have some perceptible significance. From poor Peuchet (he was known in the *Moniteur* once), and other the like labourers in the vineyard, you can justly demand thus much; and not justly much more.

Etienne Dumont's *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau* might not, at first sight, seem an advance towards true knowledge, but a movement the other way, and yet it was really an advance. The book, for one thing, was hailed by a universal choral blast from all manner of reviews and periodical literatures that Europe, in all its spellable dialects, had: whereby, at least, the minds of men were again drawn to the subject; and so, amid whatever hallucination, ancient or new-devised, some increase of insight was unavoidable. Besides, the book itself did somewhat. Numerous specialties about the great Frenchman, as read by the eyes of the little Genevese, were conveyed there; and could be deciphered, making allowances. Dumont is faithful, veridical; within his own limits he has even a certain freedom, a picturesqueness and light clearness. It is true, the whim he had of looking at the great Mirabeau as a thing set in motion mainly by him (M. Dumont) and such as he, was one of the most wonderful to be met with in psychology. Nay, more wonderful still, how the reviewers, pretty generally, some from whom better was expected, took up the same with aggravations; and it seemed settled on all sides, that here again a pretender had been stripped, and the great made as little as the rest of us (much to our comfort); that, in fact, figuratively speaking, this enormous Mirabeau, the sound of whom went forth to all lands, was no other than an enormous trumpet, or coach-horn, of japanned tin, through which a dexterous little M. Dumont was blowing all the while, and making the noise! Some men and reviewers have strange theories of man. Let any son of Adam, the shallowest now living, try honestly to scheme out, within his head, an existence of this kind; and say how verisimilar it looks! A life and business actually conducted on such coach-horn principle,—we say not the life and business of a statesman and world-leader, but say of the poorest

laceman and tapeseller,—were one of the chief miracles hitherto on record. O M. Dumont! But thus too, when old Sir Christopher struck down the last stone in the Dome of St. Paul's, was it he that carried up the stone? No; it was a certain strong-backed man, never mentioned (covered with envious or unenvious oblivion),—probably of the Sister Island.

Let us add, however, more plainly, that M. Dumont was less to blame here than his reviewers were. The good Dumont accurately records what ingenious journey-work and fetching and-carrying he did for his Mirabeau; interspersing many an anecdote, which the world is very glad of; extenuating nothing, we do hope, nor exaggerating anything: this is what he did, and had a clear right and call to do. And what if it failed, not altogether, yet in some measure if it did fail, to strike him, that he still properly was but a Dumont? Nay, that the gift this Mirabeau had of enlisting such respectable Dumonts to do hodwork and even skilful handiwork for him; and of ruling them and bidding them by the look of his eye; and of making them cheerfully fetch-and carry for him, and serve him as loyal subjects, with a kind of chivalry and willingness,—that this gift was precisely the kinghood of the man, and did itself stamp him as a leader among men! Let no man blame M. Dumont (as some have too harshly done); his error is of oversight, and venial; his worth to us is indisputable. On the other hand, let all men blame such public instructors and periodical individuals as drew that inference and life-theory for him, and brayed it forth in that loud manner; or rather, on the whole, do not blame, but pardon, and pass by on the other side. Such things are an ordained trial of public patience, which perhaps is the better for discipline; and seldom, or rather never, do any lasting injury.

Close following on Dumont's *Reminiscences* came this Biography by M. Lucas Montigny, 'Adopted Son;' the first volume in 1834, the rest at short intervals; and lies complete now in Eight considerable Volumes octavo: concerning which we are now to speak,—unhappily, in the disparaging sense. In fact it is impossible for any man to say unmixed good of M. Lucas's work That he, as Adopted Son, has lent himself so resolutely to the washing of his hero white, and even to the white-washing of him where the natural colour was black, be this no blame to him; or even, if you will, be it praise. If a man's Adopted Son may not write the best book he can for him, then who may? But the fatal circumstance is, that M. Lucas Montigny has not written a book at all; but has merely clipped and cut out, and cast together the materials for a book, which other men are still wanted to write. On the whole M. Montigny rather surprises one. For the reader probably

knows, what all the world whispers to itself, that when 'Mirabeau, in 1783, adopted this infant born the year before,' he had the best of all conceivable obligations to adopt him; having, by his own act (*non*-notarial), summoned him to appear in this World. And now consider both what Shakspeare's Edmund, what Poet Savage, and such like, have bragged; and also that the Mirabeaus, from time immemorial, had (like a certain British kindred known to us) 'produced many a blackguard, but not one blockhead!' We almost discredit that statement, which all the world whispers to itself; or, if crediting it, pause over the ruins of families. The Haarlem canal is not flatter than M. Montigny's genius. He wants the talent which seems born with all Frenchmen, that of presenting what knowledge he has in the most knowable form. One of the solidest men, too: doubtless a valuable man; whom it were so pleasant for us to praise, if we could. May he be happy in a private station, and never write more;—except for the Bureaux de Préfecture, with tolerably handsome official appointments, which is far better!

His biographical work is a monstrous quarry, or mound of shot-rubbish, in eight strata, hiding valuable matter, which he that seeks will find. Valuable, we say; for the Adopted Son having access, nay welcome and friendly entreaty, to family papers, to all manner of archives, secret records; and working therein long years, with a filial unweariedness, has made himself piously at home in all corners of the matter. He might, with the same spirit (as we always upbraidingly think), so easily have made us at home too! But no: he brings to light things new and old; now precious illustrative private documents, now the poorest public heaps of mere pamphleteer and parliamentary matter, so attainable elsewhere, often so omissible were it not to be attained; and jumbles and tumbles the whole together with such reckless clumsiness, with such endless copiousness (having wagons enough), as gives the reader many a pang. The very pains bestowed on it are often perverse; the whole is become so hard, heavy; unworkable, except in the sweat of one's brow! Or call it a mine,—artificial-natural silver mine. Threads of beautiful silver ore lie scattered, which you must dig for, and sift: suddenly, when your thread or vein is at the richest, it vanishes (as is the way with mines) in thick masses of agglomerate and pudding-stone, no man can guess whither. This is not as it should be: and yet unfortunately it could be no other. The long bad book is so much easier to do than the brief good one; and a poor bookseller has no way of measuring and paying but by the ell, cubic or superficial. The very weaver comes and says, not "I have woven so many ells of

stuff," but "so many ells of *such* stuff:" satin and Cashmere-shawl stuff,—or, if it be so, duffle and coal-sacking, and even cobweb stuff.

Undoubtedly the Adopted Son's will was good. Ought we not to rejoice greatly in the possession of these same silver-veins; and take them in the buried mineral state, or in any state; too thankful to have them now indestructible, now that they are printed? Let the world, we say, be thankful to M. Montigny, and yet know what it is they are thanking him for. No *Life of Mirabeau* is to be found in these Volumes, but the amplest materials for writing a *Life*. Were the Eight Volumes well riddled and smelted down into One Volume, such as might be made, that one were the volume! Nay it seems an enterprise of such uses, and withal so feasible, that some day it is as good as sure to be done, and again done, and finally well done.

The present reviewer, restricted to a mere article, purposes, nevertheless, to sift and extract somewhat. He has bored (so to speak) and run mine-shafts through the book in various directions, and knows pretty well what is in it, though indeed not so well where to find the same, having unfortunately (as reviewers are wont) 'mislaid our paper of references!' Wherefore, if the best extracts be not presented, let not M. Lucas suffer. By one means and another, some sketch of Mirabeau's history; what befell him successively in this World, and what steps he successively took in consequence, and how he and it, working together, made the thing we call Mirabeau's Life,—may be brought out; extremely imperfect, yet truer, one can hope, than the Biographical Dictionaries and ordinary voice of rumour give it. Whether, and if so, where and how, the current estimate of Mirabeau is to be rectified, fortified, or in any important point overset and expunged, will hereby come to light, almost of itself, as we proceed. Indeed, it is very singular, considering the emphatic judgments daily uttered, in print and speech, about this man, what Egyptian obscurity rests over the mere facts of his external history; the right knowledge of which, one would fancy, must be the preliminary of any judgment, however faint. But thus, as we always urge, are such judgments generally passed: vague *plebiscita*, decrees of the common people; made up of innumerable loud empty ayes and loud empty noes; which are without meaning, and have only sound and currency: *plebiscita* needing so much revisal!—To the work, however.

One of the most valuable elements in these Eight chaotic Volumes of M. Montigny is the knowledge he communicates of Mirabeau's father; of his kindred and family, contemporary and

anterior. The father, we in general knew, was Victor Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, called and calling himself the *Friend of Men*; a title, for the rest, which bodes him no good, in these days of ours. Accordingly one heard it added with little surprise, that this Friend of Men was the enemy of almost every man he had to do with; beginning at his own hearth, ending at the utmost circle of his acquaintance; and only beyond that, feeling himself free to love men. "The old hypocrite!" cry many,—not we. Alas, it is so much easier to love men while they exist only on paper, or quite flexible and compliant in your imagination, than to love Jack and Kit who stand there in the body, hungry, untoward; jostling you, barring you, with angular elbows, with appetites, irascibilities and a stupid will of their own! There is no doubt but old Marquis Mirabeau found it extremely difficult to get on with his brethren of mankind; and proved a crabbed, sulphurous, choleric old gentleman, many a sad time: nevertheless, there is much to be set right in that matter; and M. Lucas, if one can carefully follow him, has managed to do it. Had M. Lucas but seen good to print these private letters, family documents, and more of them (for he 'could make thirty octavo volumes'), in a separate state; in mere chronological order, with some small commentary of annotation; and to leave all the rest alone!—As it is, one must search and sift. Happily the old Marquis himself, in periods of leisure, or forced leisure, whereof he had many, drew up certain 'unpublished memoirs' of his father and progenitors; out of which memoirs young Mirabeau also in forced leisure (still more forced, in the Castle of If!) redacted one Memoir, of a very readable sort: by the light of this latter, so far as it will last, we walk with convenience.

The Mirabeaus were Riquettis by surname, which is a slight corruption of the Italian *Arrighetti*. They came from Florence: cast out of it in some Guelph-Ghibelline quarrel, such as were common there and then, in the year 1267. Stormy times then, as now! The chronologist can remark that Dante Alighieri was a little boy, of some two years, that morning the Arrighettis had to go, and men had to say, "They are gone, these villains! They are gone, these martyrs!" the little boy listening with interest. Let the boy become a man, and he too shall have to go; and prove *come è duro calle*, and what a world this is; and have his poet-nature not killed, for it would not kill, but darkened into Old-Hebrew sternness, and sent onwards to Hades and Eternity for a home to itself. As Dame Quickly said in the Dream—"Those were fare times, Mr. Rigmarole!"—"Pretty much like our own," answered he.—In this manner did the Arrighettis (doubtless in

grim Longobardic ire) scale the Alps; and become Tramontane French Riquettis; and produce,—among other things, the present Article in this Review.

It was hinted above that these Riquettis were a notable kindred; as indeed there is great likelihood, if we knew it rightly, the kindred and fathers of most notable men are. The Vaucluse fountain, that gushes out as a river, may well have run some space underground in that character, before it found vent. Nay perhaps it is not always, or often, the intrinsically greatest of a family-line that becomes the noted one, but only the best favoured of fortune. So rich here, as elsewhere, is Nature, the mighty Mother; and scatters from a single Oak-tree, as provender for pigs, what would plant the whole Planet into an oak-forest! For truly, if there were not a *mute* force in her, where were she with the speaking and exhibiting one? If under that frothy superficies of braggarts, babblers and high-sounding, richly-decorated personages, that strut and fret, and preach in all times *Quam parvâ sapientia regatur*, there lay not some substratum of silently heroic men; working as men; with man's energy, enduring and endeavouring; invincible, who whisper not even to themselves how energetic they are?—The Riquetti family was, in some measure, defined already by analogy to that British one; as a family totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to produce blackguards. It took root in Provence, and bore strong southern fruit there: a restless, stormy line of men; with the wild blood running in them, and as if there had been a doom hung over them ('like the line of Atreus,' Mirabeau used to say); which really there was, the wild blood itself being doom enough. How long they had stormed in Florence and elsewhere, these Riquettis, history knows not; but for the space of those five centuries, in Provence, they were never without a man to stand Riquetti-like on the earth. Men sharp of speech, prompt of stroke; men quick to discern, fierce to resolve; headlong, headstrong, strong every way; who often found the civic race-course too strait for them, and kicked against the pricks; doing this thing or the other, which the world had to animadvert upon, in various dialects, and find 'clean against rule.'

One Riquetti (in performance of some vow at sea, as the tradition goes) chained two mountains together: 'the iron chain is 'still to be seen at Moustier,—it stretches from one mountain to 'the other, and in the middle of it there is a large star with five 'rays;' the supposed date is 1390. Fancy the smiths at work on *this* business! The town of Moustier is in the Basses-Alpes of Provence: whether the Riquetti chain creeks there to this hour, and lazily swags in the winds, with its 'star of five rays' in the

centre, and offers an uncertain perch to the sparrow, we know not. Or perhaps it was cut down in the Revolution time, when there rose such a hatred of noblesse, such a famine for iron; and made into pikes? The Adopted Son, so minute generally, ought to have mentioned, but does not.—That there was building of hospitals, endowing of convents, Chartreux, Récollets, down even to Jesuits; still more, that there was harrying and fighting, needs not be mentioned: except only that all this went on with uncommon emphasis among the Riquettis. What quarrel could there be and a Riquetti not in it? They fought much: with an eye to profit, to redress of disprofit; probably too for the art's sake.

What proved still more rational, they got footing in Marseilles as trading nobles (a kind of French Venice in those days), and took with great diligence to commerce. The family biographers are careful to say that it was in the Venetian style, however, and not ignoble. In which sense, indeed, one of their sharp-spoken ancestors, on a certain bishop's unceremoniously styling him 'Jean de Riquetti, Merchant of Marseilles,' made ready answer: "I am, or was, merchant of police here" (first consul, an office for nobles only), "as my Lord Bishop is merchant of holy-water:" let his Reverence take that. At all events, the ready-spoken proved first-rate traders; acquired their *bastide*, or mansion (white, on one of those green hills behind Marseilles), endless warehouses: acquired the lands first of this, then of that; the lands, Village, and Castle of Mirabeau on the banks of the Durance; respectable Castle of Mirabeau, 'standing on its scarped rock, in the gorge of two valleys, swept by the north wind,'—very brown and melancholy-looking now! What is extremely advantageous, the old Marquis says, they had a singular talent for choosing wives; and always chose discreet, valiant women; whereby the lineage was the better kept up. One grandmother, whom the Marquis himself might all but remember, was wont to [illegible], alluding to the degeneracy of the age: "You are men? You are but manikins (*sias houmachomes*, in Provençal); we women, in our time, carried pistols in our girdles, and could use them too." Or fancy the Dame Mirabeau sailing stately towards the church-font; another dame striking-in to take precedence of her; the Dame Mirabeau despatching this latter with a box on the ear (*soufflet*), and these words: "Here, as in the army, the baggage goes last!" Thus did the Riquettis grow, and were strong; and did exploits in their narrow arena, waiting for a wider one.

When it came to courtiership, and your field of preferment was the Versailles Œil de-Bœuf, and a Grand Monarque walking encircled with scarlet women and adulators there, the course of

the Mirabeaus grew still more complicated. They had the career of arms open, better or worse: but that was not the only one, not the main one; gold apples seemed to rain on other careers,—on that career lead bullets mostly. Observe how a Bruno, Count de Mirabeau, comports himself:—like a rhinoceros yoked in carriage-gear; his fierce forest-horn set to dangle a plume of *fleurs de-lis.* 'One day he had chased a *blue man* (it is a sort of troublesome 'usher at Versailles) into the very cabinet of the King, who there-'upon ordered the Duke de la Feuillade to put Mirabeau under 'arrest. Mirabeau refused to obey; he "would not be punished 'for chastising the insolence of a valet; for the rest, would go to 'the *dîner du roi* (king's dinner), who might then give his order 'himself." He came accordingly; the King asked the Duke why 'he had not executed the order? The Duke was obliged to say 'how it stood; the King, with a goodness equal to his greatness, 'then said, "It is not of today that we know him to be mad; one 'must not ruin him,"'—and the rhinoceros Bruno journeyed on. But again, on the day when they were 'inaugurating the pedes-'trian statue of King Louis in the Place des Victoires (a master-'piece of adulation),' the same Mirabeau, 'passing along the Pont 'Neuf with the Guards, raised his spontoon to his shoulder before 'Henry the Fourth's statue, and saluting first, bawled out, "Friends, 'we will salute this one; he deserves it as well as some, *Mes amis,* '*saluons celui ci; il en vaut bien un autre.*"'—Thus do they, the wild Riquettis, in a state of courtiership. Not otherwise, according to the proverb, do wild bulls, unexpectedly finding themselves in crockery-shops. O Riquetti kindred, into what centuries and circumstances art thou come down!

Directly prior to our old Marquis himself, the Riquetti kindred had as near as possible gone out. Jean Antoine, afterwards named Silverstock (*Col d'Argent*), had, in the earlier part of his life, been what he used to call *killed,*—of seven-and-twenty wounds in one hour. Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought for in biography. He flung gabellemen and excisemen into the river Durance (though otherwise a most dignified, methodic man), when their claims were not clear; he ejected, by the like brief process, all manner of attorneys from his villages and properties; he planted vineyards, solaced peasants. He rode through France repeatedly (as the old men still remembered), with the gallantest train of outriders, on return from the wars; intimidating innkeepers and all the world, into mute prostration, into unerring promptitude, by the mere light of his eye;—withal drinking rather deep, yet never seen affected by it. He was a tall, straight man (of six feet and upwards) in mind as in body: Vendôme's 'right arm' in

all campaigns. Vendôme once presented him to Louis the Great with compliments to that effect, which the splenetic Riquetti quite spoiled. Erecting his *killed* head, which needed the silver stock now to keep it straight, he said: "Yes, Sire; and had I left my fighting, and come up to court, and bribed some *catin* (scarlet woman!), I might have had my promotion and fewer wounds to-day!" The Grand King, every inch a king, instantaneously spoke of something else.

But the reader should have first seen that same killing; how twenty-seven of those unprofitable wounds were come by in one fell lot. The *Battle of Casano* has grown very obscure to most of us; and indeed Prince Eugene and Vendôme themselves grow dimmer and dimmer, as men and battles must: but, curiously enough, this small fraction of it has brightened up again to a point of history, for the time being:

'My grandfather had foreseen that manœuvre' (it is Mirabeau, the Count, not the Marquis, that reports: Prince Eugene has carried a certain bridge which the grandfather had charge of); 'but he did not, as has since happened at Malplaquet and Fontenoy, commit the blunder of attacking right in the teeth a column of such weight as that. He lets them advance, hurried-on by their own impetuosity and by the pressure of their rearward; and now seeing them pretty well engaged, he raised his troop (it was lying flat on the ground), and rushing on, himself at the head of them, takes the enemy in flank, cuts them in two, dashes them back, chases them over the bridge again, which they had to repass in great disorder and haste. Things brought to their old state, he resumes his post on the crown of the bridge, shelters his troop as before, which, having performed all this service under the sure deadly fire of the enemy's double lines from over the stream, had suffered a good deal. M. de Vendôme coming up, full gallop, to the attack, finds it already finished, the whole line flat on the earth, only the tall figure of the colonel standing erect! He orders him to do like the rest, not to have himself shot till the time came. His faithful servant cries to him, "Never would I expose myself without need; I am bound to be here, but you, Monseigneur, are bound not. I answer to you for the post; but take yourself out of it, or I give it up." The Prince (Vendôme) then orders him, in the King's name, to come down. "Go to, the king and you: I am at my work; go you and do yours." The good generous Prince yielded. The post was entirely untenable.

'A little afterwards my grandfather had his right arm shattered. He formed a sort of sling for it of his pocket-handkerchief, and kept his place; for there was a new attack getting ready. The right moment once come, he seizes an axe in his left hand, repeats the same manœuvre as before; again repulses the enemy, again drives him back over the bridge. But it was here that ill-fortune lay in wait for him. At the very moment while he was recalling and ranging his troop, a bullet struck him in the throat; cut asunder the tendons, the jugular vein. He sank on the bridge; the troop broke and fled. M. de Montolieu, Knight of Malta, his relative, was wounded beside him: he tore-up his own shirt, and those of several others, to stanch the blood, but fainted himself by his own hurt. An old sergeant, named Laprairie, begged the aide-major of the regiment, one Guadin, a

Gascon, to help and carry him off the bridge. Guadin refused, saying he was dead. The good Laprairie could only cast a camp-kettle over his colonel's head, and then run. The enemy trampled over him in torrents to profit by the disorder; the cavalry at full speed, close in the rear of the foot. M. de Vendôme, seeing his line broken, the enemy forming on this side the stream, and consequently the bridge lost, exclaimed, "Ah! Mirabeau *is dead* then;" a eulogy forever dear and memorable to us.'

How nearly, at this moment, it was all over with the Mirabeaus; how, but for the cast of an insignificant camp-kettle, there had not only been no Article *Mirabeau* in this Review, but no French Revolution, or a very different one; and all Europe had found itself in far other latitudes at this hour, any one who has a turn for such things may easily reflect. Nay, without great difficulty, he may reflect farther, that not only the French Revolution and this Article, but all revolutions, articles and achievements whatsoever, the greatest and the smallest, which this world ever beheld, have not once, but often, in their course of genesis, depended on the veriest trifles, castings of camp-kettles, turnings of straws; except only that we do not *see* that course of theirs. So inscrutable is genetic history; impracticable the theory of causation, and transcends all calculus of man's devising! Thou thyself, O Reader (who art an achievement of importance), over what hairsbreadth bridges of Accident, through yawning perils, and the man-devouring gulf of Centuries, hast thou got safe hither,—from Adam all the way!

Be this as it can, *Col d'Argent* came alive again, by 'miracle of surgery;' and, holding his head up by means of a silver stock, walked this earth many long days, with respectability, with fiery intrepidity and spleen; did many notable things: among others, produced, in dignified wedlock, Mirabeau the Friend of Men; who again produced Mirabeau the Swallower of Formulas; from which latter, and the wondrous blazing funeral-pyre he made for himself, there finally goes forth a light, whereby those old Riquetti destinies, and many a strange old hidden thing, become noticeable.

But perhaps in the whole Riquetti kindred there is not a stranger figure than this very Friend of Men; at whom, in the order of time, we have now arrived. That Riquetti who chained the mountains together, and hung up the star with five rays to sway and bob there, was but a type of him. Strong, tough as the oak-root, and as gnarled and unwedgeable; no fibre of him running straight with the other: a block for Destiny to beat on, for the world to gaze at, with ineffectual wonder! Really a most notable, questionable, hateable, lovable old Marquis. How little, amid such jingling triviality of Literature, *Philosophie* and the pretentious cackle of innumerable Baron Grimms, with their correspon-

dence and self-proclamation, one could fancy that France held in it such a Nature-product as the Friend of Men! Why, there is substance enough in this one Marquis to fit-out whole armies of *Philosophes*, were it properly attenuated. So many poor Thomases perorate and have *éloges*, poor Morellets speculate, Marmontels moralise in rose-pink manner, Diderots become possessed of encyclopedical heads, and lean Carons de Beaumarchais fly abroad on the wings of *Figaros;* and this brave old Marquis has been hid under a bushel! He was a Writer, too; and had talents for it (certain of the talents), such as few Frenchmen have had since the days of Montaigne. It skilled not: he, being unwedgeable, has remained in antiquarian cabinets; the others, splitting-up so readily, are the ware you find on all market-stalls, much prized (say, as brimstone Lucifers, '*light*-bringers' so called) by the generality. Such is the world's way. And yet complain not; this rich, unwedgeable old Marquis, have we not him too at last, and can keep him all the longer than the Thomases?

The great Mirabeau used to say always that his father had the greater gifts of the two; which surely is saying something. Not that you can subscribe to it in the full sense, but that in a very wide sense you can. So far as mere speculative head goes, Mirabeau is probably right. Looking at the old Marquis as a speculative thinker and utterer of his thought, and with what rich colouring of originality he gives it forth, you pronounce him to be superior, or even say supreme in his time; for the genius of him almost rises to the poetic. Do our readers know the German Jean Paul, and his style of thought? Singular to say, the old Marquis has a quality in him resembling afar off that of Paul; and actually works it out in his French manner, far as the French manner can. Nevertheless intellect is not of the speculative head only; the great end of intellect surely is, that it make one *see* something: for which latter result the whole man must coöperate. In the old Marquis there dwells withal a crabbedness, stiff cross-grained humour, a latent fury and fuliginosity, very perverting; which stiff crabbedness, with its pride, obstinacy, affectation, what else is it at bottom but *want* of strength? The real quantity of our insight,—how justly and thoroughly we shall comprehend the nature of a thing, especially of a human thing,—depends on our patience, our fairness, lovingness, what strength soever we have: intellect comes from the whole man, as it is the light that enlightens the whole man. In this true sense, the younger Mirabeau, with that great flashing eyesight of his, that broad, fearless freedom of nature he had, was very clearly the superior man.

At bottom, perhaps, the main definition you could give of old

Marquis Mirabeau is, that he was of the Pedant species. Stiff as brass, in all senses; unsympathising, uncomplying; of an endless, unfathomable pride, which cloaks but does nowise extinguish an endless vanity and need of shining: stately, euphuistic mannerism enveloping the thought, the morality, the whole being of the man. A solemn, high-stalking man; with such a fund of indignation in him, or of latent indignation; of contumacity, irrefragability;—who (after long experiment) accordingly looks forth on mankind and this world of theirs with some dull-snuffling word of forgiveness, of contemptuous acquittal; or oftenest with clenched lips (nostrils slightly dilated), in expressive silence. Here is pedantry; but then pedantry under the most interesting new circumstances; and withal carried to such a pitch as becomes sublime, one might almost say transcendental. Consider indeed whether Marquis Mirabeau could be a pedant, as your common Scaligers and Scioppiuses are! His arena is not a closet with Greek manuscripts, but the wide world and Friendship to Humanity. Does not the blood of all the Mirabeaus circulate in his honourable veins? He too would do somewhat to raise higher that high house; and yet, alas, it is plain to him that the house is sinking; that much is sinking. The Mirabeaus, and above all others this Mirabeau, are fallen on evil times. It has not escaped the old Marquis how Nobility is now decayed, nearly ruinous; based no longer on heroic nobleness of conduct and effort, but on sycophancy, formality, adroitness; on Parchments, Tailor's trimmings, Prunello and Coach-leather: on which latter basis, unless his whole insight into Heaven's ways with Earth have misled him, no institution in this god-governed world can pretend to continue. Alas, and the priest has now no tongue but for plate-licking; and the tax-gatherer squeezes; and the strumpetocracy sits at its ease, in high-cushioned lordliness, under baldachins and cloth-of-gold: till now at last, what with one fiction, what with another (and veridical Nature dishonouring all manner of fictions, and refusing to pay realities for them), it has come so far that the Twenty-five millions, long scarce of knowledge, of virtue, happiness, cash, are now fallen scarce of food to eat; and do not, with that natural ferocity of theirs which Nature has still left them, feel the disposition to die starved; and all things are nodding towards chaos, and no man layeth it to heart! One man exists who might perhaps stay or avert the catastrophe, were he called to the helm: the Marquis Mirabeau. His high, ancient blood, his heroic love of truth, his strength of heart, his loyalty and profound insight (for you cannot hear him speak without detecting the man of genius), this, with the appalling predicament things have come to, might give him claims. From time to time,

at long intervals, such a thought does flit, portentous, through the brain of the Marquis. But ah! in these scandalous days, how shall the proudest of the Mirabeaus fall prostrate before a Pompadour? Can the Friend of Men hoist, with good hope, as his battle-standard, the furbelow of an unmentionable woman? No; not hanging by the apron-strings of such a one will this Mirabeau rise to the premiership; but summoned by France in her day of need, in her day of vision, or else not at all. France does not summon; the *else* goes its road.

Marquis Mirabeau tried Literature too, as we said; and with no inconsiderable talent; nay, with first-rate talents in some sort: but neither did this prosper. His *Ecce signum*, in such era of downfall and all-darkening ruin, was Political Economy; and a certain man, whom he called 'the Master,'—that is, Dr. Quesnay. Round this Master (whom the Marquis succeeded as Master himself) he and some other idolaters did idolatrously gather: to publish books and tracts, periodical literature, proclamation by word and deed,—if so were, the world's dull ear might be opened to salvation. The world's dull ear continued shut. In vain preached this apostle and that other, simultaneously or in Melibœan sequence, in literature, periodical and stationary; in vain preached Marquis Mirabeau in his *Ami des Hommes*, number after number, through long volumes,—though really in a most eloquent manner. Marquis Mirabeau had the indisputablest ideas; but then his style! In very truth, it is the strangest of styles, though one of the richest: a style full of originality, picturesqueness, sunny vigour; but all cased and slated over, threefold, in metaphor and trope; distracted into tortuosities, dislocations; starting-out into crotchets, cramp turns, quaintnesses, and hidden satire; which the French head had no ear for. Strong meat, too tough for babes! The Friend of Men found warm partisans, widely scattered over this Earth; and had consommes transmitted him from marquises, nay from kings and principalities, over seas and alpine chains of mountains; whereby the pride and latent indignation of the man were only fostered: but at home, with the million all jigging each after its suitable scrannel-pipe, he could see himself make no way, —if it were not way towards being a monstrosity, and thing men wanted 'to see:' not the right thing! Neither through the press, then, is there progress towards the premiership? The staggering state of French statesmen must even stagger whither it is bound. A light Public froths itself into tempest about Palissot and his comedy of *Les Philosophes*,—about Gluck-Piccini Music; neglecting the call of Ruin; and hard must come to hard. Thou, O Friend of Men, clench thy lips together, and wait; silent as the old rocks.

Our Friend of Men did so, or better; not wanting to himself, the lion-hearted old Marquis! For his latent indignation has a certain devoutness in it; is a kind of holy indignation. The Marquis, though he knows the *Encyclopédie*, has not forgotten the higher Sacred Books, or that there is a God in this world,—very different from the French *Etre Suprême*. He even professes, or tries to profess, a kind of diluted Catholicism, in his own way, and thus turn an eye towards heaven: very singular in his attitude here too. Thus it would appear this world is a mad imbroglio, which no Friend of Men can set right: it shall go wrong then, in God's name; and the staggering state of all things stagger whither it can. To deep, fearful depths,—not to bottomless ones!

But in the Family Circle? There surely a man, and friend of men, is supreme; and, ruling with wise autocracy, may make something of it. Alas, in the family circle it went not better, but worse! The Mirabeaus had once a talent for choosing wives: had it deserted them in this instance, then, when most needed? We say not so: we say only that Madame la Marquise had human freewill in her too; that all the young Mirabeaus were likely to have human freewill, in great plenty; that within doors as without, the Devil is busy. Most unsuccessful is the Marquis as ruler of men: his family kingdom, for the most part, little otherwise than in a state of mutiny. A sceptre as of Rhadamanthus will sway and drill that household into perfection of Harrison Clockwork; and cannot do it. The royal ukase goes forth, in its calm, irrefragable justice; meets hesitation, disobedience open or concealed. Reprimand is followed by remonstrance; harsh coming thunder mutters, growl answering growl. With unaffectedly astonished eye the Marquis appeals to Destiny and Heaven; explodes, since he needs must then, in red lightning of paternal authority. How it went, or who by forethought might be to blame, one knows not; for the *Fils Adoptif*, hemmed-in by still extant relations, is extremely reticent on these points: a certain Dame de Pailly, 'from Switzerland, very beautiful and very artful,' glides half-seen through the Mirabeau household (the Marquis's Orthodoxy, as we said, being but of the diluted kind): there are eavesdroppers, confidential servants; there are Pride, Anger, Uncharitableness, Sublime Pedantry, and the Devil always busy. Such a figure as Pailly, of herself, bodes good to no one. Enough, there are Lawsuits, *Lettres de Cachet;* on all hands, *peine forte et dure.* Lawsuits, long drawn out, before gaping *Parlements*, between man and wife: to the scandal of an unrighteous world; how much more of a righteous Marquis, minded once to be an example to it! *Lettres de Cachet*, to the number, as some count, of fifty-four, first and last, for the use of a single Marquis:

at times the whole Mirabeau fireside is seen empty, except Pailly and Marquis; each individual sitting in his separate Strong-house, there to bethink himself. Stiff are your tempers, ye young Mirabeaus; not stiffer than mine the old one's! What pangs it has cost the fond paternal heart to go, through all this Brutus duty, the Marquis knows, and Heaven. In a less degree, what pangs it may cost the filial heart to go *under* (or undergo) the same! The former set of pangs he, aided by Heaven, crushes-down into his soul suppressively, as beseems a man and Mirabeau: the latter set,—are they not self-sought pangs; medicinal; which will cease of their own accord, when the unparalleled filial impiety pleases to cease? For the rest, looking at such a world and such a family, at these prison-houses, mountains of divorce-papers, and the staggering state of French statesmen, a Friend of Men may pretty naturally ask himself, Am not I a strong old Marquis then, whom all this has not driven into Bedlam,—not into hypochondria, dyspepsia even? The Heavens are bounteous, and make the back equal to the burden.

Out of all which circumstances, and of such struggle against them, there has come forth this Marquis de Mirabeau, shaped (it was the shape *he* could arrive at) into one of the most singular Sublime Pedants that ever stepped the soil of France. Solemn moral rigour, as of some antique Presbyterian Ruling Elder: heavy breadth, dull heat, choler and pride as of an old 'Bozzy of Auchinleck;' then a high-flown euphuistic courtesy, the airiest mincing ways, suitable to your French Seigneur! How the two divine missions, for both seem to him divine, of Riquetti and Man of Genius or World-schoolmaster, blend themselves; and philosophism, chivalrous euphuism, presbyterian ruling-elderism, all in such strength, have met, to give the world assurance of a man! There never entered the brain of Hogarth, or of rare old Ben, such a piece of Humour (high meeting with low, and laughter with tears) as, in this brave old Riquetti, Nature has presented us ready-made. For withal there is such genius in him; rich depth of character; indestructible cheerfulness and health breaking out, in spite of these divorce-papers, ever and anon,—like strong sunlight in thundery weather. We have heard of the 'strife of Fate with Freewill' producing Greek Tragedies, but never heard it till now produce such astonishing comico-tragical French Farces. Blessed old Marquis,—or else accursed! He is there, with his broad bull-brow; with the huge cheek-bones; those deep eyes, glazed as in weariness; the lower visage puckered into a simpering graciosity, which would pass itself off for a kind of smile. What to do with him? Welcome, thou tough old Marquis, with

thy better and thy worse! There is stuff in thee (very different from moonshine and formula); and stuff is stuff, were it never so crabbed.

Besides the old Marquis de Mirabeau, there is a Brother, the Bailli de Mirabeau: a man who, serving as Knight of Malta, governing in Guadaloupe, fighting and doing hard sea-duty, has sown his wild oats long since; and settled down here, in the old 'Castle of Mirabeau on its sheer rock' (for the Marquis usually lives at Bignon, another estate within reach of Paris), into one of the worthiest quiet uncles and house-friends. It is very beautiful, this mild strength, mild clearness and justice of the brave Bailli, in contrast with his brother's nodosity; whom he comforts, defends, admonishes, even rebukes; and on the whole reverences, both as head Riquetti and as World-schoolmaster, beyond all living men. The frank true love of these two brothers is the fairest feature in Mirabeaudom; indeed the only feature which is always fair. Letters pass continually: in letter and extract we here, from time to time, witness (in these Eight chaotic Volumes) the various personages speak their dialogue, unfold their farce-tragedy. The *Fils Adoptif* admits mankind into this strange household; though stingily, uncomfortably, and all in darkness, save for his own capricious dark-lantern. Seen or half-seen, it is a stage; as the whole world is. What with personages, what with destinies, no stranger house-drama was enacting on the Earth at that time.

Under such auspices, which were not yet ripened into events and fatalities, but yet were inevitably ripening towards such, did Gabriel Honoré, at the Mansion of Bignon, between Sens and Nemours, on the 9th day of March 1749, first see the light. He was the fifth child; the second male child; yet born heir, the first having died in the cradle. A magnificent 'enormous' fellow, as the gossips had to admit, almost with terror: the head especially great; 'two grinders' in it, already shot!—Rough-hewn truly, yet with bulk, with limbs, vigour bidding fair to do honour to the line. The paternal Marquis, to whom they said, "*N'ayez pas peur*, Don't be frightened," gazed joyful, we can fancy, and not fearful, on this product of his; the stiff pedant features relaxing into a veritable smile. Smile, O paternal Marquis: the future indeed 'veils sorrow and joy,' one knows not in what proportion; but here is a new Riquetti, whom the gods send; with the rudiments in him, thou wouldst guess, of a very Hercules, fit for Twelve Labours, which surely are themselves the best joys. Look at the oaf, how he sprawls. No stranger Riquetti ever sprawled under our Sun: it is as if, in this thy man-child, Destiny had swept

together all the wildnesses and strengths of the Riquetti lineage, and flung him forth as her finale in that kind. Not without a vocation! He is the last of the Riquettis; and shall do work long memorable among mortals.

Truly, looking now into the matter, we might say, in spite of the gossips, that on this whole Planet, in those years, there was hardly born such a man-child as this same, in the 'Mansion-house of Bignon, not far from Paris,' whom they named Gabriel Honoré. Nowhere, we say, came there a stouter or braver into this Earth; whither they come marching by the legion and the myriad, out of Eternity and Night!—Except, indeed, what is notable enough, one other that arrived some few months later, at the town of Frankfort on the Maine, and got christened *Johann Wolfgang Goethe*. Then again, in some ten years more, there came another, still liker Gabriel Honoré in his brawny ways. It was into a mean hut that this one came, an infirm hut (which the wind blew down at the time), in the shire of Ayr, in Scotland: him they named *Robert Burns*. These, in that epoch, were the Well-born of the World; by whom the world's history was to be carried on. Ah, could the well-born of the world be always rightly bred, rightly entreated there, what a world were it! But it is not so; it is the reverse of so. And then few, like that Frankfort one, can peaceably vanquish the world, with its black imbroglios; and shine above it, in serene help to it, like a sun! The most can but *Titanically* vanquish it, or be vanquished by it: hence, instead of light (stillest and strongest of things), we have but lightning; red fire, and oftentimes conflagrations, which are very woful.

Be that as it might, Marquis Mirabeau determined to give his son, and heir of all the Riquettis, such an education as no Riquetti had yet been privileged with. Being a world-schoolmaster (and indeed a *Martinus Scriblerus*, as we here find, more ways than one), this was not strange in him; but the results were very lamentable. Considering the matter now, at this impartial distance, you are lost in wonder at the good Marquis; know not whether to laugh at him, or weep over him; and on the whole are bound to do both. A more sufficient product of Nature than this 'enormous Gabriel,' as we said, need not have been wished for: 'beating his nurse,' but then loving her, and loving the whole world; of large desire, truly, but desire towards *all* things, the highest and the lowest: in other words, a large mass of *life* in him, a large man waiting there! Does he not rummage (the rough cub, now tenfold rougher by the effect of small-pox) in all places, seeking something to know; dive down to the most unheard-of recesses for papers to read? Does he not, spontaneously, give his hat to a

peasant-boy whose head-gear was defective? He writes the most sagacious things, in his fifth year, extempore, at table; setting forth what '*Monsieur Moi,* Mr. Me,' is bound to do. A rough strong genuine soul, of the frankest open temper; full of loving fire and strength; looking out so brisk with his clear hazel eyes, with his brisk sturdy bulk, what might not fair breeding have done for him! On so many occasions, one feels as if he needed nothing in the world but to be well let alone.

But no; the scientific paternal hand must interfere, at every turn, to assist Nature: the young lion's-whelp has to grow up all bestrapped, bemuzzled in the most extraordinary manner: shall wax and unfold himself by theory of education, by square and rule,—going punctual, all the way, like Harrison Clockwork, according to the theoretic program; or *else*—! O Marquis, World-schoolmaster, what theory of education is this? No lion's-whelp or young Mirabeau will go like clockwork, but far otherwise. 'He that spareth the rod hateth the child;' that on its side is true: and yet Nature, too, is strong: 'Nature will come running back, though thou expel her with a fork!' In one point of view there is nothing more Hogarthian comic than this long Peter Peebles' *ganging plea* of 'Marquis Mirabeau *versus* Nature and others:' yet in a deeper point of view it is but too serious. Candid history will say, that whatsoever of worst it was in the power of art to do against this young Gabriel Honoré, was done. Not with unkind intentions; nay, with intentions which, at least, began in kindness. How much better was Burns's education (though this too went on under the grimmest pressures), on the wild hill-side, by the brave peasant's hearth, with no theory of education at all, but poverty, toil, tempest and the handles of the plough!

At bottom, the Marquis's wish and purpose was not complex, but simple. That Gabriel Honoré de Riquetti shall become the very same man that Victor de Riquetti is; perfect as he is perfect: this will satisfy the fond father's heart, and nothing short of this. Better exemplar, truly, were hard to find; and yet, O Victor de Riquetti, poor Gabriel, on his side, wishes to be Gabriel and not Victor! Stiffer loving Pedant never had a more elastic loving Pupil. Offences (of mere *elasticity*, mere natural springing-up, for most part) accumulate by addition: Madame Pailly and the confidential servants, on this as on all matters, are busy. The household itself is darkening, the mistress of it gone; the Lawsuits, and by and by Divorce-Lawsuits, have begun. Worse will grow worse, and ever worse, till Rhadamanthus Scriblerus Marquis de Mirabeau, swaying vainly the sceptre of order, see himself environed by a waste chaos as of Bedlam. Stiff is he; elastic, and yet still

loving, reverent, is his son and pupil. Thus cruelty, and yearnings that must be suppressed; indignant revolt, and hot tears of penitence, alternate, in the strangest way, between the two; and for long years our young Alcides has, by Destiny, his own Demon and Juno de Pailly, Labours enough imposed on him.

But, to judge what a task was set this poor paternal Marquis, let us listen to the following successive utterances from him; which he emits, in letter after letter, mostly into the ear of his brother the good Bailli. Cluck, cluck,—is it not as the sound of an agitated parent-fowl, now in terror, now in anger, at the brood it has brought out?

'This creature promises to be a very pretty subject.' 'Talent in plenty, and cleverness, but more faults still inherent in the substance of him.' 'Only just come into life, and the extravasation (*extravasement*) of the thing already visible! A spirit cross-grained, fantastic, iracund, incompatible, tending towards evil before knowing it, or being capable of it.' 'A high heart under the jacket of a boy; it has a strange instinct of pride this creature; noble withal; the embryo of a shaggy-headed bully and killcow, that would swallow all the world, and is not twelve years old yet.' 'A type, profoundly inconceivable, of baseness, sheer dull grossness (*platitude absolue*), and the quality of your dirty, rough-crusted caterpillar, that will never uncrust itself or fly.' 'An intelligence, a memory, a capacity, that strike you, that astonish, that frighten you.' 'A nothing bedizened with crotchets. May fling dust in the eyes of silly women, but will never be the fourth part of a man, if by good luck he be anything.' 'One whom you may call ill-born, this elder lad of mine; who bodes, at least hitherto, as if he could become nothing but a madman: almost invincibly maniac, with all the vile qualities of the maternal stock over and above. As he has a great many masters, and all, from the confessor to the comrade, are so many reporters for me, I see the nature of the beast, and don't think we shall ever do any good with him.'

In a word, offences (of elasticity or expansivity) have accumulated to such height, in the lad's fifteenth year, that there is a determination taken, on the part of Rhadamanthus-Scriblerus, to pack him out of doors, one way or the other. After various plannings, the plan of one Abbé Choquenard's Boarding-school is fallen upon: the rebellious Expansive shall to Paris; there, under ferula and short-commons, contract himself and consider. Farther, as the name Mirabeau is honourable and right honourable, he shall not have the honour of it; never again, but be called *Pierre Buffière*, till his ways decidedly alter. This *Pierre Buffière* was the name of an estate of his mother's in the Limousin: sad fuel of those smoking lawsuits which at length blazed out as divorce-lawsuits. Wearing this melancholy nickname of Peter Buffière, as a perpetual badge, had poor Gabriel Honoré to go about for a number of years; like a misbehaved soldier with his

eyebrows shaven off; alas, only a fifteen-years recruit yet, too young for that!'

Nevertheless, named or short of his name, Peter or Gabriel, the youth himself was still there. At Choquenard's Boarding-school, as always afterwards in life, he carries with him, he unfolds and employs, the qualities which Nature gave, which no shearing or shaving of art and mistreatment could take away. The *Fils Adoptif* gives a grand list of studies followed, acquisitions made: ancient languages ('and we have a thousand proofs of his indefatigable tenacity in this respect'); modern languages, English, Italian, German, Spanish; then 'passionate study of mathematics;' design, pictorial and geometrical; music, so as to read it at sight, nay to compose in it; singing, to a high degree; 'equitation, fencing, dancing, swimming and tennis:' if only the half of which were true, can we say that Pierre Buffière spent his time ill? What is more precisely certain, the disgraced Buffière worked his way very soon into the good affections of all and sundry, in this House of Discipline, who came in contact with him; schoolfellows, teachers, the Abbé Choquenard himself. For, said the paternal Marquis, he has the tongue of the Old Serpent! In fact, it is very notable how poor Buffière, Comte de Mirabeau, revolutionary King Riquetti, or whatever else they might call him, let him come, under what discommendation he might, into any circle of men, was sure to make them his erelong. To the last, no man could look into him with his own eyes, and continue to hate him. He could talk men *over*, then? Yes, O Reader: and he could *act* men over: for, at bottom, that was it. The large open soul of the man, purposing deliberately no paltry, unkindly or dishonest thing towards any creature, was felt to be withal a *brother's* soul. Defaced by black drossy obscurations very many, but yet shining out, lustrous, warm; in its troublous effulgence, great! That a man be loved the better by men the nearer they come to him: is not this the fact of all facts? To know what extent of prudential diplomacy (good, indifferent and even bad) a man has, ask public opinion, journalistic rumour, or at most the persons he dines with: to know what of real worth is in him, ask infinitely deeper and farther; ask, first of all, those who have tried by experiment; who, were they the foolishest people, can answer pertinently here if anywhere. 'Those at a distance esteem of me a little worse than I; those near at hand a little better than I:' so said the good Sir Thomas Browne; so will all men say who have much to say on that.

The Choquenard Military Boarding-school having, if not fulfilled its function, yet ceased to be a house of penance, and failed

of its function, Marquis Mirabeau determined to try the Army. Nay, it would seem, the wicked mother has been privily sending him money; which he, the traitor, has accepted! To the army therefore. And so Pierre Buffière has a basnet on his big head; the shaggy pock-pitted visage looks martially from under horse-hair and clear metal; he dresses rank, with tight bridle hand and drawn falchion, in the town of Saintes, as a bold volunteer dragoon. His age was but eighteen as yet, and some months.

The people of Saintes grew to like him amazingly; would even 'have lent him money to any extent.' His Colonel, one De Lambert, proved to be a martinet, of sharp sour temper: the shaggy visage of Buffière, radiant through its seaminess with several things, had not altogether the happiness to content him. Furthermore there was an *Archer* (Bailiff) at Saintes, who had a daughter: she, foolish minx, liked the Buffière visage *better* even than the Colonel's! For one can fancy what a pleader Buffière was, in this great cause; with the tongue of the Old Serpent. It was his first *amourette;* plainly triumphant: the beginning of a quite unheard-of career in that kind. The aggrieved Colonel emitted 'satires' through the mess-rooms; this bold volunteer dragoon was not the man to give him worse than he brought: matters fell into a very unsatisfactory state between them. To crown the whole, Buffiere went one evening (contrary to wont, now and always) to the gaming-table, and lost four *louis.* Insubordination, gambling, Archer's daughter! Rhadamanthus thunders from Bignon: Buffière doffs his basnet, flies covertly to Paris. Negotiation there now was; confidential spy to Saintes; correspondence, fulmination; Dupont de Nemours as daysman between a Colonel and a Marquis, both in high wrath,—Buffière to pay the piper! Confidential spy takes evidence; the whole atrocity comes to light: what wilt thou do, O Marquis, with this devil's child of thine? Send him to Surinam; let the Tropical heats and rains tame the hot liver of him!—so whispered paternal Brutus'-justice and Dame Pailly; but milder thoughts prevailed. *Lettre de Cachet* and the Isle of Rhé shall be tried first. Thither fares poor Buffière; not with Archer's daughters, but with Archers; amid the dull rustle and autumnal brown of the falling leaves of 1768, his nineteenth autumn. It is his second Hercules' Labour; the Choquenard Boarding-house was the first. Bemoaned by the loud Atlantic he shall sit there, in winter season, under ward of a Bailli d'Aulan, governor of the place, and said to be a very Cerberus.

At Rhé the old game is played: in few weeks, the Cerberus Bailli is Buffière's; baying, out of all his throats, in Buffière's behalf! What 'sorcery' is this that the rebellious prodigy has in

him, O Marquis? Hypocrisy, cozenage, which no governor of strong places can resist? Nothing short of the hot swamps of Surinam will hold him quiet, then? Happily there is fighting in Corsica; Paoli fighting on his last legs there; and Baron de Vaux wants fresh troops against him. Buffière, though he likes not the cause, will go thither gladly; and fight his very best: how happy if, by any fighting, he can conquer back his baptismal name, and some gleam of paternal tolerance! After much soliciting, his prayer is acceded to: Buffière, with the rank now of 'Sub-lieutenant of Foot, in the Legion of Lorraine,' gets across the country to Toulon, in the month of April; and enters 'on the plain which 'furrows itself without plough' (euphuistic for *ocean*): 'God grant 'he may not have to row there one day,'—in red cap, as convict galley-slave! Such is the paternal benediction and prayer; which was realised. Nay, Buffière, it would seem, before quitting Rochelle, indeed 'hardly yet two hours out of the fortress of Rhé,' had fallen into a new atrocity,—his first duel; a certain quondam messmate (discharged for swindling) having claimed acquaintance with him on the streets; which claim Buffière saw good to refuse; and even to resist, when demanded at the sword's point! The 'Corsican Buccaneer, *flibustier Corse*,' that he is!

The Corsican Buccaneer did, as usual, a giant's or two giants' work in Corsica; fighting, writing, loving; 'eight hours a-day of study;' and gained golden opinions from all manner of men and women. It was his own notion that Nature had meant him for a soldier; he felt so equable and at home in that business,—the wreck of discordant death-tumult, and roar of cannon, serving as a fine regulatory marching-music for him. Doubtless Nature meant him for a Man of Action; as she means all great souls that have a strong body to dwell in: but Nature will adjust herself to much. In the course of twelve months, in May 1770, Buffière gets back to Toulon; with much manuscript in his pockets; his head full of military and all other lore, 'like a library turned topsy-turvy;' his character much risen, as we said, with every one. The brave Bailli Mirabeau, though almost against principle, cannot refuse to see a chief nephew, as he passes so near the old Castle on the Durance: the good uncle is charmed with him; finds, 'under features terribly seamed and altered from what they were,' bodily and mentally all that is royal and strong, nay 'an expression of something refined, something gracious;' declares him, after several days of incessant talk, to be the best fellow on earth if well dealt with, 'who will shape into statesman, generalissimo, pope, what thou pleasest to desire!' Or, shall we give poor Buffière's testimonial in mess-room dialect; in its native twanging vociferosity,

and garnished with old oaths,—which, alas, have become for us almost old prayers now,—the vociferous Moustachio-figures whom they twanged through, having all vanished so long since: "*Morbleu, Monsieur l'Abbé; c'est un garçon diablement vif; mais c'est un bon garçon, qui a de l'esprit comme trois cent mille diables; et parbleu, un homme très brave.*"

Moved by all manner of testimonials and entreaties from uncle and family, the rigid Marquis consents, not without difficulty, to see this anomalous Peter Buffière of his; and then, after solemn deliberation, even to un-Peter him, and give him back his name. It was in September that they met; at Aiguesperse, in the Limousin near the *lands* of *Pierre Buffière.* Soft ruth comes stealing through the Rhadamanthine heart; tremblings of faint hope even, which, however, must veil itself in austerity and rigidity. The Marquis writes: 'I perorate him very much;' observe 'my man, 'how he droops his nose, and looks fixedly, a sign that he is re'flecting; or whirls away his head, hiding a tear: serious, now 'mild, now severe, we give it him alternately; it is thus I manage 'the mouth of this fiery animal.' Had he but read the *Ephémérides*, the *Economiques*, the *Précis des Elémens* ('the most laboured book I have done, though I wrote it in such health'); had he but got grounded in my Political Economy! Which, however, he does not take to with any heart. On the contrary, he unhappily finds it hollow, pragmatical, a barren jingle of formulas; pedantic even; unnutritive as the east wind. Blasphemous words; which (or the like of them) any eaves-dropper has but to report to 'the Master!' —And yet, after all, is it not a brave Gabriel this rough-built young Hercules; and has finished handsomely his Second Labour? The head of the fellow is 'a wind-mill and fire-mill of ideas.' The War-office makes him captain, and he is passionate for following soldiership: but then, unluckily, your Alexander needs such tools; a whole world for workshop! 'Where are the armies and herring-shoals of men to come from? Does he think I have money,' snuffles the old Marquis, 'to get him up battles like Harlequin and Scaramouch?' The fool! he shall settle down into rurality; first, however, though it is a risk, see a little of Paris.

At Paris, through winter, the brave Gabriel carries all before him; shines in saloons, in the Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf; dines with your Duke of Orleans (young Chartres, not yet become *Egalité*, hob-nobbing with him); dines with your Guéménés, Broglies, and mere Grandeurs; and is invited to hunt. Even the old women are charmed with him, and rustle in their satins: such a light has not risen in the Œil-de-Bœuf for some while. Grant, O Marquis, that there are worse sad-dogs than this. The Marquis grants par-

tially; and yet, and yet! Few things are notabler than these successive surveys by the old Marquis, critically scanning his young Count:

'I am on my guard; remembering how vivacity of head may deceive you as to a character of morass (*de tourbe*): but, all considered, one must give him store of exercise; what the devil else to do with such exuberance, intellectual and sanguineous? I know no woman but the Empress of Russia with whom this man were good to marry yet.' 'Hard to find a dog (*drôle*) that had more talent and action in the head of him than this; he would reduce the devil to terms.' 'Thy nephew Whirlwind (*l'Ouragan*) assists me; yesterday the valet Luce, who is a sort of privileged simpleton, said pleasantly, "Confess, M. le Comte, a man's body is very unhappy to carry a head like that."' 'The *terrible gift of familiarity* (as Pope Gregory called it)! He turns the great people here round his finger.'—Or again, though all this is some years afterwards: 'They have never done telling me that he is easy to set a-rearing; that you cannot speak to him reproachfully but his eyes, his lips, his colour testify that all is *giving way;* on the other hand, the smallest word of tenderness will make him burst into tears, and he would fling himself into the fire for you.' 'I pass my life in cramming him (*à le bourrer*) with principles, with all that I know; for this man, ever the same as to his fundamental properties, has done nothing by these long and solid studies but augment the rubbish-heap in his head, which is a library turned topsy-turvy: and then his talent for dazzling by superficials, for he has *swallowed all formulas*, and cannot substantiate anything.' 'A wicker-basket, that lets all through; disorder born; credulous as a nurse; indiscreet; a liar' (kind of white liar), 'by exaggeration, affirmation, effrontery, without need, and merely to tell histories; a confidence that dazzles you on everything; cleverness and talent without limit. For the rest, the vices have infinitely less root in him than the virtues; all is facility, impetuosity, ineffectuality (not for want of fire, but of plan); wrong-spun, ravelled (*défaufilé*) in character: a mind that meditates in the vague, and builds of soap-bells.' 'Spite of the bitter ugliness, the intercadent step, the trenchant breathless blown-up precipitation, and the look, or, to say better, the atrocious eyebrow of this man when he listens and reflects, something told me that it was all but a scarecrow of old cloth, this ferocious outward garniture of his; that, at bottom, here was perhaps the man in all France least capable of deliberate wickedness.' 'Pie and jay by instinct.' 'Wholly reflex and reverberance (*tout de reflet et de réverbère*); drawn to the right by his heart, to the left by his head, which he carries four paces from him.' 'May become the Coryphæus of the Time.' 'A blinkard (*myope*) precipitancy, born with him, which makes him take the quagmire for firm earth—'

—Cluck, cluck,—in the name of all the gods, what prodigy is this I have hatched? Web-footed, broad-billed; which will run and drown itself, if Mercy and the parent-fowl prevent not!

How inexpressibly true, meanwhile, is this that the old Marquis says: 'He has swallowed all formulas (*il a humé toutes les formules*),' and made away with them! Formulas, indeed, if we think of it, Formulas and Gabriel Honoré had been, and were to be, at death-feud from first to last. What formula of this formalised (established) world had been a kind one to Gabriel? His soul could

find no shelter in them, they were unbelievable; his body no solacement, they were tyrannical, unfair. If there were not pabulum and substance beyond formulas, and in spite of them, then woe to him! To this man formulas would yield no existence or habitation, if it were not in the Isle of Rhé and such places; but threatened to choke the life out of him: either formulas or he must go to the wall; and so, after a tough fight, *they*, as it proves, will go. So cunningly thrifty is Destiny; and is quietly shaping her tools for the work they are to do, whilst she seems but spoiling and breaking them! For, consider, O Marquis, whether France herself will not, by and by, have to swallow a formula or two? This sight thou lookest on from the baths of Mount d'Or, does it not bode something of that kind? A summer day in the year 1777:

'O Madame! the narrations I would give you, if I had not a score of letters to answer, on dull sad business! I would paint to you the votive feast of this town, which took place on the 14th. The savages, descending in torrents from the Mountains,—our people ordered not to stir out. The curate with surplice and stole; public justice in periwig; *maréchaussée*, sabre in hand, guarding the place, before the bagpipes were permitted to begin. The dance interrupted, a quarter of an hour after, by battle; the cries and fierce hissings of the children, of the infirm, and other onlookers, ogling it, tarring it on, as the mob does when dogs fight. Frightful men, or rather wild creatures of the forest, in coarse woollen jupes, and broad girths of leather studded with copper nails; of gigantic stature, heightened by the high sabots; rising still higher on tip-toe, to look at the battle; beating time to it; rubbing their sides with their elbows: their face haggard, covered with their long greasy hair; top of the visage waxing pale, bottom of it twisting itself into the rudiments of a cruel laugh, a ferocious impatience.—And these people pay the *taille!* And you want to take from them their salt too! And you know not what you strip bare, or, as you call it, govern; what, with the heedless, cowardly squirt of your pen, you will think you can continue stripping with impunity forever, till the Catastrophe come! Such sights recall deep thoughts to one. "Poor Jean-Jacques!" I said to myself: "they that sent thee, and thy System, to copy music among such a People as these same, have confuted thy System but ill!" But, on the other hand, these thoughts were consolatory for a man who has all his life preached the necessity of solacing the poor, of universal instruction; who has tried to show what such instruction and such solacement ought to be, if it would form a barrier (the sole possible barrier) between oppression and revolt; the sole but the infallible treaty of peace between the high and the low! Ah, Madame! this government by blindman's-buff, stumbling along too far, will end by the GENERAL OVERTURN.'

Prophetic Marquis!—Might other nations listen to thee better than France did: for it concerns them *all!* But now is it not curious to think how the whole world might have gone so differently, but for this very prophet? Had the young Mirabeau had a father as other men have; or even no father at all! Consider him, in that case, rising by natural gradation, by the rank, the opportunity.

the irrepressible, buoyant faculties he had, step after step, to official place,—to the chief official place; as in a time when Turgots, Neckers, and men of ability, were grown indispensable, he was sure to have done. By natural witchery he bewitches Marie Antoinette; her most of all, with her quick susceptive instincts, her quick sense for whatever was great and noble, her quick hatred for whatever was but pedantic, Neckerish, Fayettish, and pretending to be great. King Louis is a nullity; happily then reduced to be one: there would then have been at the summit of France the one French Man who could have grappled with that great Question; who, yielding and refusing, managing, guiding, and, in short, *seeing* and daring what was to be done, had perhaps saved France her Revolution; remaking her by peaceabler methods! But to the Supreme Powers it seemed not so. Once after a thousand years all nations were to see the great Conflagration and Self-combustion of a Nation,—and learn from it if they could. And now, for a Swallower of Formulas, was there a better schoolmaster in the world than this very Friend of Men; a better education conceivable than this which Alcides-Mirabeau had? Trust in Heaven, good reader, for the fate of nations, for the fall of a sparrow.

Gabriel Honoré has acquitted himself so well in Paris, turning the great people round his thumb, with that '*fond gaillard*, basis of gaiety,' with that '*terrible don de la familiarité;*' with those ways he has. Neither, in the quite opposite Man-of-business department, when summer comes and rurality with it, is he found wanting. In the summer of the year, the old Friend of Men despatches him to the Limousin, to his own estate of Pierre Buffière, or his wife's own estate (under the law-balance about this time), to see whether anything can be done for men there. Much is to be done there; the Peasants, short of all things, even of victuals, here as everywhere, wear 'a settled *souffre-douleur* (pain-stricken) 'look, as if they reckoned that the pillage of men was an inevitable ordinance of Heaven, to be put up with like the wind and 'the hail.' Here, in the solitude of the Limousin, Gabriel is still Gabriel: he rides, he writes and runs; eats out of the poor people's pots; speaks to them, redresses them; institutes a court of Villager '*prudhommes*, good men and true,'—once more carries all before him. Confess, O Rhadamanthine Marquis, we say again, that there are worse sad-dogs than this! 'He is,' confesses the Marquis, 'the Demon of the Impossible, *le démon de la chose impossible*.'[1] Most true this also: *impossible* is a word not in his dictionary. Thus the same Gabriel Honoré, long afterwards (as Dumont will witness),

[1] See La Fontaine: *Contes*, l. iv. c. 15.

orders his secretary to do some miracle or other, miraculous within the time. The secretary answers, "Monsieur, it is impossible." "Impossible?" answers Gabriel: "*Ne me dites jamais ce bête de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word!" Really, one would say, a good fellow, were he well dealt with,—though still broad-billed, and with latent tendencies to take the water. The following otherwise insignificant Letter, addressed to the Bailli, seems to us worth copying. Is not his young Lordship, if still in the dandy-state and style-of-mockery, very handsome in it; standing there in the snow? It is of date December 1771, and far onwards on the road towards Mirabeau Castle:

'*Fracti bello satisque repulsi ductores Danaûm:* here, dear uncle, is a beginning in good Latin, which means that I am broken with fatigue, not having, this whole week, slept more than sentinels do; and sounding, at the same time, with the wheels of my vehicle, most of the ruts and jolts that lie between Paris and Marseilles. Ruts deep and numerous. Moreover, my axle broke between Mucreau, Romané, Chambertin and Beaune; the centre of four wine districts: what a geographical point, if I had had the wit to be a drunkard! The mischief happened towards five in the evening; my lackey had gone on before. There fell nothing at the time but melted snow; happily it afterwards took some consistency. The neighbourhood of Beaune made me hope to find genius in the natives of the country: I had need of good counsel; the devil counselled me at first to swear, but that whim passed, and I fell by preference into the temptation of laughing; for a holy priest came jogging up, wrapt to the chin; against the blessed visage of whom the sleet was beating, which made him cut so singular a face, that I think this was the thing drove me from swearing. The holy man inquired, seeing my chaise on its beam-ends, and one of the wheels wanting, whether anything had befallen? I answered, "there was nothing falling here but snow." "Ah," said he, ingeniously, "it is your chaise, then, that is broken." I admired the sagacity of the man, and begged him to double his pace, with his horse's permission (who was also making a pleasant expression of countenance, as the snow beat on his nose); and to be so good as give notice at Chaigny that I was there. He assured me he would tell it to the postmistress herself, she being his cousin; that she was a very amiable woman, married three years ago to one of the honestest men of the place, nephew to the king's procureur at ——: in fine, after giving me all the outs and ins of himself, the curate, of his cousin, his cousin's husband, and I know not whom more, he was pleased to give the spurs to his horse, which thereupon gave a grunt, and went on. I forgot to tell you that I had sent the postilion off to Mucreau, which he knew the road to, for he went thither daily, he said, to have a glass; a thing I could well believe, or even two glasses. The man was but tipsified when he went; happily, when he returned, which was very late, he was drunk. I walked sentry: several Beaune men passed, all of whom asked me, if anything had befallen? I answered one of them, that it was an experiment; that I had been sent from Paris to see whether a chaise would run with one wheel; mine had come so far, but I was going to write that two wheels were preferable. At this moment my worthy friend struck his shin against the other wheel; clapped his hand on the hurt place; swore, as I had near done; and then said, smiling, "Ah, Monsieur, there

is the other wheel!" "The devil there is!" said I, as if astonished. Another, after examining long, with a very capable air, informed me, "*Ma foi*, Monsieur! it is your *essi*" (meaning *essieu*, or axle) "that is broken."'

Mirabeau's errand to Provence, in this winter-season, was several-fold. To look after the Mirabeau estates; to domesticate himself among his people and peers in that region;—perhaps to choose a wife. Lately, as we saw, the old Marquis could think of none suitable, if it were not the Empress Catherine. But Gabriel has ripened astonishingly since that, under this sunshine of paternal favour,—the first gleam of such weather he has ever had. Short of the Empress, it were very well to marry, the Marquis now thinks, provided your bride had money. A bride, not with money, yet with connexions, expectations, is found; and by stormy eloquence (Marquis seconding) is carried: woe worth the hour! Her portrait, by the seconding Marquis himself, is not very captivating: 'Marie-Emilie de Covet, only daughter of the Marquis de Marignane, in her eighteenth year then; she had a very ordinary face, even a vulgar one at the first glance; brown, nay almost tawny (*mauricaud*); fine eyes, fine hair; teeth not good, but a prettyish continual smile; figure small, but agreeable, though leaning a little to one side; showed great sprightliness of mind, ingenuous, adroit, delicate, lively, sportful; one of the most essentially pretty characters.' This brown, almost tawny little woman, much of a fool too, Mirabeau gets to wife, on the 22d of June 1772. With her, and with a pension of 3,000 francs from his father-in-law, and one of 6,000 from his own father (say 500*l*. in all), and rich expectancies, he shall sit down, in the bottom of Provence, by his own hired hearth, in the town of Aix, and bless Heaven.

Candour will admit that this young Alexander, just beginning his twenty-fourth year, might grumble a little, seeing only one such world to conquer. However, he had his books, he had his hopes; health, faculty; a Universe (whereof even the town of Aix formed part) all rich with fruit and forbidden-fruit round him; the unspeakable 'seed-field of Time' wherein to sow: he said to himself, Go to, I will be wise. And yet human nature is frail. One can judge too, whether the old Marquis, now coming into decided lawsuit with his wife, was of a humour to forgive peccadilloes. The terrible, hoarsely calm, Rhadamanthine way in which he expresses himself on this matter of the lawsuit to his brother, and enjoins silence from all mortals but him, might affect weak nerves; wherefore, contrary to purpose, we omit it. O just Marquis! In fact, the Riquetti household, at this time, can do little for frail human nature; except, perhaps, make it fall faster. The Riquetti household is getting scattered; not always led asunder, but driven

and hurled asunder: the tornado times for it have begun. One daughter is Madame du Saillant (still living), a judicious sister: another is Madame de Cabris, not so judicious; for, indeed, her husband has lawsuits,—owing to 'defamatory couplets' proceeding from him; she gets 'insulted on the public promenade of Grasse,' by a certain Baron de Villeneuve-Moans, whom some defamatory couplet had touched upon;—all the parties in the business being fools. Nay, poor woman, she by and by, we find, takes up with preternuptial persons; with a certain Brianson in epaulettes, described candidly, by the *Fils Adoptif*, as 'a man who'—is not fit to be described.

A young heir-apparent of all the Mirabeaus is required to make some figure; especially in marrying himself. The present young heir-apparent has nothing to make a figure with but bare five-hundred a-year, and very considerable debts. Old Mirabeau is hard as the Mosaic rock, and no wand proves miraculous on him; for *trousseaus, cadeaus*, foot-washings, festivities and house-heatings, he does simply not yield one sou. The heir must himself yield them. He does so, and handsomely: but, alas, the five-hundred a-year, and very considerable debts? Quit Aix and dinner-giving; retire to the old Château in the gorge of two valleys! Devised and done. But now, a young Wife used to the delicacies of life, ought she not to have some suite of rooms done-up for her? Upholsterers hammer and furbish; with effect; not without bills. Then the very considerable Jew-debts! Poor Mirabeau sees nothing for it, but to run to the father-in-law with tears in his eyes; and conjure him to make those 'rich expectations' in some measure fruitions. Forty-thousand francs; to such length will the father-in-law, moved by these tears, by this fire-eloquence, table ready-money; provided old Marquis Mirabeau, who has some provisional reversionary interest in the thing, will grant quittance. Old Marquis Mirabeau, written to in the most impassioned persuasive manner, answers by a letter, of the sort they call *Sealed* Letter (*Lettre de Cachet*), ordering the impassioned Persuasive, under his Majesty's hand and seal, to bundle into Coventry as we should say, into Manosque as the Sealed Letter says!—Farewell, thou old Château, with thy upholstered rooms, on thy sheer rock, by the angry-flowing Durance: welcome, thou miserable little borough of Manosque, since hither Fate drives us! In Manosque, too, a man can live, and read; can write an *Essai sur le Despotisme* (and have it printed in Switzerland, 1774); full of fire and rough vigour, and still worth reading.

The *Essay on Despotism*, with so little of the *Ephémérides* and Quesnay in it, could find but a hard critic in the old Marquis; snuffling-out something (one fancies) about 'Reflex and reverber-

ance;' formulas getting swallowed; rash hairbrain treating matters that require age and gravity;—however, let it pass. Unhappily there came other offences. A certain gawk, named Chevalier de Gassaud, accustomed to visit in the house at Manosque, sees good to commence a kind of theoretic flirtation with the little brown Wife, which she theoretically sees good to return. Billet meets billet; glance follows glance, *crescendo allegro*;—till the Husband opens his lips, volcano-like, with a proposal to kick Chevalier de Gassaud out of doors. Chevalier de Gassaud goes unkicked, but not without some explosion or *éclat:* there is like to be a duel; only that Gassaud, knowing what a sword this Riquetti wears, will not fight; and his father has to plead and beg. Generous Count, kill not my poor son: alas, already this most lamentable explosion itself has broken-off the finest marriage-settlement, and now the family will not hear of him! The generous Count, so pleaded with, not only flings the duel to the winds, but gallops off, forgetful of the *Lettre de Cachet*, half desperate, to plead with the marriage-family; to preach with them, and pray, till they have taken poor Gassaud into favour again. Prosperous in this, for nothing can resist such pleading, he may now ride home more leisurely, with the consciousness of a right action for once.

As we hint, this ride of his lies beyond the limits fixed in the royal Sealed Letter; but no one surely will mind it, no one will report it. A beautiful summer evening: O poor Gabriel, it is the last peaceably prosperous ride thou shalt have for long,—perhaps almost ever in the world! For lo! who is this that comes curricling through the level yellow sunlight; like one of Respectability, keeping his gig? By Day and Night! it is that base Baron, de Villeneuve-Moans, who insulted Sister Cabris in the promenade of Grasse! Human nature, without time for reflection, is liable to err. The swift-rolling gig is already in contact with one, the horse rearing against your horse; and you dismount, almost without knowing. Satisfaction which gentlemen expect, Monsieur! No? Do I hear rightly No? In that case, Monsieur—And this wild Gabriel (*horresco referens!*) clutches the respectable Villeneuve-Moans; and horsewhips him there, not emblematically only, but practically, on the king's highway: seen of some peasants! Here is a message for Rumour to blow abroad.

Rumour blows,—to Paris as elsewhither: for answer, on the 26th of June 1774, there arrives a fresh Sealed Letter of more emphasis; there arrive with it grim catchpoles and their chaise. the Swallower of Formulas, snatched away from his wife, from his child then dying, from his last shadow of a home, even an exiled home, is trundling towards Marseilles; towards the Castle of If,

which frowns-out among the waters in the roadstead there! Girt with the blue Mediterranean; within iron stanchions; cut-off from pen, paper, and friends, and men, except the Cerberus of the place, who is charged to be very sharp with him, there shall he sit: such virtue is in a Sealed Letter; so has the grim old Marquis ordered it. Our gleam of sunshine, then, is darkening miserably down? Down, O thou poor Mirabeau, to thick midnight! Surely Formulas are all-too cruel on thee: thou art getting really into war with Formulas (terriblest of wars); and thou, by God's help and the Devil's, wilt make away with them,—in the terriblest manner! From this hour, we say, thick and thicker darkness settles round poor Gabriel; his life-path growing ever painfuller; alas, growing ever more devious, beset by *ignes fatui*, and lights not of Heaven. Such Alcides' Labours have seldom been allotted to any man.

Check thy hot frenzy, thy hot tears, poor Mirabeau; adjust thyself as it may be; for there is no help. Autumn becomes loud winter, revives into gentle spring: the waves beat round the Castle of If, at the mouth of Marseilles harbour; girdling in the unhappiest man. No, not the unhappiest: poor Gabriel has such a '*fond gaillard*, basis of joy and gaiety;' there is a deep fiery life in him, which no blackness of destiny can quench. The Cerberus of If, M. Dallègre, relents, as all Cerberuses do with him; gives paper, gives sympathy and counsel. Nay letters have already been introduced; 'buttoned in some scoundrel's gaiters,' the old Marquis says! On Sister du Saillant's kind letter there fall 'tears;' nevertheless you do not always weep. You do better; write a brave *Col-d'Argent's* Memoirs (quoted-from above); occupy yourself with projects and efforts. Sometimes, alas, you do worse, though in the other direction,—where Canteen-keepers have pretty wives! A mere peccadillo this of the frail fair *Cantinière* (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); of which too much was made at the time.—Nor are greater consolations wanting; sisters and brothers bidding you be of hope. Our readers have heard Count Mirabeau designated as 'the elder of my lads:' what if we now exhibited the younger for one moment? The Maltese Chevalier de Mirabeau, a rough son of the sea in those days: he also is a sad dog, but has the advantage of not being the elder. He has started from Malta, from a sick-bed, and got hither to Marseilles, in the dead of winter; the link of Nature drawing him, shaggy sea-monster as he is.

'It was a rough wind; none of the boatmen would leave the quay with me: I induced two of them, more by bullyings than by money; for thou knowest I have no money, and am well furnished, thank God, with the gift of speaking or stuttering. I reach the Castle of If: gates closed; and the Lieutenant, as M. Dallègre was not there, tells me quite sweetly that I must return as I came. "Not, if you please, till I have seen Gabriel."

"It is not allowed."—"I will write to him." "Not that either."—"Then I will wait for M. Dallègre." "Just so; but for four-and-twenty hours, not more." Whereupon I take my resolution; I go to La Mouret' (the Canteen-keeper's pretty wife); 'we agree that so soon as the tattoo is beat, I shall see this poor devil. I get to him, in fact; not like a *paladin*, but like a pickpocket or a gallant, which thou wilt; and we unbosom ourselves. They had been afraid that he would heat my head to the temperature of his own: Sister Cabris, they do him little justice; I can assure thee that while he was telling me his story, and when my rage broke out in these words: "Though still weakly, I have two arms, strong enough to break M. Villeneuve Moans's, or his cowardly persecuting brother's at least," he said to me, "*Mon ami*, thou wilt ruin us both." And, I confess, this consideration alone, perhaps, hindered the execution of a project, which could not have profited, which nothing but the fermentation of a head such as mine could excuse.'[1]

Reader, this tarry young Maltese Chevalier is the Vicomte de Mirabeau, or Younger Mirabeau; whom all men heard of in the Revolution time,—oftenest by the more familiar name of *Mirabeau-Tonneau*, or Barrel Mirabeau, from his bulk, and the quantity of drink he usually held. It is the same Barrel Mirabeau who, in the States-General, broke his sword, because the Noblesse gave-in, and chivalry was now ended: for in politics he was directly the opposite of his elder brother; and spoke considerably as a public man, making men laugh (for he was a wild surly fellow, with much wit in him and much liquor);—then went indignantly across the Rhine, and drilled Emigrant Regiments: but as he sat one morning in his tent, sour of stomach doubtless and of heart, meditating in Tartarean humour on the turn things took, a certain captain or subaltern demands admittance on business; is refused; again demands, and then again, till the Colonel Viscount Barrel Mirabeau, blazing-up into a mere burning brandy-barrel, clutches his sword, and tumbles-out on this *canaille* of an intruder,—alas, on the *canaille* of an intruder's sword-point (who drew with swift dexterity), and dies, and it is all done with him! That was the fifth act of Barrel Mirabeau's life-tragedy, unlike, and yet like, this first act in the Castle of If; and so the curtain fell, the Newspapers calling it 'apoplexy' and 'alarming accident.'

Brother and Sisters, the little brown Wife, the Cerberus of If, all solicit for a penitent unfortunate sinner. The old Marquis's ear is deaf as that of Destiny. Solely by way of variation, not of alleviation, the rather as the If Cerberus too has been bewitched, he has this sinner removed, in May next, after some nine-months space, to the Castle of Joux; an 'old owl's nest, with a few invalids,' among the Jura Mountains. Instead of melancholy main, let him now try the melancholy granites (still capped with snow

[1] Vol. ii. p. 43.

at this season), with their mists and owlets; and on the whole adjust himself as if for permanence or continuance there; on a pension of 1,200 francs, fifty pounds a-year, since he could not do with five-hundred! Poor Mirabeau;—and poor Mirabeau's Wife? Reader, the foolish little brown-woman tires of soliciting: her child being buried, her husband buried alive, and her little brown self being still above ground and under twenty, she takes to re-creation, theoretic flirtation; ceases soliciting, begins successful forgetting. The marriage, cut asunder that day the catchpole chaise drew-up at Manosque, will never come together again, in spite of efforts; but flow onwards in two separate streams, to lose itself in the frightfullest sand-deserts. Husband and wife never more saw each other with eyes.

Not far from the melancholy Castle of Joux lies the little melancholy borough of Pontarlier; whither our Prisoner has leave, on his parole, to walk when he chooses. A melancholy little borough: yet in it is a certain Monnier Household; whereby hangs, and will hang, a tale. Of old M. Monnier, respectable legal President, now in his seventy-fifth year, we shall say less than of his wife, Sophie Monnier (once de Ruffey, from Dijon, sprung from legal Presidents there), who is still but short way out of her teens. Yet she has been married, or *seemed* to be married, four years: one of the loveliest sad-heroic women of this or any district of country. What accursed freak of Fate brought January and May together here once again? Alas, it is a custom there, good reader! Thus the old Naturalist Buffon, who, at the age of sixty-three (what is called 'the Saint-Martin's summer of incipient dotage and new-myrtle garlands,' which visits some men), went ransacking the country for a young wife, had very nearly got this identical Sophie; but did get another, known as Madame de Buffon, well known to Philip Egalité, having turned out ill. Sophie de Ruffey loved wise men, but not at that extremely advanced period of life. However, the question for her is: Does she love a Convent better? Her mother and father are rigidly devout, and rigidly vain and poor: the poor girl, sad-heroic, is probably a kind of freethinker. And now, old President Monnier 'quarrelling with his daughter;' and then coming over to Pontarlier with gold-bags, marriage settlements, and the prospect of dying soon? It is that same miserable tale, often sung against, often spoken against; very miserable indeed!—But fancy what an effect the fiery eloquence of a Mirabeau produced in this sombre Household: one's young girl-dreams incarnated, most unexpectedly, in this wild-glowing mass of manhood, though rather ugly; old Monnier himself gleaming-up into

a kind of vitality to hear him! Or fancy whether a sad-heroic face, glancing on you with a thankfulness like to become glad-heroic, were not ——? Mirabeau felt, by known symptoms, that the sweetest, fatallest incantation was stealing over him, which could lead only to the devil, for all parties interested. He wrote to his wife, entreating in the name of Heaven, that she would come to him: thereby might the 'sight of his duties' fortify him; he meanwhile would at least forbear Pontarlier. The wife 'answered by a few icy lines, indicating, in a covert way, that she 'thought me not in my wits.' He ceases forbearing Pontarlier; sweeter is it than the owl's nest: he returns thither, with sweeter and ever sweeter welcome; and so—!—

Old Monnier saw nothing, or winked hard;—not so our old foolish Commandant of the Castle of Joux. He, though kind to his prisoner formerly, 'had been making some pretensions to 'Sophie himself; he was but forty or five-and-forty years older 'than I; my ugliness was not greater than his; and I had the 'advantage of being an honest man.' Green eyed Jealousy, in the shape of this old ugly Commandant, warns Monnier by letter; also, on some thin pretext, restricts Mirabeau henceforth to the four walls of Joux. Mirabeau flings back such restriction, in an indignant Letter to this green-eyed Commandant; indignantly steps over into Switzerland, which is but a few miles off;—returns, however, in a day or two (it is dark January 1776), covertly to Pontarlier. There is an explosion, what they call *éclat.* Sophie Monnier, sharply dealt with, resists; avows her love for Gabriel Honoré; asserts her right to love him, her purpose to continue doing it. She is sent home to Dijon; Gabriel Honoré covertly follows her thither.

Explosions: what a continued series of explosions,—through winter, spring, summer! There are tears, devotional exercises, threatenings to commit suicide; there are stolen interviews, perils, proud avowals and lowly concealments. He on his part 'voluntarily constitutes himself prisoner;' and does other haughty, vehement things; some Commandants behaving honourably, and some not: one Commandant (old Marquis Mirabeau of the Château of Bignon) getting ready his thunderbolts in the distance! 'I have 'been lucky enough to obtain Mont Saint-Michel, in Normandy,' says the old Marquis: 'I think that prison good, because there is 'first the Castle itself, then a ring-work all round the mountain; 'and, after that, a pretty long passage among the sands, where 'you need guides, to avoid being drowned in the quicksands.' Yes, it rises there, that Mountain of Saint-Michel, and Mountain of Misery; towering sheer up, like a bleak Pisgah with outlooks

only into desolation, sand, salt-water and despair.[1] Fly, thou poor Gabriel Honoré! Thou poor Sophie, return to Pontarlier; for Convent-walls too are cruel!

Gabriel flies; and indeed there fly with him Sister Cabris and her preternuptial epauletted Briançon, who are already in flight for their own behoof: into deep thickets and covered ways, wide over the South-west of France. Marquis Mirabeau, thinking with a fond sorrow of Mont Saint-Michel and its quicksands, chooses the two best bloodhounds the Police of Paris has (Inspector Brugnière and another); and, unmuzzling them, cries: Hunt!—Man being a venatory creature, and the Chase perennially interesting to him, we have thought it might be good to present certain broken glimpses of this man hunt through the South west of France; of which, by a singular felicity, some Narrative exists, in the shape of official reports, very ill-spelt and otherwise curious, written down sectionally by the chief slot-hound himself, for transmittal to the chief huntsman eyeing it intently from the distance. It is not every day that there is such game afield as a Gabriel Honoré, such a huntsman tallyhoing in the distance as old Marquis Mirabeau; or that you have a hound who can, in never so bad spelling, *tell* you what his notions of the business are:

'On arriving at Dijon, I went to see Madame la Présidente Ruffey, to gather new informations from her. Madame informed me that there was in the town a certain Chevalier de Macon, a half pay officer, who was the Sieur Mirabeau's friend, his companion and confidant, and that if any one could get acquainted with *him*'—.—'The Sieur Brugnière went therefore to lodge at this Macon's inn; finds means to get acquainted with him, affecting the same tastes, following him to fencing-rooms, billiard-tables and other such places.'—

'Accordingly, on reaching Geneva, we learn that the Sieur Mirabeau did arrive there on the fifth of June. He left it for Thonon in Savoy; two women in men's-clothes came asking for him, and they all went away together, by Chambéry, and thence by Turin. At Thonon we could not learn what road they had taken; so secret are they, and involve themselves in all manner of detours. After three days of incredible fatigue, we discover the man that had driven them: it is back to Geneva that they are gone; we hasten hither again, and have good hope of finding them now.'—Hope fallacious as before!

'However, what helps Brugnière and me a little is this, that the Sieur Mirabeau and his train, though already armed like smugglers, bought yet other pistols, and likewise sabres, even a hunting knife with a secret pistol for handle; we learned this at Geneva. They take remote diabolic roads to avoid entering France.' * * * * 'Following on foot the trace of them, it brings us to Lyons, where they seem to have taken the most obscure methods, accompanied with impenetrable cunning, to enter the town: we lost all track of them; our researches were most painful. At length we have come upon a man named Saint-Jean, confidential servant

[1] See *Mémoires de Madame de Genlis,* iii. 201.

of Madame de Cabris.'—'On quitting this, along with Brianson, who I think is a bad subject, M. de Mirabeau signified to Saint-Jean that they were going to Lorgue in Provence, which is Brianson's country; that Brianson was then to accompany him as far as Nice, where he would embark for Geneva and pass a month there.'—

'Following this trace of M. de Mirabeau, who had embarked on the Rhone at Lyons, we came to Avignon: here we find he took post-horses, having sent for them half a league from the town; he had another pair of pistols bought for him here; and then, being well hidden in the cabriolet, drove through Avignon, put letters in the post-office; it was about the dusk of the evening. But now at that time was the chief tumult of the Beaucaire Fair,[1] and this cabriolet was so lost in the crowd that it was impossible for us to track it farther. However, the domestic Saint-Jean'—. * * —'a M. Marsaut, Advocate, an honourable man, who gave us all possible directions.' 'He introduced us to this Brianson, with whom we contrived to sup. We gave ourselves out for travellers, Lyons merchants, who were going, the one of us to Geneva and Italy, the other to Geneva only: it was the way to make this Brianson speak.' * * *

'When you leave Provence to pass into the Country of Nice, you have to wade across the Var; a torrent which is almost always dangerous, and is often impracticable: it sometimes spreads out to a quarter of a league in breadth, and has an astonishing rapidity at all times: its reputation is greater still; and travellers who have to cross speak of it with terror. On each bank there are strong men who make a trade of passing travellers across; going before them and around them, with strong poles, to sound the bottom, which will change several times in a day: they take great pains to increase your fear, even when there is not danger. These people, by whose means we passed, told us that they had offered to pass a gentleman having the same description as he we seek; that this gentleman would have nobody, but crossed with some women of the country, who were wading without guide; that he seemed to dislike being looked at too close: we made the utmost researches there. We found that, at some distance, this person had entered a hedge-tavern for some refreshment; that he had a gold box with a lady's portrait in it, and in a word the same description everyway; that he asked if they did not know of any ship at Nice for Italy, and that they told him of one for England. He had crossed the Var, as I had the honour of informing you, Monsieur, above: I have the honour of observing that there is no Police at Nice.' * *

* * 'Found that there had embarked, at Villefranche, which is another little haven near to Nice, a private person unknown, answering still to the same description (except that he wore a red coat, whereas M. de Mirabeau has been followed hitherto under a green coat, a red-brown one (*mordoré*), and a gray ribbed one); and embarked for England. In spite of this we sent persons into the Heights to get information, who know the secret passages; the Sieur Brugnière mounted a mule accustomed to those horrific and terrifying Mountains, took a guide, and made all possible researches too: in a word, Monsieur, we have done all that the human mind (*l'esprit humain*) can imagine, and this when the heats are so excessive; and we are worn-out with fatigue, and our limbs swoln.'

No: all that the human mind can imagine is ineffectual. On the twenty-third night of August (1776), Sophie de Monnier, in man's clothes, is scaling the Monnier garden-wall at Pontarlier;

[1] Napoleon's *Souper de Beaucaire!*

is crossing the Swiss marches, wrapped in a cloak of darkness, borne on the wings of love and despair. Gabriel Honoré, wrapped in the like cloak, borne on the like vehicle, is gone with her to Holland,—thenceforth a broken man.

'Crime forever lamentable,' ejaculates the *Fils Adoptif;* 'of which the world has so spoken, and must forever speak!' There are, indeed, many things easy to be spoken of it; and also some things not easy to be spoken. Why, for example, thou virtuous *Fils Adoptif*, was that of the Canteen-keeper's wife at If such a peccadillo, and this of the legal President's wife such a crime, lamentable to that late date of 'forever?' The present reviewer fancies them to be the same crime. Again, might not the first grand criminal and sinner in this business be legal President Monnier, the distracted, spleen-stricken, moon-stricken old man;—liable to trial, with non-acquittal or difficult acquittal, at the great Bar of Nature herself? And then the second sinner in it? and the third and the fourth? 'He that is *without* sin among you!'—One thing, therefore, the present reviewer will speak, in the words of old Samuel Johnson: My dear *Fils Adoptif*, my dear brethren of Mankind, 'endeavour to clear your mind of Cant!' It is positively the prime necessity for all men, and all women and children, in these days, who would have their souls live, were it even feebly, and not die of the detestablest asphyxia,—as in carbonic vapour, the more horrible, for breathing of, the more *clean* it looks.

That the *Parlement* of Besançon indicted Mirabeau for *rapt et vol*, abduction and robbery; that they condemned him 'in contumacious absence,' and went the length of beheading a Paper Effigy of him, was perhaps extremely suitable;—but not to be dwelt on here. Neither do we pry curiously into the garret-life in Holland and Amsterdam; being straitened for room. The wild man and his beautiful sad-heroic woman lived out their romance of reality, as well as was to be expected. Hot tempers go not always softly together; neither did the course of true love, either in wedlock or in elopement, ever run smooth. Yet it did run, in this instance, copious, if not smooth; with quarrel and reconcilement, tears and heart-effusion; sharp tropical squalls, and also the gorgeous effulgence and exuberance of general tropical weather. It was like a little Paphos islet in the middle of blackness; the very danger and despair that environed it made the islet blissful;—even as in virtue of death, life to the fretfullest becomes tolerable, becomes sweet, death being so nigh. At any hour, might not king's exempt or other dread alguazil knock at our garret establishment, here 'in the *Kalbestrand*, at Lequesne the tailor's,' and dissolve it? Gabriel toils for Dutch booksellers; bearing their heavy load; translating

Watson's Philip Second; doing endless Gibeonite work! earning, however, his gold louis a-day. Sophie sews and scours beside him, with her soft fingers, not grudging it: in hard toils, in trembling joys begirt with terrors, with one terror, that of being parted,—their days roll swiftly on. For eight tropical months!—Ah, at the end of some eight months (14th May 1777) enter the alguazil! He is in the shape of Brugnière, our old slot-hound of the Southwest; the swelling of his legs is fallen now; this time the human mind has been able to manage it. He carries King's orders, High Mightiness's sanctions; sealed parchments. Gabriel Honoré shall be carried this way, Sophie that; Sophie, like to be a mother, shall behold him no more. Desperation, even in the female character, can go no farther: she will kill herself that hour, as even the slot-hound believes,—had not the very slot-hound, in mercy, undertaken that they should have some means of correspondence; that hope should not utterly be cut away. With embracings and interjections, sobbings that cannot be uttered, they tear themselves asunder, stony Paris now nigh: Mirabeau towards his prison of Vincennes; Sophie to some milder Convent-parlour relegation, there to await what Fate, very minatory at this time, will see good to bring.

Conceive the giant Mirabeau locked fast, then, in Doubting-castle of Vincennes; his hot soul surging-up, wildly breaking itself against cold obstruction; the voice of his despair reverberated on him by dead stone-walls. Fallen in the eyes of the world, the ambitious haughty man; his fair life-hopes from without all spoiled and become foul ashes: and from within,—what he has done, what he has parted with and *un*done! Deaf as Destiny is a Rhadamanthine father; inaccessible even to the attempt at pleading. Heavy doors have slammed-to; their bolts growling *Woe to thee!* Great Paris sends eastward its daily multitudinous hum; in the evening sun thou seest its weathercocks glitter, its old grim towers and fuliginous life-breath all gilded: and thou?—Neither evening nor morning, nor change of day nor season, brings deliverance. Forgotten of Earth; not too hopefully remembered of Heaven! No passionate *Pater-Peccavi* can move an old Marquis; deaf he as Destiny. Thou must sit there.—For forty-two months, by the great Zodiacal Horologe! The heir of the Riquettis, sinful, and yet more sinned against, has worn-out his wardrobe; complains that his clothes get looped and windowed, insufficient against the weather. His eye-sight is failing; the family disorder, *nephritis,* afflicts him; the doctors declare horse-exercise essential to preserve life. Within the walls, then! answers the old Marquis. Count de Mirabeau 'rides in the garden of forty paces;' with

quick turns, hamperedly, overlooked by donjons and high stone-barriers.

And yet fancy not Mirabeau spent his time in mere wailing and raging. Far from that!—

> To whine, put finger i' the eye, and sob,
> Because he had ne'er another tub,

was in no case Mirabeau's method, more than Diogenes's. Other such wild-glowing mass of life, which you might beat with Cyclops' hammers (and, alas, not beat the dross *out* of), was not in Europe at that time. Call him not the strongest man then living; for light, as we said, and not fire, is the strong thing: yet call him strong too, very strong; and for toughness, tenacity, vivaciousness and a *fond gaillard*, call him toughest of all. Raging passions, ill-governed; reckless tumult from within, merciless oppression from without; ten men might have died of what this Gabriel Honoré did not yet die of. Police-captain Lenoir allowed him, in mercy and according to engagement, to correspond with Sophie; the condition was, that the letters should be seen by Lenoir, and be returned into his keeping. Mirabeau corresponded; in fire and tears, copiously, not Werter-like, but Mirabeau-like. Then he had penitential petitions, *Pater-Peccavis* to write, to get presented and enforced; for which end all manner of friends must be urged: correspondence enough. Besides, he could read, though very limitedly: he could even compose or compile; extracting, *not* in the manner of the bee, from the very Bible and Dom Calmet, a '*Biblion Eroticon*,' which can be recommended to no woman or man. The pious *Fils Adoptif* drops a veil over his face at this scandal; and says lamentably that there is nothing to be said. As for the Correspondence with Sophie, it lay in Lenoir's desk, forgotten; but was found there by Manuel, Procureur of the Commune in 1792, when so many desks flew open, and by him given to the world. A book which fair sensibility (rather in a private way) loves to weep over: not this reviewer, to any considerable extent; not at all here, in his present strait for room. Good love-letters of their kind notwithstanding. But if anything can swell farther the tears of fair sensibility over Mirabeau's *Correspondence of Vincennes*, it must be this: the issue it ended in. After a space of years, these two lovers, wrenched asunder in Holland, and allowed to correspond that they might not poison themselves, met again: it was under cloud of night; in Sophie's apartment, in the country; Mirabeau, 'disguised as a porter,' had come thither from a considerable distance. And they flew into each other's arms; to weep their child dead, their long unspeakable woes? Not at all. They stood, arms stretched oratorically, calling one another to account for causes of jealousy;

grew always louder, arms set-a-kimbo; and parted quite loud, never to meet more on earth. In September 1789, Mirabeau had risen to be a world's wonder: and Sophie, far from him, had sunk out of the world's sight, respected only in the little town of Gien. On the 9th night of September, Mirabeau might be thundering in the Versailles *Salle des Menus*, to be reported of all Journals on the morrow; and Sophie, twice disappointed of new marriage, the sad-heroic temper darkened now into perfect black, was reclining, self-tied to her sofa, with a pan of charcoal burning near; to die as the unhappy die. Said we not, 'the course of true love never did run smooth?'

However, after two-and-forty months, and negotiations, and more intercessions than in Catholic countries will free a soul out of Purgatory, Mirabeau is once more delivered from the strong place: not into his own home (home, wife and the whole Past are far parted from him); not into his father's home; but forth;—hurled forth, to seek his fortune Ishmael-like in the wide hunting-field of the world. Consider him, O reader; thou wilt find him very notable. A disgraced man, not a broken one; ruined outwardly, not ruined inwardly; not yet, for there is no ruining of him on that side. Such a buoyancy of radical fire and *fond gaillard* he has; with his dignity and vanity, levity, solidity, with his virtues and his vices, what a front he shows! You would say, he bates not a jot, in these sad circumstances, of what he claimed from Fortune, but rather enlarges it: his proud soul, so galled, deformed by manacles and bondage, flings away its prison-gear, bounds-forth to the fight again, as if victory, after all, were certain. Post-horses to Pontarlier and the Besançon Parlement; that that 'sentence by contumacy' be annulled, and the Paper Effigy have its Head stuck on again! The wild giant, said to be 'absent by contumacy,' sits voluntarily in the Pontarlier Jail; thunders in pleadings which make Parlementeers quake and all France listen; and the Head reunites itself to the Paper Effigy with apologies. Monnier and the De Ruffeys know who is the most impudent man alive: the world, with astonishment, who is one of the ablest. Even the old Marquis snuffles approval, though with qualification. Tough old man, he has lost his own world-famous Lawsuit and other lawsuits, with ruinous expenses; has seen his fortune and projects fail, and even *lettres de cachet* turn-out not always satisfactory or sanatory: wherefore he summons his children about him; and, really in a very serene way, declares himself invalided, fit only for the chimney-nook now; to sit patching his old mind together again (*à rebouter sa tête, à se recoudre pièce à pièce*): advice and countenance they, the deserving part of them, shall always

enjoy; but *lettres de cachet*, or other the like benefit and guidance, not any more. Right so, thou best of old Marquises! There he rests then, like the still evening of a thundery day; thunders no more; but rays-forth many a curiously-tinted light-beam and remark on life; serene to the last. Among Mirabeau's small catalogue of virtues, very small of formulary and conventional virtues, let it not be forgotten that he loved this old father warmly to the end; and forgave his cruelties, or forgot them in kind interpretation of them.

For the Pontarlier Paper Effigy, therefore, it is well: and yet a man lives not comfortably without money. Ah, were one's marriage not disrupted; for the old father-in-law will soon die; those rich expectations were then fruitions! The ablest, not the most shamefaced man in France, is off, next spring (1783), to Aix; stirring Parlement and Heaven and Earth there, to have his wife back. How he worked; with what nobleness and courage (according to the *Fils Adoptif*); giant's work! The sound of him is spread over France and over the world; English travellers, high foreign lordships, turning aside to Aix; and 'multitudes gathered even on the roofs' to hear him, the Court-house being crammed to bursting! Demosthenic fire and pathos; penitent husband calling for forgiveness and restitution :—'*ce n'est qu'un claquedents et un fol*,' rays-forth the old Marquis from the chimney-nook, 'a clatter teeth and madman!' The world and Parlement thought not that; knew not what to think, if not that this was the questionablest able man they had ever heard; and, alas, still farther,—that his cause was *untenable*. No wife, then; and no money! From this second attack on Fortune, Mirabeau returns foiled, and worse than before; resourceless, for now the old Marquis too again eyes him askance. He must hunt Ishmael-like, as we said. Whatsoever of wit or strength he has within himself will stand true to him; on that he can count; unfortunately on almost nothing but that.

Mirabeau's life for the next five years, which creeps troublous, obscure, through several of these Eight Volumes, will probably, in the One right Volume which they hold imprisoned, be delineated briefly. It is the long drawn practical improvement of the sermon already preached in Rhé, in If, in Joux, in Holland, in Vincennes and elsewhere. A giant man in the flower of his years, in the winter of his prospects, has to see how he will reconcile these two contradictions. With giant energies and talents, with giant virtues even, he, burning to unfold himself, has got put into his hands, for implements and means to do it with, disgrace, contumely, obstruction; character elevated only as Haman was; purse full only

of debt-summonses; household, home and possessions, as it were, sown with salt; Ruin's ploughshare furrowing too deeply himself and all that was his. Under these, and not under other conditions, shall this man now live and struggle. Well might he 'weep' long afterwards (though not given to the melting mood), thinking over, with Dumont, how his life had been blasted, by himself, by others; and was now so defaced and thunder-riven, no glory could make it whole again. Truly, as we often say, a weaker, and yet very strong man, might have died,—by hypochondria, by brandy, or by arsenic: but Mirabeau did not die. The world is not his friend, nor the world's law and formula? It will be his enemy, then; his conqueror and master not altogether. There are strong men who can, in case of necessity, make away with formulas (*humer les formules*), and yet find a habitation behind them: these are the very strong; and Mirabeau was of these. The world's esteem having gone quite against him, and most circles of society, with their codes and regulations, pronouncing little but anathema on him, he is nevertheless not lost; he does not sink to desperation; not to dishonesty, or pusillanimity, or splenetic aridity. Nowise! In spite of the world, he is a living strong man there: the world cannot take from him his just consciousness of himself, his warm openhearted feeling towards others; there are still limits, on all sides, to which the world and the devil cannot drive him. The giant, we say! How he stands, like a mountain; thunder-riven, but broad-based, rooted in the Earth's (in Nature's) own rocks; and will not tumble prostrate! So true is it what a moralist has said: 'One 'could not wish any man to fall into a fault; yet is it often pre'cisely after a fault, or a crime even, that the morality which is in 'a man first unfolds itself, and what of strength he as a man 'possesses, now when all else is gone from him.'

Mirabeau, through these dim years, is seen wandering from place to place; in France, Germany, Holland, England; finding no rest for the sole of his foot. It is a life of shifts and expedients, *au jour le jour*. Extravagant in his expenses, thriftless, swimming in a welter of debts and difficulties; for which he has to provide by fierce industry, by skill in financiership. The man's revenue is his wits; he has a pen and a head; and, happily for him, 'is the demon of the impossible.' At no time is he without some blazing project or other, which shall warm and illuminate far and wide; which too often blazes-out ineffectual; which in that case he replaces and renews, for his hope is inexhaustible. He writes Pamphlets unweariedly as a steam-engine: on *The Opening of the Scheldt*, and Kaiser Joseph; on *The Order of Cincinnatus*, and Washington; on *Count Cagliostro*, and the Diamond Necklace.

Innumerable are the helpers and journeymen, respectable Mauvillons, respectable Dumonts, whom he can set working for him on such matters; it is a gift he has. He writes Books, in as many as eight volumes, which are properly only a larger kind of Pamphlets. He has polemics with Caron Beaumarchais on the water-company of Paris; lean Caron shooting sharp arrows into him, which he responds to demoniacally, 'flinging hills with all their woods.' He is intimate with many men; his 'terrible gift of familiarity,' his joyous courtiership and faculty of pleasing, do not forsake him: but it is a questionable intimacy, granted to the man's talents, in spite of his character: a relation which the proud Riquetti, not the humbler that he is poor and ruined, correctly feels. With still more women is he intimate; girt with a whole system of intrigues in that sort, wherever he abide; seldom travelling without a — wife (let us call her) engaged by the year, or during mutual satisfaction. On this large department of Mirabeau's history, what can you say, except that his incontinence was great, enormous, entirely indefensible? If any one please (which we do not) to be present, with the *Fils Adoptif*, at 'the *autopsie*' and *post-mortem* examination, he will see curious documents on this head; and to what depths of penalty Nature, in her just self-vindication, can sometimes doom men. The *Fils Adoptif* is very sorry. To the kind called unfortunate-females, it would seem nevertheless, this unfortunate-male had an aversion amounting to complete *nolo-tangere.*

The old Marquis sits apart in the chimney-nook, observant: what this roaming, unresting, rebellious Titan of a Count may ever prove of use for? If it be not, O Marquis, for the General Overturn, *Culbute Générale?* He is swallowing Formulas; getting endless acquaintance with the Realities of things and men: in audacity, in recklessness, he will not, it is like, be wanting. The old Marquis rays-out curious observations on life;—yields no effectual assistance of money.

Ministries change and shift; but never, in the new deal, does there turn up a good card for Mirabeau. Necker he does not love, nor is love lost between them. Plausible Calonne hears him Stentor-like denouncing stock-jobbing (*Dénonciation de l'Agiotage*); communes with him, corresponds with him; is glad to get him sent, in some semi-ostensible or spy-diplomatist character, to Berlin; in any way to have him stopped and quieted. The Great Frederic was still on the scene, though now very near the side-scenes: the wiry thin Drill-sergeant of the World, and the broad burly Mutineer of the World, glanced into one another with amazement; the one making entrance, the other making exit. 'To this Berlin business we owe pamphlets; we owe *Correspondences* ('surrep-

titiously published'—with consent): we owe (brave Major Mauvillon serving as hodman) the *Monarchie Prussienne*, a Pamphlet in some eight octavo volumes, portions of which are still well worth reading.

Generally, on first making personal acquaintance with Mirabeau as a writer or speaker, one is not a little surprised. Instead of Irish oratory, with tropes and declamatory fervid feeling, such as the rumour one has heard gives prospect of, you are astonished to meet a certain hard angular distinctness, a totally unornamented force and massiveness: clear perspicuity, strong perspicacity, conviction that wishes to convince,—this beyond all things, and instead of all things. You would say the primary character of those utterances, nay of the man himself, is sincerity and insight; strength, and the honest use of strength. Which indeed it is, O reader! Mirabeau's spiritual gift will be found, on examination, to be verily, an honest and a great one; far the strongest, best practical intellect of that time; entitled to rank among the strong of all times. These books of his ought to be riddled, like this book of the *Fils Adoptif*. There is precious matter in them; too good to lie hidden among shot rubbish. Hear this man on any subject, you will find him worth considering. He has words in him, rough deliverances; such as men do not forget. As thus: 'I 'know but three ways of living in this world: by wages for work; 'by begging; thirdly, by stealing (so named, or not so named).' Again: 'Malebranche saw all things in God; and M. Necker sees 'all things in Necker!' There are nicknames of Mirabeau's worth whole treatises. 'Grandison-Cromwell Lafayette:' write a volume on the man, as many volumes have been written, and try to say more! It is the best likeness yet drawn of him,—by a flourish and two dots. Of such inexpressible advantage is it that a man have 'an eye, instead of a pair of spectacles merely;' that, seeing through the formulas of things, and even 'making away' with many a formula, he see into the thing itself, and so know it and be master of it!

As the years roll on, and that portentous decade of the Eighties, or 'Era of Hope,' draws towards completion, and it becomes ever more evident to Mirabeau that great things are in the wind, we find his wanderings, as it were, quicken. Suddenly emerging out of Night and Cimmeria, he dashes-down on the Paris world, time after time; flashes into it with that fire-glance of his; discerns that the time is not yet come; and then merges back again. Occasionally his pamphlets provoke a fulmination and order of arrest, wherefore he must merge the faster. Nay, your Calonne is good enough to signify it beforehand: On such and such a day I shall order you

to be arrested; pray make speed therefore. When the Notables meet, in the spring of 1787, Mirabeau spreads his pinions, alights on Paris and Versailles; it seems to him he ought to be secretary of those Notables. No! friend Dupont de Nemours gets it: the time is not yet come. It is still but the time of 'Crispin-Catiline' d'Espréménil, and other such animal-magnetic persons. Nevertheless, the reverend Talleyrand, judicious Dukes, liberal noble friends not a few, are sure that the time will come. Abide thy time.

Hark! On the 27th of December 1788, here finally is the long-expected announcing itself: royal Proclamation definitively convoking the States General for May next! Need we ask whether Mirabeau bestirs himself now; whether or not he is off to Provence, to the Assembly of Noblesse there, with all his faculties screwed to the sticking-place? One strong dead-lift pull, thou Titan, and perhaps thou carriest it! How Mirabeau wrestled and strove under these auspices; speaking and contending all day, writing pamphlets, paragraphs, all night; also suffering much, gathering his wild soul together, motionless under reproaches, under drawn swords even, lest his enemies throw him off his guard; how he agitates and represses, unerringly dextrous, sleeplessly unwearied, and is a very 'demon of the impossible,' let all readers fancy. With 'a body of Noblesse more ignorant, greedier, more insolent than any I have ever seen,' the Swallower of Formulas was like to have rough work. We must give his celebrated flinging-up of the handful of dust, when they drove him out by overwhelming majority:

'What have I done that was so criminal? I have wished that my Order were wise enough to give today what will infallibly be wrested from it tomorrow; that it should receive the merit and glory of sanctioning the assemblage of the Three Orders, which all Provence loudly demands. This is the crime of your "enemy of peace!" Or rather, I have ventured to believe that the people might be in the right. Ah, doubtless, a patrician soiled with such a thought deserves vengeance! But I am still guiltier than you think; for it is my belief that the people which complains is always in the right; that its indefatigable patience invariably waits the uttermost excesses of oppression, before it can determine on resisting; that it never resists long enough to obtain complete redress; and does not sufficiently know that to strike its enemies into terror and submission, it has only to stand still; that the most innocent as the most invincible of all powers is the power of refusing to do. I believe after this manner: punish the enemy of peace!

'But you, ministers of a God of peace, who are ordained to bless and not to curse, and yet have launched your anathema on me, without even the attempt at enlightening me, at reasoning with me! And you, "friends of peace," who denounce to the people, with all vehemence of hatred, the one defender it has yet found, out of its own ranks;—who, to bring about concord, are filling capital and province with placards calculated to arm the rural districts against the towns, if your deeds did not refute your writings;

—who, to prepare ways of conciliation, protest against the royal Regulation for convoking the States-General, because it grants the people as many deputies as both the other orders, and against all that the coming National Assembly shall do, unless its laws secure the triumph of your pretensions, the eternity of your privileges! Disinterested "friends of peace!" I have appealed to your honour, and summon you to state what expressions of mine have offended against either the respect we owe to the royal authority or to the nation's right? Nobles of Provence, Europe is attentive; weigh well your answer. Men of God, beware; God hears you!

'And if you do not answer, but keep silence, shutting yourselves up in the vague declamations you have hurled at me, then allow me to add one word.

'In all countries, in all times, aristocrats have implacably persecuted the people's friends; and if, by some singular combination of fortune, there chanced to arise such a one in their own circle, it was he above all whom they struck at, eager to inspire wider terror by the elevation of their victim. Thus perished the last of the Gracchi by the hands of the patricians; but, being struck with the mortal stab, he flung dust towards Heaven, and called on the Avenging Deities; and from this dust sprang Marius,—Marius not so illustrious for exterminating the Cimbri as for overturning in Rome the tyranny of the Noblesse!'

There goes some foolish story of Mirabeau having now opened a cloth-shop in Marseilles, to ingratiate himself with the Third Estate; whereat we have often laughed. The image of Mirabeau measuring out drapery to mankind, and deftly snipping at tailors' measures, has something pleasant for the mind. So that, though there is not a shadow of truth in this story, the very lie may justly sustain itself for a while, in the character of lie. Far otherwise was the reality there: 'voluntary guard of a hundred men;' Provence crowding by the ten-thousand round his chariot-wheels; explosions of rejoicing musketry, heaven-rending acclamation; 'people paying two louis for a place at the window!' Hunger itself (very considerable in those days) he can pacify by speech. Violent meal-mobs at Marseilles and at Aix, unmanageable by fire-arms and governors, he smooths-down by the word of his mouth; the governor soliciting him, though unloved. It is as a Roman Triumph, and more. He is chosen deputy for two places; has to decline Marseilles, and honour Aix. Let his enemies look and wonder, and sigh forgotten by him. For this Mirabeau too the career at last opens.

At last! Does not the benevolent reader, though never so unambitious, sympathise a little with this poor brother mortal in such a case? Victory is always joyful; but to think of such a man, in the hour when, after twelve Hercules' Labours, he does finally triumph! So long he fought with the many-headed coil of Lernean serpents; and, panting, wrestled and wrang with it for life or death,—forty long stern years; and now he has it under his heel! The mountain-tops are scaled, are scaled; where the man climbed.

on sharp flinty precipices, slippery, abysmal; in darkness, seen by no kind eye,—amid the brood of dragons; and the heart, many times, was like to fail within him, in his loneliness, in his extreme need: yet he climbed, and climbed, gluing his footsteps in his blood; and now, behold, Hyperion-like he has scaled it, and on the summit shakes his glittering shafts of war! What a scene and new kingdom for him; all bathed in auroral radiance of Hope; far-stretching, solemn, joyful: what wild Memnon's music, from the depths of Nature, comes toning through the soul raised suddenly out of strangling death into victory and life! The very bystander, we think, might weep, with this Mirabeau, tears of joy.

Which, alas, will become tears of sorrow! For know, O Son of Adam (and Son of Lucifer, with that accursed ambition of thine), that they are all a delusion and piece of demonic necromancy, these same auroral splendours, enchantments and Memnon's tones! The thing thou as mortal wantest is equilibrium, what is called *rest* or *peace;* which, God knows, thou wilt never get so. Happy they that find it without such searching. But in some twenty-three months more, of blazing solar splendour and conflagration, this Mirabeau will be ashes; and lie opaque, in the Pantheon of great men (or say, French Pantheon of considerable, or even of considered and small-noisy men),—at rest nowhere, save on the lap of his mother Earth. There are to whom the gods, in their bounty, give glory; but far oftener is it given in wrath, as a curse and a poison; disturbing the whole inner health and industry of the man; leading onward through dizzy staggerings and tarantula jiggings,—towards no saint's shrine. Truly, if Death did not intervene; or still more happily, if Life and the Public were not a blockhead, and sudden unreasonable oblivion were not to follow that sudden unreasonable glory, and beneficently, though most painfully, damp it down,—one sees not where many a poor glorious man, still more many a poor glorious woman could terminate,—far short of Bedlam.

On the 4th day of May 1789, Madame de Staël, looking from a window in the main street of Versailles, amid an assembled world, as the Deputies walked in procession from the church of Nôtre-Dame to that of Saint Louis, to hear High Mass, and be constituted *States-General*, saw this: 'Among these Nobles who had been 'deputed to the Third Estate, above all others the Comte de Mira-'beau. The opinion men had of his genius was singularly aug-'mented by the fear entertained of his immorality; and yet it was 'this very immorality which straitened the influence his astonish-'ing faculties were to secure him. You could not but look long at

'this man, when once you had noticed him: his immense black 'head of hair distinguished him among them all; you would have 'said his force depended on it, like that of Samson: his face bor-'rowed new expression from its very ugliness; his whole person 'gave you the idea of an irregular power, but a power such as you 'would figure in a Tribune of the People.' Mirabeau's history through the first twenty-three months of the Revolution falls not to be written here: yet it is well worth writing somewhere. The Constituent Assembly, when his name was first read out, received it with murmurs; not knowing what they murmured at! This honourable member they were murmuring over was the member of all members; the august Constituent, without him were no Constituent at all. Very notable, truly, is his procedure in this section of world-history; by far the notablest single element there: none like to him, or second to him. Once he is seen visibly to have saved, as with his own force, the existence of the Constituent Assembly; to have turned the whole tide of things: in one of those moments which are cardinal; decisive for centuries. The royal Declaration of the *Twenty-third of June* is promulgated: there is military force enough; there is then the King's express order to disperse, to meet as separate Third Estate on the morrow. Bastilles and scaffolds may be the penalty of disobeying. Mirabeau disobeys; lifts his voice to encourage others, all pallid, panic-stricken, to disobey. Supreme Usher De Brézé enters, with the King's renewed order to depart. "Messieurs," said De Brézé, "you heard the King's order?" The Swallower of Formulas bellows-out these words, that have become memorable: "Yes, Monsieur, we heard what the King was advised to say; and you, who cannot be interpreter of his meaning to the States-General; you, who have neither vote, nor seat, nor right of speech here, you are not the man to remind us of it. Go, Monsieur, tell those who sent you, that we are here by will of the Nation; and that nothing but the force of bayonets can drive us hence!" And poor De Brézé vanishes,—back foremost, the *Fils Adoptif* says.

But this, cardinal moment though it be, is perhaps intrinsically among his smaller feats. In general, we would say once more with emphasis, He has '*humé toutes les formules.*' He goes through the Revolution like a substance and a force, not like a formula of one. While innumerable barren Sieyeses and Constitution-pedants are building, with such hammering and trowelling, their august Paper Constitution (which endured eleven months), this man looks not at cobwebs and *Social Contracts*, but at things and men, discerning what is to be done,—proceeding straight to do it. He shivers-out Usher De Brézé, back foremost, when that

is the problem. 'Marie Antoinette is charmed with him,' when it comes to that. He is the man of the Revolution, while he lives; king of it, and only with life, as we compute, would have quitted his kingship of it. Alone of all these Twelve-hundred, there is in him the faculty of a king. For, indeed, have we not seen how assiduously Destiny had shaped him all along, as with an express eye to the work now in hand? O crabbed old Friend of Men, whilst thou wert bolting this man into Isles of Rhé, Castles of If, and training him so sharply to be *thy*self, not *him*self,—how little knewest thou *what* thou wert doing! Let us add, that the brave old Marquis lived to see his son's victory over Fate and men, and rejoiced in it; and rebuked Barrel Mirabeau for controverting such a Brother Gabriel. In the invalid Chimney-nook at Argenteuil, near Paris, he sat raying-out curious observations to the last; and died three days before the Bastille fell, precisely when the *Culbute Générale* was bursting out.

But finally, the twenty-three allotted months are over. Madame de Staël, on the 4th of May 1789, saw the Roman Tribune of the People, and Samson with his long black hair: and on the 4th of April 1791, there is a Funeral Procession extending four miles: king's ministers, senators, national guards, and all Paris,—torch-light, wail of trombones and music, and the tears of men; mourning of a whole people,—such mourning as no modern people ever saw for one man. This Mirabeau's work then is done. He sleeps with the primeval giants. He has gone over to the majority: *Abiit ad plures.*

In the way of eulogy and dyslogy, and summing-up of character, there may doubtless be a great many things set forth concerning this Mirabeau; as already there has been much discussion and arguing about him, better and worse: which is proper surely; as about all manner of new things, were they much less questionable than this new giant is. The present reviewer, meanwhile, finds it suitabler to restrict himself and his exhausted readers to the three following moral reflections.

Moral reflection *first:* That, in these centuries men are not born demi-gods and perfect characters, but imperfect ones, and mere blamable men; men, namely, environed with such shortcoming and confusion of their own, and then with such adscititious scandal and misjudgment (got in the work they did), that they resemble less demi-gods than a sort of god-devils,—very imperfect characters indeed. The demi-god arrangement were the one which, at first sight, this reviewer might be inclined to prefer.

Moral reflection *second,* however: That probably men were never

born demi-gods in any century, but precisely god-devils as we see; certain of whom do become a kind of demi-gods! How many are the men, not censured, misjudged, calumniated only, but tortured, crucified, hung on gibbets,—not as god-devils even, but as devils proper; who have nevertheless grown to seem respectable, or infinitely respectable! For the thing which was *not* they, which was not anything, has fallen away piecemeal; and become avowedly babble and confused shadow, and no-thing: the thing which was they, remains. Depend on it, Harmodius and Aristogiton, as clear as they now look, had illegal plottings, conclaves at the Jacobins' Church of Athens; and very intemperate things were spoken, and also done. Thus too, Marcus Brutus and the elder Junius, are they not palpable Heroes? Their praise is in all Debating Societies; but didst thou read what the Morning Papers said of those transactions of theirs, the week after? Nay, Old Noll, whose bones were dug-up and hung in chains here at home, as the just emblem of himself and his deserts, the offal of creation at that time,—has not he too got to be a very respectable grim bronze-figure, though it is yet only a century and half since; of whom England seems proud rather than otherwise?

Moral reflection *third* and last: That neither thou nor I, good reader, had any hand in the making of this Mirabeau;—else who knows but we had objected, in *our* wisdom? But it was the Upper Powers that made him, without once consulting us; they and not we, so and not otherwise! To endeavour to understand a little what manner of Mirabeau he, so made, might be: this we, according to opportunity, have done; and therefore do now, with a lively satisfaction, take farewell of him, and leave him to prosper as he can.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.[1]

[1837.]

It appears to be, if not stated in words, yet tacitly felt and understood everywhere, that the event of these modern ages is the French Revolution. A huge explosion, bursting through all formulas and customs; confounding into wreck and chaos the ordered arrangements of earthly life; blotting-out, one may say, the very firmament and skyey loadstars,—though only for a season. Once in the fifteen-hundred years such a thing was ordained to come. To those who stood present in the actual midst of that smoke and thunder, the effect might well be too violent: blinding and deafening, into confused exasperation, almost into madness. These onlookers have played their part, were it with the printing press or with the battle-cannon, and are departed; their work, such as it was, remaining behind them;—where the French Revolution also remains. And now, for us who have receded to the distance of some half-century, the explosion becomes a thing visible, surveyable: we see its flame and sulphur smoke blend with the clear air (far *under* the stars); and hear its uproar as part of the sick noise of life,—loud, indeed, yet embosomed too, as all noise is, in the infinite of silence. It is an event which can be looked on; which may still be execrated, still be celebrated and psalmodied; but which it were better now to begin understanding. Really there are innumerable reasons why we ought to know this same French Revolution as it was: of which reasons (apart altogether from that of 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' and so forth), is there not

[1] London and Westminster Review, No. 9.—*Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution Française; ou Journal des Assemblées Nationales depuis* 1789 *jusqu'en* 1815: *contenant la Narration des Evénemens, les Débats, &c. &c.* (Parliamentary History of the French Revolution; or Journal of the National Assemblies from 1789 to 1815: containing a Narrative of the Occurrences; Debates of the Assemblies; Discussions in the chief Popular Societies, especially in that of the Jacobins; Records of the Commune of Paris; Sessions of the Revolutionary Tribunal; Reports of the leading Political Trials; Detail of the Annual Budgets; Picture of the Moral Movement, extracted from the Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. of each Period: preceded by an Introduction on the History of France till the Convocation of the States-General.) By P. J. B. Buchez and P. C. Roux. Tomes 1er–23me et seq. Paris, 1833-1836.

the best summary in this one reason, that we so *wish* to know it? Considering the qualities of the matter, one may perhaps reasonably feel that since the time of the Crusades, or earlier, there is no chapter of history so well worth studying.

Stated or not, we say, this persuasion is tacitly admitted, and acted upon. In these days everywhere you find it one of the most pressing duties for the writing guild, to produce history on history of the French Revolution. In France it would almost seem as if the young author felt that he must make this his proof shot, and evidence of craftsmanship: accordingly they do fire-off *Histoires*, *Précis of Histoires*, *Annales*, *Fastes* (to say nothing of Historical Novels, *Gil Blases*, *Dantons*, *Barnaves*, *Grangeneuves*), in rapid succession, with or without effect. At all events it is curious to look upon: curious to contrast the picturing of the same fact by the men of this generation and position with the picturing of it by the men of the last. From Barruel and Fantin Desodoards to Thiers and Mignet there is a distance! Each individual takes up the Phenomenon according to his own point of vision, to the structure of his optic organs;—gives, consciously, some poor crochety picture of several things; unconsciously some picture of himself at least. And the Phenomenon, for its part, subsists there, all the while, unaltered; waiting to be pictured as often as you like, its entire meaning not to be compressed into any picture drawn by man.

Thiers's *History*, in ten volumes foolscap-octavo, contains, if we remember rightly, one reference; and that to a book, not to the page or chapter of a book. It has for these last seven or eight years, a wide or even high reputation; which latter it is as far as possible from meriting. A superficial air of order, of clearness, calm candour, is spread over the work; but inwardly, it is waste, inorganic; no human head that honestly tries can conceive the French Revolution *so*. A critic of our acquaintance undertook, by way of bet, to find four errors per hour in Thiers: he won amply on the first trial or two.[1] And yet readers (we must add) taking all this along with them, may peruse Thiers with comfort in certain circumstances, nay even with profit; for he is a brisk man of his sort; and does tell you much, if you knew nothing.

Mignet's, again, is a much more honestly written book; yet also an eminently unsatisfactory one. His two volumes contain far

[1] Thiers says, 'Notables consented with eagerness' (vol i. p. 10), whereas they properly did not consent at all; 'Parlement recalled on the 10th of September' (for the 15th); and then 'Séance Royale took place on the 20th of the same month' (19th of quite a different month, not the same, nor next to the same); 'D'Espremenil a young Counsellor' (of forty and odd); 'Duport a young man' (turned of sixty), &c. &c.

more meditation and investigation in them than Thiers's ten: their degree of preferability therefore is very high; for it may be said Call a book diffuse, and you call it in all senses bad, the writer could not find the right word to say, and so said many more or less wrong ones, did not hit the nail on the head, only smote and bungled about it and about it Mignet's book has a compactness, a rigour, as of riveted rods of iron. this also is an image of what symmetry it has,—symmetry, if not of a living earth born Tree, yet of a firm well manufactured Gridiron. Without life, without colour or verdure. that is to say, Mignet is heartily and altogether a *prosaist*, you are too happy that he is not a *quack* as well! It is very mortifying, also, to study his philosophical reflections, how he jingles and rumbles a quantity of mere abstractions and dead logical formulas, and calls it Thinking,—rumbles and rumbles, till he judges there may be enough, then begins again narrating As thus

'The Constitution of 1791 was made on such principles as had resulted from the ideas and the situation of France. It was the work of the middle class which chanced to be the strongest then for, as is well known, whatever force has the lead will fashion the institutions according to its own aims. Now this force, when it belongs to one, is despotism, when to several it is privilege, when to all, it is right· which latter state is the ultimatum of society, as it was its beginning France had finally arrived thither, after passing through feudalism, which is the aristocratic institution, and then through absolutism, which is the monarchic one.

'The work of the Constituent Assembly perished, not so much by its own defects as by the assaults of factions Standing between the aristocracy and the multitude, it was attacked by the former, and stormed and won by the latter The multitude would never have become supreme, had not civil war and the coalition of foreign states rendered its intervention and help indispensable To defend the country the multitude required to have the governing of it thereupon (*alors*) it made *its* revolution, as the middle class had made its The multitude too had its *Fourteenth of July*, which was the *Tenth of August*, its Constituent, which was the Convention, its Government, which was the Committee of *Salut Public*, but, as we shall see, &c [1]

Or thus, for there is the like at the end of every chapter

'But royalty had virtually fallen, on the Tenth of August, that day was the insurrection of the multitude against the middle class and constitutional throne, as the Fourteenth of July had been the insurrection of the middle classes against the privileged classes and an absolute throne The Tenth of August witnessed the commencement of the dictatorial and arbitrary epoch of the Revolution. Circumstances becoming more and more difficult, there arose a vast war, which required increased energy, and this energy, unregulated, inasmuch as it was popular, rendered the sway of the lower class an unquiet, oppressive and cruel sway' 'It was not any way possible that the *Bourgeoisie* (middle class), which had been strong enough

[1] Chap iv. vol i. p. 271.

to strike-down the old government and the privileged classes, but which had taken to repose after this victory, could repulse the Emigration and united Europe. There was needed for that a new shock, a new faith; there was needed for that a new Class, numerous, ardent, not yet fatigued, and which loved its Tenth of August, as the Burgherhood loved its Fourteenth of,' &c. &c.[1]

So uncommonly *lively* are these Abstractions (at bottom only occurrences, similitudes, days of the month, and such like), which rumble here in the historical head! Abstractions really of the most lively, insurrectionary character; nay, which produce offspring, and indeed are oftenest parricidally devoured thereby:—such is the jingling and rumbling which calls itself Thinking. Nearly so, though with greater effect, might algebraical x's go rumbling in some Pascal's or Babbage's mill. Just so, indeed, do the Kalmuck people pray: quantities of written prayers are put in some rotary pipkin or calabash (hung on a tree, or going like the small barrel-churn of agricultural districts); this the devotee has only to whirl and churn; so long as he whirls, it is prayer; when he ceases whirling, the prayer is done. Alas! this is a sore error, very generally, among French thinkers of the present time. One ought to add, that Mignet takes his place at the head of that brotherhood of his; that his little book, though abounding too in errors of detail, better deserves what place it has than any other of recent date.

The older Desodoardses, Barruels, Lacretelles, and such like, exist, but will hardly profit much. Toulongeon, a man of talent and integrity, is very vague; often incorrect for an eye-witness; his military details used to be reckoned valuable; but, we suppose, Jomini has eclipsed them now. The Abbé Montgaillard has shrewdness, decision, insight; abounds in anecdotes, strange facts and reports of facts: his book being written in the form of Annals, is convenient for consulting. For the rest, he is acrid, exaggerated, occasionally altogether perverse; and, with his hastes and his hatreds, falls into the strangest hallucination;—as, for example, when he coolly records that 'Madame de Staël, Necker's daughter, 'was seen (*on vit*) distributing brandy to the *Gardes Françaises* in 'their barracks;' that 'D'Orleans Egalité had a pair of *man*-skin 'breeches,'—leather breeches, of human skin, such as they did prepare in the tannery of Meudon, but *too late* for D'Orleans! The history by *Deux Amis de Liberté*, if the reader secure the original edition, is perhaps worth all the others; and offers (at least till 1792, after which it becomes convulsive, semi-fatuous, here and there, in the remaining dozen volumes) the best, correctest, most

[1] Chap. v. vol. i. p. 371.

picturesque narrative yet published. It is very correct, very picturesque; wants only *fore-shortening*, shadow and compression; a work of decided merit; the authors of it, what is singular, appear not to be known.

Finally, our English histories do likewise abound, copious if not in facts, yet in reflections on facts. They will prove to the most incredulous that this French Revolution was, as Chamfort said, no 'rose-water Revolution;' that the universal insurrectionary abrogation of law and custom was managed in a most unlawful, uncustomary manner. He who wishes to know how a solid *Custos rotulorum*, speculating over his port after dinner, interprets the phenomena of contemporary Universal History, may look in these books: he who does not wish that, need not look.

On the whole, after all these writings and printings, the weight of which would sink an Indiaman, there are, perhaps, only some three publications hitherto that can be considered as forwarding essentially a right knowledge of this matter. The *first* of these is the *Analyse du Moniteur*, complete expository Index, and Syllabus of the Moniteur Newspaper from 1789 to 1799; a work carrying its significance in its title;—provided it be faithfully executed; which it is well known to be. Along with this we may mention the series of Portraits, a hundred in number, published with the original edition of it: many of them understood to be accurate likenesses. The natural face of a man is often worth more than several biographies of him, as biographies are written. These hundred Portraits have been copied into a book called *Scènes de la Révolution*, which contains other pictures, of small value, and some not useless writing by Chamfort; and are often to be found in libraries. A republication of Vernet's Caricatures[1] would be a most acceptable service, but has not been thought of hitherto. The *second* work to be counted here is the *Choix des Rapports, Opinions et Discours*, in some twenty volumes, with an excellent index: parliamentary speeches, reports, &c. are furnished in abundance; complete illustration of all that this Senatorial province (rather a wearisome one) can illustrate. *Thirdly*, we have to name the Collection of *Memoirs*, completed several years ago, in above a hundred volumes. Booksellers Baudouin, Editors Berville and Barrière, have done their utmost; adding notes, explanations, rectifications, with portraits also if you like: *Louvet*, *Riouffe* and the two volumes of *Memoirs on the Prisons* are the most attractive pieces. This Baudouin Collection, therefore, joins itself to that of Petitot, as a natural sequel.

And now a *fourth* work, which follows in the train of these,

[1] See *Mercier's Nouveau Paris*, vol. iv. p. 254.

and deserves to be reckoned along with them, is this *Histoire Parlementaire* of Messieurs Buchez and Roux. The Authors are men of ability and repute; Buchez, if we mistake not, is Dr. Buchez, and practises medicine with acceptance; Roux is known as an essayist and journalist: they once listened a little to Saint-Simon, but it was before Saint-Simonism called itself 'a religion,' and vanished in Bedlam. We have understood there is a certain bibliomaniac military gentleman in Paris, who in the course of years has amassed the most astonishing collection of revolutionary ware: books, pamphlets, newspapers, even sheets and handbills, ephemeral printings and paintings, such as the day brought them forth, lie there without end.[1] Into this warehouse, as indeed into all manner of other repositories, Messrs. Buchez and Roux have happily found access: the *Histoire Parlementaire* is the fruit of their labours there. A Number, two forming a Volume, is published every fortnight: we have the first Twenty-two Volumes before us, which bring-down the narrative to January 1793; there must be several other Volumes out, which we have not yet seen. Conceive a judicious compilation with such resources. Parliamentary Debates, in summary, or (where the occasion warrants it) given at large; this is by no means the most interesting part of the matter: we have excerpts, notices, hints of all imaginable sorts; of Newspapers, of Pamphlets, of Sectionary and Municipal Records, of the Jacobins' Club, of Placard-journals, nay of Placards and Caricatures. No livelier emblem of the time, in its actual movement and tumult, could be presented. The Editors connect these fragments by expositions such as are needful; so that a reader coming unprepared to the work can still know what he is about. Their expositions, as we can testify, are handsomely done: but altogether apart from these, the excerpts themselves are the valuable thing. The scissors, in such a case, are independent of the pen. One of the most interesting English biographies we have is that long thin Folio on Oliver Cromwell, published some five-and-twenty years ago, where the editor has merely clipt-out from the contemporary newspapers whatsoever article, paragraph, or sentence he found to contain the name of Old Noll, and printed them in the order of their dates. It is surprising that the like has not been attempted

[1] It is generally known that a similar collection, perhaps still larger and more curious, lies buried in the British Museum here,—inaccessible for want of a proper catalogue. Some eighteen months ago, the respectable sub-librarian seemed to be working at such a thing: by respectful application to him, you could gain access to his room, and have the satisfaction of mounting on ladders, and reading the outside titles of his books, which was a great help. Otherwise you could not in many weeks ascertain so much as the table of contents of this repository; and, after days of weary waiting, dusty rummaging, and sickness of hope deferred, gave-up the enterprise as a 'game not worth the candle.'

in other cases. Had seven of the eight Translators of Faust, and seventy-times-seven of the four-hundred-fourscore-and-ten Imaginative Authors, but thrown-down the writing-instrument, and turned to the old newspaper-files judiciously with the cutting one!

We can testify, after not a little examination, that the Editors of the *Histoire Parlementaire* are men of fidelity, of diligence; that their accuracy in regard to facts, dates and so forth, is far beyond the average. Of course they have their own opinions, prepossessions even; but these are honest prepossessions, which they do not hide; which one can estimate the force of, allow for the result of. Wilful falsification, did the possibility of it lie in their character, is otherwise out of the question. But, indeed, our Editors are men of earnestness, of strict principle; of a faith, were it only in the republican Tricolor. Their democratic faith, truly, is palpable, thorough-going; as it has a right to be, in these days, since it likes. The thing you have to praise, however, is that it is a quiet faith, never an hysterical one; never expresses itself otherwise than with a becoming calmness, especially with a becoming brevity. The hoarse deep croak of Marat, the brilliant sharp-cutting gaiety of Desmoulins, the dull bluster of Prudhomme, the cackling garrulity of Brissot, all is welcomed with a cold gravity and brevity; all is illustrative, if not of one thing, then of another. Nor are the royalist Royous, Suleaus, Peltiers forgotten: *Acts of the Apostles*, *King's Friend*, nor *Crowing of the Cock:* these, indeed, are more sparingly administered; but at the right time, as is promised, we shall have more. In a word, it may be said of this *Histoire Parlementaire*, that the wide promise held-out in its title-page is really in some respectable measure fulfilled. With a fit Index to wind it up (which Index ought to be not good only but excellent, so much depends on it here), this Work bids fair to be one of the most important yet published on the History of the Revolution. No library, that professes to have a collection in this sort, can dispense with it.

A *Histoire Parlementaire* is precisely the house, or say rather, the unbuilt city, of which the single brick *can* form a specimen. In so rich a variety, the only difficulty is where to choose. We have scenes of tragedy, of comedy, of farce, of farce-tragedy oftenest of all; there is eloquence, gravity; there is bluster, bombast and absurdity: scenes tender, scenes barbarous, spirit-stirring, and then flatly wearisome: a thing waste, incoherent, wild to look upon; but great with the greatness of reality; for the thing exhibited is no vision, but a fact. Let us, as the first excerpt, give this tragedy of old Foulon, which all the world has heard of, perhaps not very accurately. Foulon's life drama, with its hasty cruel

sayings and mean doings, with its thousandfold intrigues, and 'the people eating grass if they like,' ends in this miserable manner. It is the Editors themselves who speak; compiling from various sources:

'Towards five in the morning (Paris, 22d July 1789), M. Foulon was brought in; he had been arrested at Vitry, near Fontainebleau, by the peasants of the place. Doubtless this man thought himself very guilty towards the people' (say, very hateful); 'for he had spread-abroad a report of his death; and had even buried one of his servants, who happened to die then, under his own name. He had afterwards hidden himself in an estate of M. de Sartines'; where he was detected and seized.

'M. Foulon was taken to the Hôtel-de-Ville, where they made him wait. Towards nine o'clock, the assembled Committee had decided that he should be sent to the Abbaye prison. M. de Lafayette was sent for, that he might execute this order; he was abroad over the Districts: he could not be found. During this time a crowd collected in the square; and required to see Foulon. It was noon: M. Bailly came down; the people listened to him; but still persisted. In the end they penetrated into the great hall of the Hôtel-de-Ville; would see Foulon, "whom," say they, "you are wanting to smuggle-off from justice." Foulon was presented to them. Then began this remarkable dialogue. M. de la Poize, an Elector: "Messieurs, every guilty person should be judged." "Yes, judged directly, and then hanged."—M. Osselin: "To judge, one must have judges; let us send M. Foulon to the tribunals." "No, no," replied the people; "judge him just now."—"Since you will not have the common judges," said M. Osselin, "it is indispensable to appoint others." "Well, judge him yourselves."—"We have no right either to judge or to create judges; do you name them." "Well," cried the people, "M. le Curé of Saint-Etienne then, and M. le Curé of Saint-André."—Osselin: "Two judges are not enough; there needs seven." Thereupon the people named Messrs. Quatremere, Varangue, &c. "Here are seven judges indeed," said Osselin; "but we still want a clerk." "Be you clerk."—"A king's Attorney." "Let it be M. Duveyrier."—"Of what crime is M. Foulon accused?" asked Duveyrier. "He wished to harass the people: he said he would make them eat grass; he was in the plot; he was for national bankruptcy; he bought-up corn." The two curates then rose, and declared that they refused to judge; the laws of the church not permitting them. "They are right," said some. "They are cozening us," said others; "and the prisoner all the while is making his escape." At these words there rose a frightful tumult in the Hall. "Messieurs," said an Elector, "name four of yourselves to guard him." Four men accordingly were chosen; sent into the neighbouring apartment, where Foulon was. "But will you judge, then?" cried the crowd. "Messieurs, you see there are two judges wanting."—"We name M. Bailly and M. Lafayette." "But M. Lafayette is absent; one must either wait for him, or name some other."—"Well, then, name directly, and do it yourself."

'At length the Electors agreed to proceed to judgment; Foulon was again brought in. The foremost part of the crowd joined hands, and formed a chain several ranks deep, in the middle of which he was received. At this moment M. Lafayette came in; went and took his place at the board among the Electors; and then addressed to the people a discourse, of which the *Ami du Roi* and the Records of the Town-hall, the two authorities we borrow from here, give different reports.'

Lafayette's speech, according to both versions, is to the effect that Foulon is guilty; but that he doubtless has accomplices; that he must be taken to the Abbaye prison, and investigated there. "Yes, yes, to prison! Off with him, off!" cried the crowd. The *Deux Amis* add another not insignificant circumstance, that poor Foulon himself, hearing this conclusion of Lafayette's, clapped hands; whereupon the crowd said, "See! they are both in a story!" Our Editors continue and conclude:

'At this moment there rose a great clamour in the square. "It is the Palais Royal coming," said one. "It is the Faubourg Saint-Antoine," said another. Then a well-dressed person (*homme bien mis*) advanced towards the board, and said, "*Vous vous moquez!* What is the use of judging a man who has been judged these thirty years?" At this word, Foulon was clutched; hurled-out to the square; and finally tied to the fatal rope, which hung from the *Lanterne* at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie. The rope was afterwards cut; the head was put on a pike, and paraded,'—with 'grass' in the mouth of it, they might have added![1]

The *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*, Camille Desmoulins's Newspaper, furnishes numerous extracts, in the earlier Volumes; always of a remarkable kind. This *Procureur Général de la Lanterne* has a place of his own in the history of the Revolution; there are not many notabler persons in it than he. A light harmless creature; as he says of himself, 'a man born to write verses;' but whom Destiny directed to overthrow Bastilles, and go to the guillotine for doing that. How such a man will comport himself in a French Revolution, as he from time to time turns-up there, is worth seeing. Of loose headlong character; a man stuttering in speech; stuttering, infirm in conduct too, till one huge idea laid hold of him: a man for whom Art, Fortune or himself would never do much, but to whom Nature had been very kind! One meets him always with a sort of forgiveness, almost of underhand love, as for a prodigal son. He has good gifts, and even acquirements; elegant law-scholarship, quick sense, the freest joyful heart: a fellow of endless wit, clearness, soft lambent brilliancy; on any subject you can listen to him, if without approving, yet without yawning. As a writer, in fact, there is nothing French, that we have heard of, superior or equal to him for these fifty years.. Probably some French editor, some day or other, will *sift* that journalistic rubbish, and produce out of it, in small neat compass, a *Life and Remains* of this poor Camille. We pick-up three light fractions, illustrative of him and of the things he moved in: they relate to the famous Fifth of October (1789), when the women rose in insurrection. The Palais Royal and Marquis Saint-

[1] Vol. ii. p. 148.

Huruge have been busy on the King's *veto*, and Lally Tollendal's proposal of an upper house:

'Was the Palais Royal so far wrong,' says Camille, 'to cry out against such things? I know that the Palais-Royal Promenade is strangely miscellaneous; that pickpockets frequently employ the *liberty of the press* there, and many a zealous patriot has lost his handkerchief in the fire of debate. But, for all that, I must bear honourable testimony to the promenaders in this Lyceum and Stoa. The Palais-Royal Garden is the focus of patriotism: there do the chosen patriots rendezvous, who have left their hearths and their provinces to witness this magnificent spectacle of the Revolution of 1789, and not to witness without aiding in it. They are Frenchmen; they have an interest in the Constitution, and a right to concur in it. How many Parisians too, instead of going to their Districts, find it shorter to come at once to the Palais Royal? Here you have not to ask a President if you may speak, and wait two hours till your turn comes. You propose your motion; if it find supporters, they set you on a chair: if you are applauded, you proceed to the redaction; if you are hissed, you go your ways. It is very much the mode the Romans followed; their Forum and our Palais Royal resemble one another.'[1]

Then, a few days farther on,—the celebrated military dinner at Versailles, with the white cockades, black cockades, and '*O Richard, O mon Roi!*' having been transacted:

'*Paris, Sunday 4th October.* The King's Wife had been so gratified with it, that this *brotherly repast* of Thursday must needs be repeated. It was so on the Saturday, and with aggravations. Our patience was worn out: you may suppose whatever patriot observers there were at Versailles hastened to Paris with the news, or at least sent-off despatches containing them. That same day (Saturday evening) all Paris set itself astir. It was a lady, first, who, seeing that her husband was not listened-to at his District, came to the bar of the Café de Foi, to denounce the anti national cockades. M. Marat flies to Versailles; returns like lightning; makes a noise like the four blasts of doom, crying to us, Awake, ye dead! Danton, on his side, sounds the alarm in the *Cordeliers*. On Sunday this immortal Cordeliers District posts its manifesto; and that very day they would have gone to Versailles, had not M. Crevecœur, their commandant, stood in the way. People seek-out their arms, however; sally-out to the streets, in chase of anti-national cockades. The law of reprisals is in force; these cockades are torn off, trampled under foot, with menace of the *Lanterne* in case of relapse. A military gentleman, picking-up his cockade, is for fastening it on again; a hundred canes start into the air, saying *Veto*. The whole Sunday passes in hunting-down the white and the black cockades; in holding council at the Palais Royal, over the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, at the end of Bridges, on the Quais. At the doors of the coffee-houses, there arise free conferences between the Upper House, of the coats that are within, and the Lower House, of jackets and wool-caps, assembled *extra muros*. It is agreed upon that the audacity of the aristocrats increases rapidly; that Madame Villepatour and the Queen's women are distributing enormous white cockades to all comers in the Œil-de-Bœuf; that M. Lecointre, having refused to take one from their hands, has all but been assassinated. It is agreed upon that we have not a moment to lose; that

[1] Vol. ii. p. 414.

the boat which used to bring us flour from Corbeil morning and evening, now comes only once in two days:—do they plan to make their attack at the moment when they have kept us for eight-and-forty hours in a fasting state? It is agreed upon,' &c.[1]

—We hasten to the catastrophe, which arrives on the morrow. It is related elsewhere, in another leading article:

'At break of day, the women rush towards the Hôtel-de-Ville. All the way, they recruit fresh hands, among their own sex, to march with them; as sailors are recruited at London: there is an active press of women. The Quai de la Ferraille is covered with female crimps. The robust kitchen-maid, the slim mantua-maker, all must go to swell the phalanx; the ancient devotee, tripping to mass in the dawn, sees herself for the first time carried off, and shrieks *Help!* whilst more than one of the younger sort secretly is not so sorry at going, without mother or mistress, to Versailles to pay her respects to the august Assembly. At the same time, for the accuracy of this narrative, I must remark that these women, at least the battalion of them which encamped that night in the Assembly Hall, and had marched under the flag of M. Maillard, had among themselves a Presidentess and Staff; and that every woman, on being borrowed from her mother or husband, was presented to the Presidentess or some of her aides-de-camp, who engaged to watch over her morality, and insure her honour for this day.

'Once arrived on the Place de Grêve, these women piously begin letting-down the *Lanterne;* as in great calamities, you let down the shrine of Saint Geneviève. Next they are for mounting into the Hôtel-de-Ville. The Commandant had been forewarned of this movement; he knew that all insurrections have begun by women, whose maternal bosom the bayonet of the satellites of despotism respects. Four-thousand soldiers presented a front bristling with bayonets; kept them back from the step: but behind these women there rose and grew every moment a nucleus of men, armed with pikes, axes, bills; blood is about to flow on the place; the presence of these Sabine women hindered it. The National Guard, which is not purely a machine, as the Minister of War would have the soldier be, makes use of its reason. It discerns that these women, now for Versailles, are going to the root of the mischief. The four-thousand Guards, already getting saluted with stones, think it reasonablest to open a passage; and, like waters through a broken dike, the floods of the multitude inundate the Hôtel-de-Ville.

'It is a picture interesting to paint, and one of the greatest in the Revolution, this same army of ten-thousand Judiths setting forth to cut-off the head of Holofernes; forcing the Hôtel-de-Ville; arming themselves with whatever they can lay hands on; some tying ropes to the cannon-trains, arresting carts, loading them with artillery, with powder and balls for the Versailles National Guard, which is left without ammunition; others driving-on the horses, or seated on cannon, holding the redoubtable match; seeking for their generalissimo, not aristocrats with epaulettes, but Conquerors of the Bastille!'[2]

So far Camille on veto, scarcity and the Insurrection of Women, in the end of 1789. As it is not fit that all our scenes should be of tragedy or low-tragedy, the reader will perhaps consent now to a touch of the moral-sublime. Let him enter the Hall of the Ja-

[1] Vol. iii. p. 63. [2] Ibid. p. 110.

cobins with us. All men have heard of the Jacobins' Club; but not all would think of looking for comedy or the moral-sublime there. Nevertheless so it is. Ah! the sublime of the Jacobins was not always of the *blue*-light pandemonial sort; far otherwise once! We will give this passage from the *Journal of the Jacobins' Debates;* not as one of the best, but as one of the pleasantest for English readers. Fancy that high Hall, with its seats for fifteen-hundred, 'rising in amphitheatre to the cornice of the dome;' its Tribune elevated to mid air; Galleries and Ladies' Gallery full; President seated; shrill *Huissiers* perambulating with their rods and liveries, sounding forth "*Silence! Silence!*" Consider that it is the 18th of December 1791 (free monarchic constitution solemnly accepted six weeks ago); and read:

'The confluence of strangers was so great that besides the new gallery erected for them, the old ones were quite full, as well as those on the opposite side of the Hall; and nevertheless a great multitude of citizens who could not find room or admittance on any terms.

'The reading of the announcements and select correspondence was scarcely begun, when the Hall resounded with applauses at the entrance of the three united Flags, of the English, the American and French Nation, which were to be placed in the Hall; as the Society of *Friends of the Revolution* in London had placed them in theirs.

'Cries of "Liberty forever! The Nation forever! The three Free Peoples of the Universe forever (*Vivent les trois peuples libres de l'univers*)!" are re-echoed with enthusiasm by the galleries and visitors: the expression, no less sincere than lively, of that ardour, of that love for Equality and Brotherhood, which Nature has engraved in the hearts of all men; and which nothing but the continued efforts of despots, in all classes, have managed to efface more or less.

'A Deputation of Ladies is introduced; Ladies accustomed to honour the galleries with their presence: they had solicited permission to offer a pledge of their enthusiasm for Liberty to the Constitutional Whig, who came lately to the National Assembly with the congratulation of this class of free Englishmen.

'The Deputation enters, amid the applauses of the meeting: a young Citizeness carries in her hand the Gift of these Ladies, lays it on the President's table, while the Lady-Deputies mount to the Tribune, to pronounce the following discourse.

'*The Lady-speaker.* We are not Roman Dames; we bring no jewels; but a tribute of gratitude for the feelings you have inspired us with. A Constitutional Whig (*Wigh*), a Brother, an Englishman, formed, few days ago, the object of one of your sweetest unitings (*étreintes*). What a charm had that picture! Souls of sensibility were struck with it; our hearts are yet full of emotion (*Applause*). This day you afford to that Brother, and to yourselves, a new enjoyment: you suspend to the dome of our temple three Flags, American, English, French.

'*From all sides.* The Three Nations, *Vivent les trois nations! Vive la Liberté!*

'*Lady-speaker.* The union of the Three free Peoples is to be cemented: forbid not us also, Messieurs, to contribute towards that. Your pure feelings prescribe it for us as a duty. Messieurs, accept a garland.—And you,

English Brother, accept another from the hands of innocence: it is the work of sisterhood; friendship gives it you. Receive also, O good Patriot, in the name of the French *Citoyennes* who are here, this Ark of Alliance, which we have brought for our brethren the Constitutional Whigs (*Wighs*): within it are enclosed the Map of France, divided into eighty-three departments; the Cap of Liberty (*Applause*); the Book of the French Constitution; a Civic Crown; some Ears of Wheat (*Applause*); three Flags; a National Cockade; and these words in the two languages, *To live free or die.*

'*The whole Hall.* To live free or die!

'*Lady-speaker.* Let this immortal homage done to Liberty be, for the English and the French, a sacred pledge of their union. Forget not to tell our brothers how you have received it. Let it be deposited with the brotherliest ceremonial! Invite all Englishmen to participate in this family act. Let it be precious to them as Nature herself.—Tell your wives, repeat to your children, that innocent maids, faithful spouses, tender mothers, after having done their household duties, and contributed to make their families and husbands happy, came and made this offering to their Country. Let one cry of gladness peal over Europe; let it roll across the waters to America. Hark! Amid the echoes, Philadelphia and the Far West repeat like us, *Liberty forever!*

'*The whole Hall.* Liberty forever!

'*Lady-speaker.* Tyrants! your enemies declare themselves. Nations will no longer battle with each other; straitly united, they will possess all Languages, and make of them but one Language. Strong in their Freedom they will be inseparable forever.—

'Universal applauses: the Hall resounds long with cries, repeated by the Galleries and the Society, of *Vive la Nation, vive la Liberté!* The Three Nations! The Patriot Women!

'*M. de la Source, Vice-president.* Since Nature has willed that the world should owe to you its sweetest moments, this enthusiasm of yours with which you fill all hearts shall never be lost, never forgotten in the flight of ages: it stands engraved on our hearts in indelible characters.—(*Then turning to the Deputies of the Whigs.*) As for you, Brothers, tell your countrymen what we are; tell them that in France the women too can love their country and show themselves worthy of Liberty; tell them that the union, of which you see the emblems, shall be imperishable as the Free Peoples are; that we have henceforth only one sort of bonds, the bonds which unite us to the Free, and that these shall be eternal as virtue.

'*The Whig Deputy.* Mesdames and M. le Président, I really am not prepared to make a speech' (how true to the "leg-of-mutton or postprandial style!")—'for really I did not expect such a reception; but I hope you will excuse me. I have written to England, I have described the reception I met with here: I have had answers, but not from our Society, because that requires time; the Society must meet first and then answer.—I wish it were in my power' (postprandially!) 'to express what my heart feels. This feeling towards you is not the work of a day, but indeed that of a year (!), for in August last, our Society wrote to M. Pétion, who, however, assures me that the Letter never reached him; and therefore—'[1]

—and so on, in the postprandial style; bringing down matters to

[1] Tome xii. 379.

the solid business-level again. Few readers, it is to be expected, have witnessed on the unelastic stage of mere Earth anything so dramatic as this.

We terminate with a scene of a very different complexion, though but some few months farther on, that is to say in *September* 1792! Félémhesi (anagram for *Méhée Fils*), in his *Vérité toute entière*, a Pamphlet really more veracious than most, thus testifies, after a good deal of preambling:

'I was going to my post about half-past two' (Sunday the 2d of September, tocsins all ringing, and Brunswick just at hand); 'I was passing along the Rue Dauphine; suddenly I hear hisses. I look, I observe four hackney-coaches, coming in a train, escorted by the Fédérés of the Departments.

'Each of these coaches contained four persons: they were individuals' (priests) 'arrested in the preceding domiciliary visits. Billaud-Varennes, Procureur-Substitute of the Commune, had just been interrogating them at the Hôtel-de-Ville; and now they were proceeding towards the Abbaye, to be provisionally detained there. A crowd is gathering; the cries and hisses redouble: one of the prisoners, doubtless out of his senses, takes fire at these murmurs, puts his arm over the coach-door, gives one of the Fédérés a stroke over the head with his cane. The Fédéré, in a rage, draws his sabre, springs on the carriage-steps, and plunges it thrice-over into the heart of his aggressor. I saw the blood come out in great jets. "Kill every one of them; they are scoundrels, aristocrats!" cry the people. The Fédérés all draw their sabres, and instantly kill the three companions of the one who had just perished. I saw, at this moment, a young man in a white nightgown stretch himself out of that same carriage: his countenance, expressive but pale and worn, indicated that he was very sick; he had gathered his staggering strength, and, though already wounded, was crying still, "*Grâce, grâce*, Mercy, pardon!" but in vain;—a mortal stroke united him to the lot of the others.

'This coach, which was the hindmost, now held nothing but corpses; it had not stopped during the carnage, which lasted about the space of two minutes. The crowd increases, *crescit eundo;* the yells redouble. The coaches are at the Abbaye. The corpses are hurled into the court; the twelve living prisoners dismount to enter the committee-room. Two are sacrificed on alighting; ten succeed in entering. The committee had not had time to put the slightest question, when a multitude, armed with pikes, sabres, swords and bayonets, dashes in, seizes the accused, and kills them. One prisoner, already much wounded, kept hanging by the skirts of a Committee-member, and still struggled against death.

'Three yet remained; one of whom was the Abbé Sicard, Teacher of the Deaf and Dumb. The sabres were already over his head, when Monnot, the watchmaker, flung himself before them, crying, "Kill me rather, and not this man, who is useful to our country!" These words, uttered with the fire and impetuosity of a generous soul, suspended death. Profiting by this moment of calm, Abbé Sicard and the other two were got conveyed into the back part of the room.'

Abbé Sicard, as is well known, survived; and the narrative which he also published exists,—sufficient to prove, among other things, that 'Félémhesi' had but two eyes, and his own share of

sagacity and heart; that he has misseen, miscounted, and, knowingly or unknowingly, misstated not a little,—as one poor man, in these circumstances, might. Félémhesi continues, we only inverting his arrangement somewhat:

'Twelve scoundrels, presided by Maillard, with whom they had probably combined this project beforehand, find themselves "by chance" among the crowd; and now, being well-known one to another, they unite themselves "in the name of the sovereign people," whether it were of their own private audacity, or that they had secretly received superior orders. They lay hold of the prison-registers, and turn them over; the turnkeys fall a trembling; the jailor's wife and the jailor faint; the prison is surrounded by furious men; there is shouting, clamouring: the door is assaulted, like to be forced; when one of the Committee-members presents himself at the outer gate, and begs audience: his signs obtain a moment of silence; the doors open, he advances, gets a chair, mounts on it, and speaks: "Comrades, friends," said he, "you are good patriots; your resentment is just. Open war to the enemies of the common good; neither truce nor mercy; it is a war to the death! I feel, like you, that they must all perish. And yet, if you are good citizens, you must love justice. There is not one of you but would shudder at the notion of shedding innocent blood." "Yes, yes!" reply the people.—"Well, then, I ask of you if, without inquiry or investigation, you fling yourselves like mad tigers on your fellowmen——?" Here the speaker is interrupted by one of the crowd, who, with a bloody sabre in his hand, his eyes glancing with rage, cleaves the press, and refutes him in these terms: "Tell us, Monsieur le Citoyen, explain to us then, would the *sacrés gueux* of Prussians and Austrians, if they were at Paris, investigate for the guilty? Would they not cut to the right and left, as the Swiss on the Tenth of August did? Well! I am no speaker, I cannot stuff the ears of any one: but I tell you, I have a wife and five children, whom I leave with my Section here, while I go and fight the enemy; and it is not my bargain that the villains in this Prison, whom other villains outside will open the door to, shall go and kill my wife and children in the mean while! I have three boys, who I hope will be usefuller to their country one day than these rascals you want to save. Any way, you have but to send them out; we will give them arms, and fight them number for number. Die here, or die on the frontiers, I am sure enough to be killed by these villains, one day; but I mean to sell them my life; and, be it I, be it others, the Prison shall be purged of these *sacrés gueux là*." "He is right!" responds the general cry.'—And so the frightful 'purgation' proceeds.

'At five in the afternoon, Billaud-Varennes, Procureur-Substitute, arrives; he had on his sash, and the small puce coat and black wig we are used to see on him: walking over carcasses, he makes a short harangue to the people, and ends thus: "People, thou art sacrificing thy enemies; thou art in thy duty." This cannibal speech lends them new animation. The killers blaze-up, cry louder than ever for new victims:—how to stanch this new thirst of blood? A voice speaks from beside Billaud; it was Maillard's voice: "There is nothing more to do here; let us to the *Carmes!*" They run thither: in five minutes more, I saw them trailing corpses by the heels. A killer (I cannot say a man), in very coarse clothes, had, as it would seem, been specially commissioned to despatch the Abbé Lenfant; for, apprehensive lest the prey might be missed, he takes water, flings it on the corpses, washes their blood-smeared faces, turns them

over, and seems at last to ascertain that the Abbé Lenfant is among them.'[1]

This is the September Massacre, the last Scene we can give as a specimen. Thus, in these curious records of the *Histoire Parlementaire*, as in some Ezekiel Vision become real, does Scene after Scene disclose itself, now in rose-light, now in sulphurous black, and grow ever more fitful, dreamlike,—till the Vendémiaire Scene come, and Napoleon blow-forth his grape-shot, and Sansculottism be no more!

Touching the political and metaphysical speculations of our two Editors, we shall say little. They are of the sort we lamented in Mignet, and generally in Frenchmen of this day: a jingling of formulas;—unfruitful as that Kalmuck prayer! Perhaps the strangest-looking particular doctrine we have noticed is this: that the French Revolution was at bottom an attempt to realise Christianity, and fairly put it in action, in our world. For eighteen centuries (it is not denied) men had been doing more or less that way; but they set their shoulder rightly to the wheel, and gave a dead-lift, for the first time *then*. Good M. Roux! And yet the good Roux does mean something by this; and even something true. But a marginal annotator has written on our copy, 'For the love of Heaven, Messieurs, *humez vos formules*:' make away with your formulas; take off your facetted spectacles; open your eyes a little, and look! There is, indeed, here and there, considerable rumbling of the rotatory calabash, which rattles and rumbles, concerning Progress of the Species, *Doctrine du Progres, Exploitations, le Christ, le Verbe*, and what not; written in a vein of deep, even of intense seriousness; but profitable, one would think, to no man or woman. In this style M. Roux (for it is he, we understand) painfully composes a Preface to each Volume, and has even given a whole introductory History of France: we read some seven or eight of his first Prefaces, hoping always to get some nourishment; but seldom or never cut him open now. Fighting, in that way, behind cover, he is comparatively harmless; merely wasting you so many pence per number: happily the space he takes is small. Whoever wants to form for himself an image of the actual state of French Meditation, and under what surprising shackles a French thinking man of these days finds himself gyved, and mechanised, and reduced to the verge of *zero*, may open M. Roux's Prefaces, and see it as in an expressive summary.

We wish our two French friends all speed in their business; and do again honestly recommend this *Histoire Parlementaire* to any and all of our English friends who take interest in that subject.

[1] Vol. xviii. p. 169.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.[1]

[1838.]

AMERICAN Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is 'an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished.' True, surely: as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify! Why do men crowd towards the improved-drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked-out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-flies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thoroughfares, Whither so fast? To see dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male! Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilisation, a *soirée* of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well-lighted, thronged; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde-gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces; for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished: oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see: whom it is worth while to go and see: look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-*soirée* admits not of speech; there lies the specialty of it. A meeting together of human creatures; and yet (so high has civilisation gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not; nay there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none. For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such lion-*soirées*, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanters are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you lift his label, and read it. with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. O Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is 'an instinctive tendency in

[1] LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 12.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet.* Vols. i.–vi. Edinburgh, 1837.

men to look at any man that has become distinguished;' and, moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it, where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together? A tendency, we say, of manifold results; of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime;—which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, 'as dim-eyed animals do, towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary;' or even 'sheep-like, to run and crowd because many *have* already run!' It is, indeed, curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously huzzahs and venerates, as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jostle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright: and do there not lie, of the self-same pewter, whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheep-like quality, but something better, and indeed best: what has been called 'the perpetual fact of hero-worship;' our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these seemingly so disobedient times, 'it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has Nature 'ordered it, *that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey.* 'Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that 'a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees 'stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.' So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of 'hero-worship' was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary, and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; whereon polities, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of

great men!—In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance; cheerfully wish even lion-*soirées*, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at lowest, is proof that guineas exist, that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetite can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking-in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilised countries; and to the last, included and do still include a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the observed of all observers; a great man, or only a considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singularly circumstanced, is a 'distinguished' man! In regard to whom, therefore, the 'instinctive tendency' on other men's part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected *Life* 'by his son-in-law and literary executor' again summons the whole world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things,—why should not this Periodical Publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude: to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish; at least to wait till the Work were finished: for the Six promised Volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a Seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory, and declare that, finished

or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by that Seventh Volume; the prior Six have altered it but little;—as, indeed, a man who has written some two-hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the *Life* itself. Mr. Lockhart's known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict in general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was, does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture-forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, "There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott's appearance and transit on this earth; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us:" this was by no manner of means Mr. Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection, from that of the *Odyssey* down to *Thomas Ellwood* or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man: also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one; are so much easier to write than one. The *Odyssey*, for instance, what were the value of the *Odyssey* sold per sheet? One paper of *Pickwick;* or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation: *Odyssey* equal to *Pickwick* divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands aboveground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and emblemed forth, determines the value. Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time. Paradoxical does it seem? Woe for the age, woe for the man, quack-ridden, bespeeched, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange!—Such

we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless? One thinks, Had but the hogshead of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been *distilled*, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one *Natty Leatherstocking*, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse-writing, of diffuse-acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him, more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work *not* visibly done!—Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect and otherwise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air, and shout, "*Io Pæan!* the Devil *is* conquered;"—and, in the *mean* while, study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr. Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at: or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligibly bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His Work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More*, for instance, up to this *Life of Scott*, there is a wide range indeed! Let us take the Seven Volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other, would have shown little policy in an author. Had Mr. Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition, in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in England are better qualified to do, there can be no doubt but his readers for the time had

been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity be denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have: Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary, by whosoever has a call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat, the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense: these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations, statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely without interest, are copiously given; copiously, but with selection; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for! Various persons, name and surname, have 'received pain:' nay the very Hero of the Biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence 'personality,' 'indiscretion,' or worse, 'sanctities of private life,' &c. &c. How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, 'there are no English lives worth reading except 'those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden Re-'spectability good-day.' The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was, that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into va-

cuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum*, as we say, and wind and shadow,—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanicians), is a series of *falls*. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a biography, let the Damocles' sword of Respectability (which, after all, is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve, that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public: we joyfully accept the omen.

Perhaps then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his Work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified-ghost condition. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires may, sometimes very fairly, get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination; natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is fit that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that

they be not written at all: to produce not things but ghosts of things can never be the duty of man. The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do *it*, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will of course keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue;* nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting,—*having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope to make a biography; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the accuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected; if the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise, the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at naught, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for

its own force would not carry it far? That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence,—"That there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this, that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye; that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not the patient Biographer dwell on his *Abbots, Pirates*, and hasty theatrical scene-paintings; affectionately analysing them, as if they were Raphael pictures, time-defying *Hamlets, Othellos?* The Novel-manufactory, with its 15,000*l.* a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to Heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time; an object spreading-out before him like a sea without shore. Of *that* astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision and insight wrote it; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or purchase the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written *Life;* we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed *great* who were vastly smaller than he: as little doubt moreover that of the specially *good*, a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long

series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances; but may or may not indicate anything great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man; *showing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum!* And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your 'series of years,' quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost all on a sudden, terminates! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels, and terrestrial locks of straw! Profane Princesses cried out, "One God, one Farinelli!"—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced? In Literature too, there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities: Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out; or plays at best, in the eyes of some few, as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuality. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his *Don Quixote* in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived: he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again. Or coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed-out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating civilised Europe; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtchatka; his own 'astonishing genius,' meanwhile, producing two tragedies or so per

month: he, on the whole, blazed high enough: he too has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether; and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him: to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name 'great.' It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets: this is the highest quality to be discerned in him. His power of representing these things too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation; nothing urged him that way: the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down: his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market-labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything; nay, he did not even disbelieve; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities; the false, the semi-false and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion;' but surely it is a double woe to them that are at ease in Babel, in Domdaniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great? It seems to us there dwells

and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men!

Brother Ringletub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, He had *fire enough in his belly* to burn-up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great,—that he *have* fire in him to burn-up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world: why else is he there? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepense, become a 'friend of humanity;' nay, that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatallest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and naught. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in Nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself 'the armed Soldier of Democracy;' and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea; that, namely, of '*La carrière ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle them;' really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realise this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while: before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realised, in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men: children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn-up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner-man of Scott.

Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality, or distortion, dwelt in him; no shadow of cant.

Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life; a most robust, healthy man! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men. Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the highborn, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy: coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net total, as shown by experiment, of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is a most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible;—as Walker the *Original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *would* not, by much abstinence from soap-and-water, attain to a dirty face! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition

of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, 'all this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress.' Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly coöperative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Now all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent,—if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay, there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was Nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British Literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other Sentimentalism tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal *wind*), Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, "These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!" It is one of the cheerfullest sights, let the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birthland of his? In the saddle, with the foray-spear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout *Beardie* of Harden's time, he could have played Beardie's part; and *been* the stalwart buff-belted *terræ filius* he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout selfhelp was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed, sound-hearted man, of joyous robust temper, looking to the main chance, and fighting direct thitherward; *valde stalwartus homo!*—How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign! But indeed,

who knows how much slumbers in many men? Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocals are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal. It is even a question, whether, had not want, discomfort and distress-warrants been busy at Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerundgrinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich: those two eggs thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border-chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century; here, and not there, lay his business. Beardie of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element; how he helps himself along in it, makes it too do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to; this is the history of the life and achievements of *our* Sir Walter Scott, Baronet;—whereat we are now to glance for a little! It is a thing remarkable; a thing substantial; of joyful, victorious sort; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently; there is more to wonder at than admire; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards Literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unencumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy; nothing eminent in place, in faculty or culture, yet nothing deficient; all around is methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kind-heartedness; an element of warmth and light, of affection, industry and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature

had said withal, "Let it be a health to express itself by mind, not by body," a lameness is added in childhood; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organisation; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. 'Nature gives healthy 'children much; how much! Wise education is a wise unfolding 'of this; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord.'

Add one other circumstance: the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream-in at every pore. 'There is a country accent,' says La Rochefoucault, 'not in speech only, but in thought, conduct, character and manner of existing, which never forsakes a man.' Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter. Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott can doubt but Presbyterianism too had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has 'made a step from which it cannot retrograde.' Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a Universe, creature of an Eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a Heavenly Behest, of Duty god-commanded, over-canopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people: one may say in a more special sense, 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' Honour to all the brave and true; everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, "Let the people be taught:" this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, "Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent-digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these: no, in no

wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites; but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained *majority;* thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms: the form of hard-fisted money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there; it may utter itself, one day, as the colossal Scepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too though painful, wrestling Titan-like through doubt and inquiry towards new belief); and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired Melody of a Burns: in a word, it is there, and continues to manifest itself, in the Voice and the Work of a Nation of hardy endeavouring considering men, with whatever that may bear in it, or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and, on some sides, not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of his time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: the good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school days, college days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. "So lived an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century," may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an Autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone-out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if anywhere, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good-humour had free scope:

'An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow,

it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and, as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the housekeeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, at least so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

'It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed-up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him, in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys), with a small cocked-hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheepskin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774), for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period.'[1]

We will glance next into the '*Liddesdale Raids.*' Scott has grown-up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and Advocate: in vacation-time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory Debatable Land,—over Flodden and other fields and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours, under this eternal Sky; and gives and takes, in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whisky not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has, perhaps, been aggravated for effect's sake:

'During seven successive years,' writes Mr. Lockhart (for the Autobio-

[1] Vol. i. pp. 15, 17.

graphy has long since left us), 'Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district;—the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor public-house of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity,—even such a "rowth of auld knick-nackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;* and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches, seems very doubtful. "He was *makin' himsell* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queerness and the fun."

'"In those days," says the Memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty—at least about Liddesdale;" and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farm-house they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round "the advocate," and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

'According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont.' * * * 'They dined at Millburnholm; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were "half-glowrin," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleughhead, where ("for," says my Memorandum, "folk werena very nice in those days") the two travellers slept in one and the same bed,—as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliot (a clergyman) had already a large Ms. collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of.' * * * 'Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real *lilt*[1] of *Dick o' the Cow*. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had, "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae, and some *London* porter." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for "breakfast" on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being over, he delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail,

[1] Loud tune: German, *lallen*.

which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonsful of spirits,—though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. "Ah me," says Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himsell to everybody! He aye did as the lave did; never made himsell the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk —(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare)—but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he was *fou*, but he was never out o' gude-humour."'

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, wherein the element of whisky plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it *is* questionable, and not exemplary, whisky mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed charity hopes and conjectures, here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

'On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception, as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of "Burns's Saturday Night;" and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good-man of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was soporific," scandalised his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "By ——, here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsmen, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome *keg* mounted on the table without a moment's delay, and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued carousing about it until daylight streamed-in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg—the consternation of the dame—and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book.'[1]

From which Liddesdale *raids*, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days young advocates, and Scott

[1] Vol. i. pp. 195-199.

like the rest of them, were *alive* and alert,—whisky sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young Advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted Sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbling a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of Goethe's *Götz with the Iron Hand;*—and we have arrived at the threshold of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by Nature and Circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality and duty, legal or civic:—with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed, who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered, unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulse*; he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and *can* do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest, being also by nature our *quietest*, are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yesty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired 'taxes on knowledge' to allay it a little;—he comforted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent latent manner.[1] Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost several hundred thousand pounds sterling by Literature; but he might have been a happy and by no means a useless,—nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuller Walter! However, that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age,—an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabout, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances,—had said to himself: What man shall be the temporary

[1] Fichte, *Ueber das Wesen des Gelehrten.*

comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfit-maker, of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little? So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, What man? and found him walking the dusty Outer Parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* proved to be a well, from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us: it is a mighty word! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume; there as they looked and lived: it was like a new discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado,—or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century, in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new Literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The *Lays*, the *Marmions*, the *Ladys* and *Lords* of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with ever-widening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid-down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty and more sometimes) were printed off, then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown and apotheosis there was: all is recorded in these Seven Volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable; the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it. No blaze in his fancy is likely to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. 'Health, wealth, and wit to guide them' (as his vernacular Proverb says), all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself,—the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide circle of friends, personal loving admirers; warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can true-heartedly nestle-down among them; light of radiance and renown given only to a few: who would not call Scott happy? But the happiest cir-

cumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things showed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic; and then in the way of practice they prove true or else not true: but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn-out well? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles is the superfinest, if, when set to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itself into *holes?* They are untrue in that, were it in nothing else, these principles of his; openly convicted of untruth; —fit only, shall we say, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs? We say not that; but we do say, that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*, is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil, —may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthiness showed itself decisively in all things, and nowhere more decisively than in this: the way in which he took his fame; the estimate he from the first formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth; but the thing men call fame, what is it? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much,—except, indeed, as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleasing superfluity, no necessary of life. Not necessary, now or ever! Seemingly without much effort, but taught by Nature, and the instinct which instructs the sound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this same emblazonry of reputation; that he ought to put no trust in it; but be ready at any time to see it pass away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he escaped in this manner; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without a name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was easier to him. What a strange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men! In thy mouth it shall be sweet as honey, in thy belly it shall be bitter as gall! Some weakly-organised individual, we will say at the age of five-and-twenty, whose main or whole talent rests on some prurient susceptivity, and nothing under it but shallowness and vacuum, is clutched hold of by the general

imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height; and taught to believe the divine-seeming message that he is a great man: such individual seems the luckiest of men: and, alas, is he not the unluckiest? Swallow not the Circe-draught, O weakly-organised individual; it is fell poison; it will dry-up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched; thou shalt be wretched under the sun! Is there, for example, a sadder book than that *Life of Byron*, by Moore? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vacuum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Sitting there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created Universe; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitifullest whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture,—as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow! Lamentable, despicable,—one had rather be a kitten and cry mew! O son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art lovable, those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest *not* with, is it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory, with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them? It is not of moment; in sober truth, not of any moment at all! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely,—from *one* soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee! How is thy world become desert; and thou, for the sake of a little babblement of tongues, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent not in purse, but in heart and mind. 'The Golden Calf of self-love,' says Jean Paul, 'has grown into a burning Phalaris' Bull, to consume its owner and worshipper.' Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of Sin in this world. The man of letters who founds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named *Satan*, the Enemy), and member of the Satanic school?——

It was in this poetic period that Scott formed his connexion with the Ballantynes; and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *Vates* to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enterprise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things

might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of,—manifold higglings of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war-commissariat, in his time; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. St. George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, *Put money in thy purse.*

Here, indeed, it is to be remarked, that perhaps no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism? Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion? Be this as it may, surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott. Equally unconscious these two utterances; equally the sincere complete products of the minds they came from: and now if they were equally *deep?* Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unencumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results! Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven, it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise! The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a Universe as this of ours, have something to

speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings, burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's,—except to an age altogether languid, without either scepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary men; yet withal will recognise the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is a something, not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cants, fanaticisms, and 'last infirmity of noble minds,'—full of misery, unrest and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the Earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force, in them. This, which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and sympathised with. Considering what wretched Della-Cruscan and other vamping-up of old worn-out tatters was the staple article then, it may be granted that Scott's excellence was superior and supreme. When a Hayley was the main singer, a Scott might well be hailed with warm welcome. Consider whether the *Loves of the Plants*, and even the *Loves of the Triangles*, could be worth the loves and hates of men and women! Scott was as preferable to what he displaced, as the substance is to wearisomely repeated shadow of a substance. But, in the second place, we may say that the *kind* of worth which Scott manifested was fitted especially for the then temper of men. We have called it an age fallen into spiritual languor, destitute of belief, yet terrified at scepticism; reduced to live a stinted half-life, under strange new circumstances. Now, vigorous whole-life, this was what of all things these delineations offered. The reader was carried back to rough strong times, wherein those maladies of ours had not yet arisen. Brawny fighters, all cased in buff and iron, their hearts too sheathed in oak and triple brass, caprioled their huge war-horses, shook their death-doing spears; and went forth in the most determined manner, nothing doubting. The

reader sighed, yet not without a reflex solacement: "Oh, that I too had lived in those times, had never known these logic-cobwebs, this doubt, this sickliness; and been and felt myself alive among men alive!" Add lastly, that in this new-found poetic world there was no call for effort on the reader's part; what excellence they had, exhibited itself at a glance. It was for the reader, not the El Dorado only, but a beatific land of Cockaigne and Paradise of Donothings! The reader, what the vast majority of readers so long to do, was allowed to lie down at his ease, and be ministered to. What the Turkish bathkeeper is said to aim at with his frictions, and shampooings, and fomentings, more or less effectually, that the patient in total idleness may have the delights of activity,—was here to a considerable extent realised. The languid imagination fell back into its rest; an artist was there who could supply it with high-painted scenes, with sequences of stirring action, and whisper to it, Be at ease, and let thy tepid element be comfortable to thee. 'The rude man,' says a critic, 'requires only to see something going on. The man of more refinement must be made to feel. The man of complete refinement must be made to reflect.'

We named the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* the fountain from which flowed this great river of Metrical Romances; but according to some they can be traced to a still higher, obscurer spring; to Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand;* of which, as we have seen, Scott in his earlier days executed a translation. Dated a good many years ago, the following words in a criticism on Goethe are found written; which probably are still new to most readers of this Review:

'The works just mentioned, *Götz* and *Werter*, though noble specimens of youthful talent, are still not so much distinguished by their intrinsic merits as by their splendid fortune. It would be difficult to name two books which have exercised a deeper influence on the subsequent literature of Europe than these two performances of a young author; his first fruits, the produce of his twenty-fourth year. *Werter* appeared to seize the hearts of men in all quarters of the world, and to utter for them the word which they had long been waiting to hear. As usually happens too, this same word, once uttered, was soon abundantly repeated; spoken in all dialects, and chanted through all notes of the gamut, till the sound of it had grown a weariness rather than a pleasure. Sceptical sentimentality, view-hunting, love, friendship, suicide and desperation, became the staple of literary ware; and though the epidemic, after a long course of years, subsided in Germany, it reappeared with various modifications in other countries, and everywhere abundant traces of its good and bad effects are still to be discerned. The fortune of *Berlichingen with the Iron Hand*, though less sudden, was by no means less exalted. In his own country, *Götz*, though he now stands solitary and childless, became the parent of an innumerable progeny of chivalry plays, feudal delineations, and poetico-antiquarian per-

formances; which, though long ago deceased, made noise enough in their day and generation: and with ourselves his influence has been perhaps still more remarkable. Sir Walter Scott's first literary enterprise was a translation of *Götz von Berlichingen:* and, if genius could be communicated like instruction, we might call this work of Goethe's the prime cause of *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake*, with all that has followed from the same creative hand. Truly, a grain of seed that has lighted in the right soil! For if not firmer and fairer, it has grown to be taller and broader than any other tree; and all the nations of the earth are still yearly gathering of its fruit.'

'How far *Götz von Berlichingen* actually affected Scott's literary destination, and whether without it the rhymed romances, and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question; obscure, and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt, that these two tendencies, which may be named *Götzism* and *Werterism*, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making the tour of all Europe. In Germany too there was this affectionate half-regretful looking-back into the Past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it, before Scott began. Then as to *Werterism*, had not we English our Byron and his genus? No form of Werterism in any other country had half the potency; as our Scott carried Chivalry Literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron Werterism. France, busy with its Revolution and Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for Götzism or Werterism; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole 'Literature of Desperation' in our own days; the beggarliest form of Werterism yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a noble-gifted Chateaubriand, Götz and Werter both in one.—Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same county; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier;—and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication and boastful speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure!

But leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark, was that British Werterism, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a 'class of feelings deeply 'important to modern minds; feelings which arise from *passion* '*incapable of being converted into action*, which belong to an age as

'indolent, cultivated and unbelieving as our own!' The 'languid age without either faith or scepticism' turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar: here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery; an indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it,—which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication: an unpleasant business; which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life; Poetry had already yielded him much money; *this* at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this matter;—and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one; shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep! In the spring of 1814 appeared *Waverley;* an event memorable in the annals of British Literature; in the annals of British Bookselling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the *Don Juan* one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry-lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What 'series' followed out of *Waverley*, and how and with what result, is known to all men; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour and worldly good; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His 'Waverley series,' swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading; looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries.* A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first, most people suspected, and soon after the first, few intelligent persons much doubted, that the Author of *Waverley* was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up; rather piquant to the public; doubtless very pleasant to the author, who

saw it all; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-drawn 'clear proof at last,' that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So-and-so;—one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged Author, it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine: he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the Waverley Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the 'Author of *Waverley*' was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world.

How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances, is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit and ingenuity; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them;—as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince-Regentship itself; an almost official matter:

'On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815), the Prince said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get-up a snug little dinner that will suit him;" and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levee*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr. Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam, also, as to the composition of the party. "Let us have," said he, "just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;" and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York—the Duke of Gordon (then Mar-

quess of Huntly)—the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth)—the Earl of Fife—and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. "The Prince and Scott," says Mr. Croker, "were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table." The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain ermined sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this: Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, "Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie ower for the present:" and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms—"To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!" Having concluded this awful formula in his most sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper—"And now, Donald, my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance." The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and "I'faith, Walter," said he, "this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast—

"'The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the Morning Post?'"

'Towards midnight, the Prince called for "a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of Waverley;" and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, "Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions; but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him." He then drank-off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness, "Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of Marmion,—and now, Walter, my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*." The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as "alike

grave and graceful." This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape.' * * * 'Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment if possible still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs.'[1]

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether *unofficially* and much better described. It is James Ballantyne the printer and publisher's dinner, in Saint John Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the birtheve of a Waverley Novel:

'The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous;* an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly præses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth,

"Fill full!
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"

This was followed by "the King, God bless him!" and second came—"Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine: I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended; his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "'bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage-conspirator thrills the gallery,—"*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*"—The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence; and then Ballantyne proceeded—

"In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious"—

to lament the obscurity, in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world; to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received; and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—"the proudest hour of his life," &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *nonchalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—*The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, O!*—or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.* Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o'*

[1] Vol. iii. pp. 340-343.

maut;—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming Romance. "One chapter—one chapter only!" was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he considered as the most striking dialogue they contained.

'The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one bumper more to Jedediah Cleishbotham* preceded his parting-stave, which was uniformly *The Last Words of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.'[1]

Over at Abbotsford things wear a still more prosperous aspect. Scott is building there, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed; he has bought and is buying land there; fast as the new gold comes in for a new Waverley Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood:

'About the middle of February' (1820), says Mr. Lockhart, 'it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring,—I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket and so forth, under the clerk's gown.'—'At noon, when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament Close; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under weigh for Tweedside. As we proceeded,' &c.

'Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church-service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his Redgauntlet:—"He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame, muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years, but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of un-

[1] Vol. iv. pp. 166-168.

impaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait." Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort and the honest consequence of a confidential *grieve*[1] had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a *black-fisher*;—and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

'We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked, that "it was not every author who should lead him such a dance." But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, "This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!"—"You may say that, Sheriff," quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable—"My certy," he added, scratching his head, "and I think it will be a grand season for *our buiks* too." But indeed Tom always talked of *our buiks*, as if they had been as regular products of the soil as *our aits* and *our birks*. Having threaded first the Hexilcleugh and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation' (named Chiefswood), 'by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son in law.' * * * 'As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his "Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put-in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe.'[2]

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous: all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless 'miscellany of pilgrims. As many as 'sixteen parties' have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferney in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls 'the flesh-flies;' buzzing swarms of bluebottles, who never fail where any taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's *healthiness*, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere showed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his blue-

[1] Overseer; German, *graf*. [2] Vol. iv. pp. 349-353.

bottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall (in a very compressed state):

'We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. The,' &c.—'Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, "welled out alway."'—'Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;'—'came like a stream of poetry from his lips;'—'path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill ot this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine.'—'Impossible to touch on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it.'—'Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story.'—'In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Christabel.'—'Interspersed with these various readings, were some hundreds of stories, some quaint, some pathetical.'—'At breakfast today we had, as usual, some 150 stories—God knows how they came in.'—'In any man so gifted—so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!'—'For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table, but takes,' &c. &c.[1]

Among such worshippers, arriving in 'sixteen parties a-day,' an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no bluebottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work,—under pain of sugared *squash* (called quassia) and king's yellow! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course; enjoyed what was enjoyable in it; endured what could not well be helped; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of romance-*copy*, in preserving his composure of heart;—in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentablest way fevered his internal life, though he kept it well down: but it affected him *less* than it would have done almost any other man. For his guests were not all of the bluebottle sort; far from that, Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a British Ferney ever yielded, or is like to yield: and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:

'It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked-out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he too was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-

[1] Vol. v. pp. 375-402.

net, and attended by his Hinves, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The "Man of Feeling," however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a strong-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept *Hoddin Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, and innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

'The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet!" Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background; —Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

"What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had na mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!"

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on.

'This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers; but,

indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers;—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey, to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden-chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."[1]

'There' at Chiefswood 'my wife and I spent this summer and autumn of 1821;—the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit

[1] Vol. v. pp. 7-10.

On this subject let us report an anecdote furnished by a correspondent of our own, whose accuracy we can depend on:—'I myself was acquainted with 'a little Blenheim cocker, one of the smallest, beautifullest and wisest of lap-'dogs or dogs, which, though Sir Walter knew it not, was very singular in its 'behaviour towards him. *Shandy*, so hight this remarkable cocker, was ex-'tremely shy of strangers: promenading on Prince's Street, which in fine wea-'ther used to be crowded in those days, he seemed to live in perpetual fear of 'being stolen; if any one but looked at him admiringly, he would draw-back 'with angry timidity, and crouch towards his own lady-mistress. One day a 'tall, irregular, busy-looking man came halting by; the little dog ran towards 'him, began fawning, frisking, licking at his feet: it was Sir Walter Scott! 'Had Shandy been the most extensive reader of Reviews, he could not have 'done better. Every time he saw Sir Walter afterwards, which was some three 'or four times in the course of visiting Edinburgh, he repeated his demonstra-'tions, ran leaping, frisking, licking the Author of Waverley's feet. The good 'Sir Walter endured it with good-humour; looked down at the little wise face, 'at the silky shag-coat of snow-white and chestnut-brown; smiled, and avoided 'hitting him as they went on,—till a new division of streets or some other ob-'stacle put an end to the interview. In fact he was a strange little fellow, this 'Shandy. He has been known to sit for hours looking out at the summer 'moon, with the saddest wistfullest expression of countenance; altogether like 'a Werterean Poet. He would have been a Poet, I daresay, if he could have 'found a *publisher*. But his moral tact was the most amazing Without rea-'son shown, without word spoken or act done, he took his likings and dis-'likings; unalterable; really almost unerring. His chief aversion, I should 'say, was to the genus *quack*, above all to the genus *acrid-quack*; these, though 'never so clear-starched, bland-smiling and beneficent, he absolutely would 'have no trade with Their very sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with 'emphasis, as clearly as barking could say it: "Acrid-quack, avaunt!" Would 'to Heaven many a prime-minister, and high person in authority, had such an 'invaluable talent! On the whole, there is more in this universe than our phi-'losophy has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is a voice of Nature too: and farther, '*it* has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always ad-'hered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with 'fact We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buffon 'says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the head 'and so forth: but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught and 'imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pathetic 'thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb rude form; struggling 'to express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprisonment; and 'succeed very imperfectly!'

which the daily reception of new-comers entailed upon all the family, except Sir Walter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guests overnight, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *réveillée* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's-axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate;* and then, having made up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston,—until it was time either to rejoin his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced,—this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, whenever the weather was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of doors altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of very small rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.'[1]

Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio: the ideal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valuable in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless and despicable. Scott had some 2,000*l.* a-year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was *infected;* sick of the fearfullest malady, that of Ambition! To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour and 'six-

[1] Vol. v. pp. 123, 124.

teen parties a-day,' brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers call the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds. It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make 15,000*l.* a-year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!—

> 'The whole world was not half so wide
> To Alexander when he cried
> Because he had but one to subdue,
> As was a narrow paltry tub to
> Diogenes; who ne'er was said,
> For aught that ever I could read,
> To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob,
> Because he had ne'er another tub.'

Not he! And if, 'looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude,' Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, *what*, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which, once set it a-working, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men,

here was the very perfection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and *is* a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy masterlike coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, 'round as the O of Giotto.'[1] It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Farthermore, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunshiny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact, a deep sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Cœur-de Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Baillie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion), do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakspeare, a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other.

[1] 'Venne a Firenze' (il cortigiano del Papa), 'e andato una mattina in 'bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di disegno per mandarlo a 'sua Santità. Giotto, che garbatissimo era, prese un foglio, ed in quello con 'un pennello tinto di rosso, fermato il braccio al fianco per farne compasso, e 'girato la mano fece un tondo sì pari di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una 'maraviglia. Ciò fatto ghignando disse al cortigiano, Eccovi il disegno' . . . 'Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conobbero perciò, quanto Giotto 'avanzasse d' eccelenza tutti gli altri pittori del suo tempo. Divolgatasi poi 'questa cosa, ne nacque il proverbio, che ancora è in uso dirsi a gli uomini di 'grossa pasta: *Tu sei più tondo che l' O di Giotto*.'—Vasari, *Vite* (Roma, 1759), i 46.

We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had 'done Goethe the honour' to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew. To the same purport, indeed, we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that for any other mind, there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental,—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting *Waverley*, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true forever, that Literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men: or if Literature have them not, then Literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the Waverley Novels. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on

deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these Novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly with singular vividness before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren, shall not we too one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed Dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonderfullest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long-run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating-library heroes he might well pass for a demigod. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What then is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse!—Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one. Secondly, however, we may say, these Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually filled by living men, not

by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men! Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of 'philosophy teaching by experience' will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment: this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme; and the matter produced was excellent, considering that: the circumstances under which some of his Novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready writing; nay farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly; and, round or not, be thrown-off like Giotto's O. But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right angle in the world; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much pains-taking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated. And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing, no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty! Let ready-writers with any faculty in them lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not

with ease, that a man shall *do his best*, in any shape; above all, in this shape justly named 'of soul's travail,' working in the deep places of thought, embodying the True out of the Obscure and Possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated False? Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready-writers? The whole *Prophecies of Isaiah* are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a Review Article. Shakspeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes,—though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakspeare's plan; no easy writer he, or he had never been a Shakspeare. Neither was Milton one of the mob of gentlemen that write with ease; he did not attain Shakspeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast *after* long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep;' no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, '*könnte nie fertig werden*, never could get done,' the noble genius of him struggled not wisely but too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily? Dante sees himself 'growing lean' over his *Divine Comedy;* in stern solitary death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may: hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures for evermore among men. No: creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains, and fire-flames, in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too, the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth: why wilt thou brag of it to me? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue! "Easy writing," said Sheridan,

"is sometimes d—d hard reading." Sometimes; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed everybody; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracle;—for which see his Journal, above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that Journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; 'and as for the invention,' says he, 'it is known that this costs Scott nothing, but comes to him of its own accord.' Convenient indeed!—But for us too Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it, yet with measure. For observe always, there are two conditions in work: let me fix the quality, and *you* shall fix the quantity! Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with never such rapidity in a passable manner, is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicality of mind, and in fine, that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view, rapidity will betoken health of mind: much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy writing is attainable by man! The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural Rides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Papermoney,—seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive-principle; he flowed-on forever, a mighty tide of ditch-water; and even died flowing, with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common Editor of a Daily Newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane: how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets-up new

thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready-writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it? It is a valuable consummation. Not without results;—results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown to be as Talk, then DEMOCRACY (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bugbear and probability, but a certainty, and event as good as come! 'Inevitable seems it me.' But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; everywhere the ready-writer is found bragging strangely of his readiness. In a late translated *Don Carlos*, one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, 'The reader will possibly think it an excuse, when I 'assure him that the whole piece was completed within the space 'of ten weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January and 'the eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of a fortnight's 'interruption from over-exertion); that I often translated twenty 'pages a-day, and that the fifth act was the work of five days.'[1] O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades of years? The only question is, How hast thou done it?—So, however, it stands: the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah's deluges—of ditch-water! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene? That surely is an awful reflection; worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew; it is not Literature they are swimming away; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature *before* Printing or Faust of Mentz, and yet men wrote extempore? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore? Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls; this, by the blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more; and one sees not to what wise goal it could,

[1] *Don Carlos*, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller. Mannheim and London, 1837.

in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was, that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead? Where could it stop? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The impromptu writing must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and even, with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity overwrought and worn-out, behoved to have been spoken; —such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better ordered to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable-mountain, which seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangor, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhither for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course, or fashion of mind, to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken. was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood! He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task, of removing rubbish-mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it,

years long, in death-grips, strength to strength;—and *it* proved the stronger; and his life and heart did crack and break: the cordage of a most strong heart! Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons*, *Demonologies*, *Scotch Histories*, and the rest, criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame; this one word only, Woe is me! The noble war-horse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile; rapid, straight down;—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe;* that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, on hint from Byron's *Ravenna Journal:* copious sections of it render this Sixth Volume more interesting than any of the former ones:

'*Abbotsford, May* 11 (1826).— * * It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed?—and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne today *en famille.* I cannot help it; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me.

'*Edinburgh,—Mrs. Brown's lodgings, North St. David Street—May* 12. —I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

'Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place;" I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—"One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one." Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy,—a clergyman, and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.'

'*May* 14.—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.—Hogg was here yesterday, in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of 100*l.* from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself.'

'*May* 15.—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.'

'*Abbotsford, May* 16.—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night. Anne is worn out, and has had hysterics, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "Poor mamma—never return again—gone forever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk-down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.—Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self reflections.

'I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty-years companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of lively expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she had formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write-down my resolution, which I should rather write up, if I could.'

'*May* 18.— * * Cerements of lead and of wood already hold her; cold earth must have her soon. But it is not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime. No, no.'

'*May* 22.— * * Well, I am not apt to shrink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking.'

'*May* 26.— * * Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!'

'*Edinburgh, May* 30.—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. * * * I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.—This has been a melancholy day—most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead.'[1]

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with

[1] Vol. vi. pp. 297-307.

is no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, When he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad farewell.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS.[1]

[1838.]

THE Lady *Rahel*, or Rachel, surnamed *Levin* in her maiden days, who died some five years ago as Madam Varnhagen von Ense, seems to be still memorable and notable, or to have become more than ever so, among our German friends. The widower, long known in Berlin and Germany for an intelligent and estimable man, has here published successively, as author, or as editor and annotator, so many Volumes, Nine in all, about her, about himself, and the things that occupied and environed them. Nine Volumes, properly, of German Memoirs; of letters, of miscellanies, biographical and autobiographical; which we have read not without zeal and diligence, and in part with great pleasure. It seems to us that such of our readers as take interest in things German, ought to be apprised of this Publication; and withal that there are in it enough of things European and universal to furnish-out a few pages for readers not specially of that class.

One may hope, Germany is no longer to any person that vacant land, of gray vapour and chimeras, which it was to most Englishmen, not many years ago. One may hope that, as readers of German have increased a hundredfold, some partial intelligence of Germany, some interest in things German, may have increased in a proportionably higher ratio. At all events, Memoirs of men, German or other, will find listeners among men. Sure enough, Berlin city, on the sandy banks of the Spree, is a living city, even as London is, on the muddy banks of Thames. Daily, with every rising of the blessed heavenly light, Berlin sends up the smoke of a hundred-thousand kindled hearths, the fret and stir of five-hundred-thousand new-awakened human souls;—marking or defacing with *such* smoke-cloud, material or spiritual, the serene of

[1] LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 62.—1. *Rahel. Ein Buch des Andenkens für ihre Freunde* (Rahel. A Book of Memorial for her Friends). 3 vols. Berlin, 1834.

2. *Gallerie von Bildnissen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel* (Gallery of Portraits from Rahel's Circle of Society and Correspondence). Edited by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1836.

3. *Denkwürdigkeiten und vermischte Schriften* (Memoirs and Miscellaneous Writings). By K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 4 vols. Mannheim, 1837-38.

our common all-embracing Heaven. One Heaven, the same for all, embraces that smoke-cloud too, adopts it, absorbs it, like the rest. Are there not dinner-parties, 'æsthetic teas;' scandal-mongeries, changes of ministry, police-cases, literary gazettes? The clack of tongues, the sound of hammers, mounts up in that corner of the Planet too, for certain centuries of Time. Berlin has its royalties and diplomacies, its traffickings, travailings; literatures, sculptures, cultivated heads, male and female; and boasts itself to be 'the intellectual capital of Germany.' Nine Volumes of Memoirs out of Berlin will surely contain something for us.

Samuel Johnson, or perhaps another, used to say, there was no man on the streets whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with. No rudest mortal walking there who has not seen and known experimentally something, which, could he tell it, the wisest would hear willingly from him! Nay, after all that can be said and celebrated about poetry, eloquence and the higher forms of composition and utterance; is not the primary use of speech itself this same, to utter *memoirs*, that is, memorable experiences to our fellow-creatures? A fact is a fact; man is forever the brother of man. That thou, O my brother, impart to me truly how it stands with thee in that inner man of thine, what lively images of things past thy memory has painted there, what hopes, what thoughts, affections, knowledges do now dwell there: for this and for no other object that I can see, was the gift of speech and of hearing bestowed on us two. I say not how thou feignest. Thy fictions, and thousand-and-one Arabian Nights, promulgated as fictions, what are they also at bottom but this, things that *are* in thee, though only images of things? But to bewilder me with *falsehoods*, indeed; to ray-out error and darkness,—misintelligence, which means misattainment, otherwise failure and sorrow; to go about confusing worse our poor world's confusion, and, as a son of Nox and Chaos, propagate delirium on earth: not surely with *this* view, but with a far different one, was that miraculous tongue suspended in thy head, and set vibrating there!—In a word, do not two things, *veracity* and *memoir-writing*, seem to be prescribed by Nature herself and the very constitution of man? Let us read, therefore, according to opportunity,—and, with judicious audacity, review!

Our Nine printed Volumes we called German Memoirs. They agree in this general character, but are otherwise to be distinguished into kinds, and differ very much in their worth for us. The first book on our list, entitled *Rahel*, is a book of private letters; three thick volumes of Letters written by that lady; selected from her wide correspondence; with a short introduction, with

here and there a short note, and that on Varnhagen's part is all. Then follows, in two volumes, the work named *Gallery of Portraits;* consisting principally of Letters *to* Rahel, by various persons, mostly persons of note; to which Varnhagen, as editor, has joined some slight commentary, some short biographical sketch of each. Of these five volumes of German Letters we will say, for the present, that they seem to be calculated for Germany, and even for some special circle there, rather than for England or us. A glance at them afterwards, we hope, will be possible. But the third work, that of Varnhagen himself, is the one we must chiefly depend on here: the four volumes of *Memoirs and Miscellanies;* lively pieces; which can be safely recommended as altogether pleasant reading to every one. They are 'Miscellaneous Writings,' as their title indicates; in part collected and reprinted out of periodicals, or wherever they lay scattered; in part sent forth now for the first time. There are criticisms, notices literary or didactic; always of a praiseworthy sort, generally of small extent. There are narrations; there is a long personal narrative, as it might be called, of service in the 'Liberation War' of 1814, wherein Varnhagen did duty as a volunteer officer in Tettenborn's corps, among the Cossacks: this is the longest piece, by no means the best. There is farther a curious narrative of Lafayette's escape (brief escape with recapture) from the Prison of Olmütz. Then also there is a curious biography of Doctor Bollmann, the brave young Hanoverian, who aided Lafayette in that adventure. Then other biographies not so curious; on the whole, there are many biographies: Biography, we might say, is the staple article; an article in which Varnhagen has long been known to excel. Lastly, as basis for the whole, there are presented, fitfully, now here, now there, and with long intervals, considerable sections of Autobiography;—not confessions, indeed, or questionable work of the Rousseau sort, but discreet reminiscences, personal and other, of a man who having looked on much, may be sure of willing audience in reporting it well. These are the Four Volumes written by Varnhagen von Ense; those are the Five edited by him. We shall regard his autobiographic memorials as a general substratum, upholding and uniting into a certain coherence the multifarious contents of these publications: it is Varnhagen von Ense's Passage through Life; this is what it yielded him; these are the things and persons he took note of, and had to do with, in travelling thus far.

Beyond ascertaining for ourselves what manner of eyesight and way of judgment this our Memoir-writer has, it is not necessary to insist much on Varnhagen's qualities or literary character here. He seems to us a man peculiarly fitted, both by natural endow-

ment and by position and opportunity, for writing memoirs. In the space of half a century that he has lived in this world, his course has been what we might call erratic in a high degree: from the student's garret in Halle or Tübingen to the Tuileries hall of audience and the Wagram battle-field, from Chamisso the poet to Napoleon the emperor, his path has intersected all manner of paths of men. He has a fine intellectual gift; and what is the foundation of that and of all, an honest, sympathising, manfully patient, manfully courageous heart. His way of life, too erratic we should fear for happiness or ease, and singularly checkered by vicissitude, has had this considerable advantage, if no other, that it has trained him, and could not but train him, to a certain catholicism of mind. He has been a student of literature, an author, a student of medicine, a soldier, a secretary, a diplomatist. A man withal of modest, affectionate nature; courteous and yet truthful; of quick apprehension, precise in utterance; of just, extensive, occasionally of deep and fine insight: this is a man qualified beyond most to write memoirs. We should call him one of the best memoir-writers we have met with; decidedly the best we know of in these days. For clearness, grace of method, easy comprehensibility, he is worthy to be ranked among the French, who have a natural turn for memoir-writing; and in respect of honesty, valorous gentleness and simplicity of heart, his character is German, not French.

Such a man, conducting us in the spirit of cheerful friendliness along his course of life, and delineating what he has found most memorable in it, produces one of the pleasantest books. Brave old Germany, in this and the other living phasis, now here, now there, from Rhineland to the East-sea, from Hamburg and Berlin to Deutsch-Wagram and the Marchfeld, paints itself in the colours of reality; with notable persons, with notable events. For consider withal in what a time this man's life has lain: in the thick of European things, while the Nineteenth Century was opening itself. Amid convulsions and revolutions, outward and inward,—with Napoleons, Goethes, Fichtes; while prodigies and battle-thunder shook the world, and, 'amid the glare of conflagrations, and the noise of falling towns and kingdoms,' a New Era of Thought was also evolving itself: one of the wonderfullest times! On the whole, if men like Varnhagen were to be met with, why have we not innumerable Memoirs? Alas, it is because the men like Varnhagen are *not* to be met with; men with the clear eye and the open heart. Without such qualities, memoir-writers are but a nuisance; which, so often as they show themselves, a judicious world is obliged to sweep into the cesspool, with loudest possible prohibition of the like. If a man is not open-minded, if he is ignorant, perverse, ego-

istic, splenetic; on the whole, if he is false and stupid, how shall he write memoirs?—

From Varnhagen's young years, especially from his college years, we could extract many a lively little sketch, of figures partially known to the reader: of Chamisso, La Motte Fouqué, Raumer, and other the like; of Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wire-drawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways; of Homeric Wolf, with his biting wit, with his grim earnestness and inextinguishable Homeric laugh, the irascible great-hearted man. Or of La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime what fair eye has not wept? Varnhagen found him 'in a pleasant house near the Saale-gate' of Halle, with an ugly good-tempered wife, with a pretty niece, which latter he would not allow to read a word of his romance-stuff, but 'kept it locked from her like poison;' a man jovial as Boniface, swollen-out on booksellers' profit, church-preferments and fat things, 'to the size of a hogshead;' for the rest, writing with such velocity (he did some hundred-and-fifty weeping volumes in his time) that he was obliged to hold-in, and 'write only two days in the week:' this was La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist. But omitting all these, let us pick-out a family-picture of one far better worth looking at: Jean Paul in his little home at Baireuth,—'little city of my habitation, which I belong to on this side the grave!' It is Sunday, the 23d of October 1808, according to Varnhagen's note-book. The ingenious youth of four-and-twenty, as a rambling student, passes the day of rest there, and luckily for us has kept memorandums:

'*Visit to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*—This forenoon I went to Jean Paul's. Friend Harscher was out of humour, and would not go, say what I would. I too, for that matter, am but a poor, nameless student; but what of that?

'A pleasant, kindly, inquisitive woman, who had opened the door to me, I at once recognised for Jean Paul's wife by her likeness to her sister. A child was sent off to call its father. He came directly; he had been forewarned of my visit by letters from Berlin and Leipzig; and received me with great kindness. As he seated himself beside me on the sofa, I had almost laughed in his face, for in bending down somewhat he had the very look our Neumann, in his *Versuchen und Hindernissen*, has jestingly given him, and his speaking and what he spoke confirmed that impression. Jean Paul is of stout figure; has a full, well-ordered face; the eyes small, gleaming-out on you with lambent fire, then again veiled in soft dimness; the mouth friendly, and with some slight motion in it even when silent. His speech is rapid, almost hasty, even stuttering somewhat here and there; not without a certain degree of dialect, difficult to designate, but which probably is some mixture of Frankish and Saxon, and of course is altogether kept-down within the rules of cultivated language.

'First of all, I had to tell him what I was charged with in the shape of messages, then whatsoever I could tell in any way, about his Berlin friends. He willingly remembered the time he had lived in Berlin, as Marcus Herz's neighbour, in Leder's house; where I, seven years before, had first seen him in the garden by the Spree, with papers in his hand, which it was privately whispered were leaves of *Hesperus*. This talk about persons, and then still more about Literature growing out of that, set him fairly underway, and soon he had more to impart than to inquire. His conversation was throughout amiable and good-natured, always full of meaning, but in quite simple tone and expression. Though I knew beforehand that his wit and humour belonged only to his pen, that he could hardly write the shortest note without these introducing themselves, while on the contrary his oral utterance seldom showed the like,—yet it struck me much that, in this continual movement and vivacity of mood to which he yielded himself, I observed no trace of these qualities. His demeanour otherwise was like his speaking; nothing forced, nothing studied, nothing that went beyond the burgher tone. His courtesy was the free expression of a kind heart; his way and bearing were patriarchal, considerate of the stranger, yet for himself too altogether unconstrained. Neither in the animation to which some word or topic would excite him, was this fundamental temper ever altered; nowhere did severity appear, nowhere any exhibiting of himself, any watching or spying of his hearer; everywhere kindheartedness, free movement of his somewhat loose-flowing nature, open course for him, with a hundred transitions from one course to the other, howsoever or whithersoever it seemed good to him to go. At first he praised everything that was named of our new appearances in Literature; and then, when we came a little closer to the matter, there was blame enough and to spare. So of Adam Müller's Lectures, of Friedrich Schlegel, of Tieck and others. He said, German writers ought to hold by the people, not by the upper classes, among whom all was already dead and gone; and yet he had just been praising Adam Müller, that he had the gift of speaking a deep word to cultivated people of the world. He is convinced that from the opening of the old Indian world nothing is to be got for us, except the adding of one other mode of poetry to the many modes we have already, but no increase of ideas: and yet he had just been celebrating Friedrich Schlegel's labours with the Sanscrit, as if a new salvation were to issue out of that. He was free to confess that a right Christian in these days, if not a Protestant one, was inconceivable to him; that changing from Protestantism to Catholicism seemed a monstrous perversion; and with this opinion great hope had been expressed, a few minutes before, that the Catholic spirit in Friedrich Schlegel, combined with the Indian, would produce much good! Of Schleiermacher he spoke with respect; signified, however, that he did not relish his *Plato* greatly; that in Jacobi's, in Herder's soaring flight of soul he traced far more of those divine old sages than in the learned acumen of Schleiermacher; a deliverance which I could not let pass without protest. Fichte, of whose *Addresses to the German Nation*, held in Berlin under the sound of French drums, I had much to say, was not a favourite of his; the decisiveness of that energy gave him uneasiness; he said he could only read Fichte as an exercise, "gymnastically," and that with the purport of his Philosophy he had now nothing more to do.

'Jean Paul was called out, and I stayed a while alone with his wife. I had now to answer many new questions about Berlin; her interest in persons and things of her native town was by no means sated with what she had already heard. The lady pleased me exceedingly; soft, refined, acute,

she united with the loveliest expression of household goodness an air of higher breeding and freer management than Jean Paul seemed to manifest. Yet, in this respect too, she willingly held herself inferior, and looked up to her gifted husband. It was apparent everyway that their life together was a right happy one. Their three children, a boy and two girls, are beautiful, healthy, well-conditioned creatures. I had a hearty pleasure in them; they recalled other dear children to my thoughts, whom I had lately been beside! * * * *

'With continual copiousness and in the best humour, Jean Paul (we were now at table) expatiated on all manner of objects. Among the rest, I had been charged with a salutation from Rahel Levin to him, and the modest question, "Whether he remembered her still?" His face beamed with joyful satisfaction: "How could one forget such a person?" cried he impressively. "That is a woman alone of her kind: I liked her heartily well, and more now than ever, as I gain in sense and apprehension to do it; she is the only woman in whom I have found genuine humour, the one woman of this world who had humour!" He called me a lucky fellow to have such a friend; and asked, as if proving me and measuring my value, How I had deserved that?

'*Monday, 24th October.*—Being invited, I went a second time to dine. Jean Paul had just returned from a walk; his wife, with one of the children, was still out. We came upon his writings; that questionable string with most authors, which the one will not have you touch, which another will have you keep jingling continually. He was here what I expected him to be; free, unconstrained, goodnatured, and sincere with his whole heart. His *Dream of a Madman*, just published by Cotta, was what had led us upon this. He said he could write such things at any time; the mood for it, when he was in health, lay in his own power; he did but seat himself at the harpsichord, and fantasying for a while on it, in the wildest way, deliver himself over to the feeling of the moment, and then write his imaginings, —according to a certain predetermined course, indeed, which however he would often alter as he went on. In this kind he had once undertaken to write a *Hell*, such as mortal never heard of; and a great deal of it is actually done; but not fit for print. Speaking of descriptive composition, he also started as in fright when I ventured to say that Goethe was less complete in this province; he reminded me of two passages in *Werter*, which are indeed among the finest descriptions. He said that to describe any scene well, the poet must make the bosom of a man his *camera obscura*, and look at it through *this*, then would he see it poetically. * * *

'The conversation turned on public occurrences, on the condition of Germany, and the oppressive rule of the French. To me discussions of that sort are usually disagreeable; but it was delightful to hear Jean Paul express, on such occasion, his noble patriotic sentiments; and, for the sake of this rock-island, I willingly swam through the empty tide of uncertain news and wavering suppositions which environed it. What he said was deep, considerate, hearty, valiant, German to the marrow of the bone. I had to tell him much; of Napoleon, whom he knew only by portraits; of Johannes von Müller; of Fichte, whom he now as a patriot admired cordially; of the Marquez de la Romana and his Spaniards, whom I had seen in Hamburg. Jean Paul said he at no moment doubted, but the Germans, like the Spaniards, would one day rise, and Prussia would avenge its disgrace, and free the country; he hoped his son would live to see it, and did not deny that he was bringing him up for a soldier. * * *

'*October 25th.*—I stayed to supper, contrary to my purpose, having to

set-out next morning early. The lady was so kind, and Jean Paul himself so trustful and blithe, I could not withstand their entreaties. At the neat and well-furnished table (reminding you that South Germany was now near), the best humour reigned. Among other things, we had a good laugh at this, that Jean Paul offered me an introduction to one of what he called his dearest friends in Stuttgart,—and then was obliged to give it up, having irrecoverably forgotten his name! Of a more serious sort, again, was our conversation about Tieck, Friedrich and Wilhelm Schlegel, and others of the romantic school. He seemed in ill humour with Tieck at the moment. Of Goethe he said: "Goethe is a consecrated head; he has a place of his own, high above us all." We spoke of Goethe afterwards, for some time: Jean Paul, with more and more admiration, nay with a sort of fear and awe-struck reverence.

'Some beautiful fruit was brought-in for dessert. On a sudden, Jean Paul started up, gave me his hand, and said: "Forgive me, I must go to bed! Stay you here in God's name, for it is still early, and chat with my wife; there is much to say, between you, which my talking has kept back. I am a *Spiessburger*" (of the Club of Odd Fellows), "and my hour is come for sleep" He took a candle, and said good-night. We parted with great cordiality, and the wish expressed on both sides, that I might stay at Baireuth another time.'

These biographic phenomena; Jean Paul's loose-flowing talk, his careless variable judgments of men and things; the prosaic basis of the free and-easy in domestic life with the poetic Shandean, Shakspearean, and even Dantesque, that grew from it as its public outcome; all this Varnhagen had to rhyme and reconcile for himself as he best could. The loose-flowing talk and variable judgments, the fact that Richter went along, 'looking only right before him as with blinders on,' seemed to Varnhagen a pardonable, nay an amiable peculiarity, the mark of a trustful, spontaneous, artless nature; connected with whatever was best in Jean Paul. He found him on the whole (what we at a distance have always done) 'a genuine and noble man: no deception or impurity exists 'in his life: he is altogether as he writes, lovable, hearty, robust 'and brave. A valiant man I do believe: did the cause summon, 'I fancy he would be readier with his sword too than the most.' And so we quit our loved Jean Paul, and his simple little Baireuth home. The lights are blown-out there, the fruit-platters swept away, a dozen years ago, and all is dark now,—swallowed in the long Night. Thanks to Varnhagen, that he has, though imperfectly, rescued any glimpse of it, one scene of it, still visible to eyes, by the magic of pen-and-ink.

The next picture that strikes us is not a family-piece, but a battle-piece: Deutsch-Wagram, in the hot weather of 1809; whither Varnhagen, with a great change of place and plan, has wended, purposing now to be a soldier, and rise by fighting the tyrannous French. It is a fine picture; with the author's best talent in it.

Deutsch-Wagram village is filled with soldiers of every uniform and grade; in all manner of movements and employments; Archduke Karl is heard 'fantasying for an hour on the pianoforte,' before his serious generalissimo duties begin. The Marchfeld has its camp, the Marchfeld is one great camp of many nations, —Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Madshars; advanced sentinels walk steady, drill-sergeants bustle, drums beat; Austrian generals gallop, 'in blue-gray coat and red breeches,'—combining 'simplicity with conspicuousness.' Faint on our south-western horizon appears the *Stephans-thurm* (Saint-Stephen's Steeple) of Vienna; south, over the Danube, are seen endless French hosts defiling towards us, with dust and glitter, along the hill-roads; one may hope, though with misgivings, there will be work soon.

Meanwhile, in every regiment there is but one tent, a chapel, used also for shelter to the chief officers; you, a subaltern, have to lie on the ground, in your own dug trench, to which, if you can contrive it, some roofing of branches and rushes may be added. It is burning sun and dust, occasionally it is thunder-storm and water-spouts; a volunteer, if it were not for the hope of speedy battle, has a poor time of it: your soldiers speak little, except unintelligible Bohemian Sclavonic; your brother ensigns know nothing of Xenophon, Jean Paul, of patriotism, or the higher philosophies; hope only to be soon back at Prague, where are billiards and things suitable. 'The following days were heavy and void: 'the great summer-heat had withered grass and grove; the willows of the Russbach were long since leafless, in part barkless; 'on the endless Plain fell nowhere a shadow; only dim dust-clouds, driven-up by sudden whirlblasts, veiled for a moment 'the glaring sky, and sprinkled all things with a hot rain of sand. 'We gave-up drilling as impossible, and crept into our earth-holes.' It is feared, too, there will be no battle: Varnhagen has thoughts of making-off to the fighting Duke of Brunswick-Oels, or some other that will fight. 'However,' it would seem, 'the worst trial 'was already over. After a hot, wearying, wasting day, which promised nothing but a morrow like it, there arose on the evening 'of the 30th of June, from beyond the Danube, a sound of cannon-thunder; a solacing refreshment to the languid soul! A party 'of French, as we soon learned, had got across from the Lobau, 'by boats, to a little island named Mühleninsel, divided only by 'a small arm from our side of the river; they had then thrown a 'bridge over this too, with defences; our batteries at Esslingen 'were for hindering the enemy's passing there, and his nearest 'cannons about the Lobau made answer.' On the fourth day after,

'Archduke John got orders to advance again as far as Marcheck; that,

in the event of a battle on the morrow, he might act on the enemy's right flank. With us too a resolute engagement was arranged. On the 4th of July, in the evening, we were ordered, if there was cannonading in the night, to remain quiet till daybreak; but at daybreak to be under arms. Accordingly, so soon as it was dark, there began before us, on the Danube, a violent fire of artillery; the sky glowed ever and anon with the cannon-flashes, with the courses of bombs and grenades: for nearly two hours this thunder-game lasted on both sides; for the French had begun their attack almost at the same time with ours, and while we were striving to ruin their works on the Lobau, they strove to burn Enzersdorf town, and ruin ours. The Austrian cannon could do little against the strong works on the Lobau. On the other hand, the enemy's attack began to tell; in his object was a wider scope, more decisive energy; his guns were more numerous, more effectual: in a short time Enzersdorf burst-out in flames, and our artillery struggled without effect against their superiority of force. The region round had been illuminated for some time with the conflagration of that little town, when the sky grew black with heavy thunder: the rain poured down, the flames dwindled, the artillery fired seldomer, and at length fell silent altogether. A frightful thunder-storm, such as no one thought he had ever seen, now raged over the broad Marchfeld, which shook with the crashing of the thunder, and, in the pour of rain-floods and howl of winds, was in such a roar, that even the artillery could not have been heard in it.'

On the morrow morning, in spite of Austria and the war of elements, Napoleon, with his endless hosts, and 'six-hundred pieces of artillery' in front of them, is across; advancing like a conflagration; and soon the whole Marchfeld, far and wide, is in a blaze.

'Ever stronger batteries advanced, ever larger masses of troops came into action; the whole line blazed with fire, and moved forward and forward. We, from our higher position, had hitherto looked at the evolutions and fightings before us, as at a show; but now the battle had got nigher; the air over us sang with cannon balls, which were lavishly hurled at us, and soon our batteries began to bellow in answer. The infantry got orders to lie flat on the ground, and the enemy's balls at first did little execution; however, as he kept incessantly advancing, the regiments erelong stood to their arms. The Archduke Generalissimo, with his staff, came galloping along, drew bridle in front of us; he gave his commands; looked down into the plain, where the French still kept advancing. You saw by his face that he heeded not danger or death, that he lived altogether in his work; his whole bearing had got a more impressive aspect, a loftier determination, full of joyous courage, which he seemed to diffuse round him; the soldiers looked at him with pride and trust, many voices saluted him. He had ridden a little on towards Baumersdorf, when an adjutant came galloping back, and cried: "Volunteers forward!" In an instant, almost the whole company of Captain Marais stept-out as volunteers: we fancied it was to storm the enemy's nearest battery, which was advancing through the corn-fields in front; and so, cheering with loud shout, we hastened down the declivity, when a second adjutant came in, with the order that we were but to occupy the Russbach, defend the passage of it, and not to fire till the enemy were quite close. Scattering ourselves into skirmishing order, behind willow-trunks, and high corn, we waited with firelocks ready; covered against cannon-balls, but hit by musket-shots and howitzer-gren-

ades, which the enemy sent in great numbers to our quarter. About an hour we waited here, in the incessant roar of the artillery, which shot both ways over our heads; with regret we soon remarked that the enemy's were superior, at least in number, and delivered twice as many shots as ours, which however was far better served; the more did we admire the active zeal and valorous endurance by which the unequal match was nevertheless maintained.

'The Emperor Napoleon meanwhile saw, with impatience, the day passing on without a decisive result; he had calculated on striking the blow at once, and his great accumulated force was not to have directed itself all hitherward in vain. Rapidly he arranged his troops for storming. Marshal Bernadotte got orders to press forward, over Atterkla, towards Wagram; and, by taking this place, break the middle of the Austrian line. Two deep storming columns were at the same time to advance, on the right and left, from Baumersdorf over the Russbach; to scale the heights of the Austrian position, and sweep away the troops there. French infantry had, in the mean while, got up close to where we stood; we skirmishers were called back from the Russbach, and again went into the general line: along the whole extent of which a dreadful fire of musketry now began. This monstrous noise of the universal, never-ceasing crack of shots, and still more, that of the infinite jingle of iron, in handling of more than twenty-thousand muskets all crowded together here, was the only new and entirely strange impression that I, in these my first experiences in war, could say I had got; all the rest was in part conformable to my preconceived notion, in part even below it: but everything, the thunder of artillery never so numerous, every noise I had heard or figured, was trifling, in comparison with this continuous storm-tumult of the small-arms, as we call them,—that weapon by which indeed our modern battles do chiefly become deadly.'

What boots it? Ensign Varnhagen and Generalissimo Archduke Karl are beaten, have to retreat in the best possible order. The sun of Wagram sets as that of Austerlitz had done; the war has to end in submission and marriage: and, as the great Atlantic tide-stream rushes into every creek and alters the current there, so for our Varnhagen too a new chapter opens,—the diplomatic one, in Paris first of all. Varnhagen's experiences *At the Court of Napoleon*, as one of his sections is headed, are extremely entertaining. They are tragical, comical, of mixed character; always dramatic, and vividly given. We have a grand Schwartzenberg Festival, and the Emperor himself, and all high persons present in grand gala; with music, light and crowned goblets; in a wooden pavilion, with upholstery and draperies: a rag of drapery flutters the wrong way athwart some waxlight, shrivels itself up in quick fire, kindles the other draperies, kindles the gums and woods, and all blazes into swift-choking ruin; a beautiful Princess Schwartzenberg, lost in the mad tumult, is found on the morrow as ashes amid the ashes! Then also there are *soirées* of Imperial notabilities; 'the gentlemen walking about in varied talk, wherein 'you detect a certain cautiousness; the ladies all solemnly ranged 'in their chairs, rather silent for ladies.' Berthier is a 'man of

composure,' *not* without higher capabilities. Denon, in spite of his kind speeches, produces an ill effect on one; and in his *habit habillé*, with court-rapier and lace-cuffs, 'looks like a dizened ape.' Cardinal Maury in red stockings, he that was once Abbé Maury, 'pet son of the scarlet-woman,' whispers diplomatically in your ear, in passing, "*Nous avons beaucoup de joie de vous voir ici.*" But the thing that will best of all suit us here, is the presentation to Napoleon himself:

'On Sunday, the 22d of July (1810), was to be the Emperor's first levee after that fatal occurrence of the fire; and we were told it would be uncommonly fine and grand. In Berlin I had often accidentally seen Napoleon, and afterwards at Vienna and Schönbrunn; but always too far off for a right impression of him. At Prince Schwartzenberg's festival, the look of the man, in that whirl of horrible occurrences, had effaced itself again. I assume, therefore, that I saw him for the first time now, when I saw him *rightly*, near at hand, with convenience, and a sufficient length of time. The frequent opportunities I afterwards had, in the Tuileries and at Saint-Cloud (in the latter place especially, at the brilliant theatre, open only to the Emperor and his guests, where Talma, Fleury and La Raucourt figured), did but confirm, and, as it were, complete that first impression.

'We had driven to the Tuileries, and arrived through a great press of guards and people at a chamber, of which I had already heard, under the name of *Salle des Ambassadeurs*. The way in which, here in this narrow ill-furnished pen, so many high personages stood jammed together, had something ludicrous and insulting in it, and was indeed the material of many a Paris jest.—The richest uniforms and court dresses were, with difficulty and anxiety, struggling hitherward and thitherward; intermixed with Imperial liveries of men handing refreshments, who always, by the near peril, suspended every motion of those about them. The talk was loud and vivacious on all sides; people seeking acquaintances, seeking more room, seeking better light. Seriousness of mood, and dignified concentration of oneself, seemed foreign to all; and what a man could not bring with him, there was nothing here to produce. The whole matter had a distressful, offensive air; you found yourself ill-off, and waited out of humour. My look, however, dwelt with especial pleasure on the members of our Austrian Embassy, whose bearing and demeanour did not discredit the dignity of the old Imperial house.—Prince Schwartzenberg, in particular, had a stately aspect; ease without negligence, gravity without assumption, and over all an honest goodness of expression; beautifully contrasted with the smirking saloon-activity, the perked-up courtierism and pretentious nullity of many here. * * *

'At last the time came for going-up to audience. On the first announcement of it, all rushed without order towards the door; you squeezed along, you pushed and shoved your neighbour without ceremony. Chamberlains, pages and guards filled the passages and ante-chamber; restless, overdone officiousness struck you here too; the soldiers seemed the only figures that knew how to behave in their business,—and this, truly, they had learned, not at Court. but from their drill-sergeants.

'We had formed ourselves into a half-circle in the Audience Hall, and got placed in several crowded ranks, when the cry of "*L'Empereur!*" announced the appearance of Napoleon, who entered from the lower side

of the apartment. In simple blue uniform, his little hat under his arm, he walked heavily towards us. His bearing seemed to me to express the contradiction between a will that would attain something, and a contempt for those by whom it was to be attained. An imposing appearance he would undoubtedly have liked to have; and yet it seemed to him not worth the trouble of acquiring; acquiring, I may say, for by nature he certainly had it not. Thus there alternated in his manner a negligence and a studiedness, which combined themselves only in unrest and dissatisfaction. He turned first to the Austrian Embassy, which occupied one extremity of the half-circle. The consequences of the unlucky festival gave occasion to various questions and remarks. The Emperor sought to appear sympathetic, he even used words of emotion; but this tone by no means succeeded with him, and accordingly he soon let it drop. To the Russian Ambassador, Kurakin, who stood next, his manner had already changed into a rougher; and in his farther progress some face or some thought must have stung him, for he got into violent anger; broke stormfully out on some one or other, not of the most important there, whose name has now escaped me; could be pacified with no answer, but demanded always new; rated and threatened, and held the poor man, for a good space, in tormenting annihilation. Those who stood nearer, and were looking at this scene, not without anxieties of their own, declared afterwards that there was no cause at all for such fury; that the Emperor had merely been seeking an opportunity to vent his ill-humour, and had done so even intentionally, on this poor wight, that all the rest might be thrown into due terror, and every opposition beforehand beaten down.

'As he walked on, he again endeavoured to speak more mildly; but his jarred humour still sounded through. His words were short, hasty, as if shot from him, and on the most indifferent matters had a passionate rapidity; nay when he wished to be kindly, it still sounded as if he were in anger. Such a raspy, untamed voice as that of his I have hardly heard.

'His eyes were dark, overclouded, fixed on the ground before him; and only glanced backwards in side looks now and then, swift and sharp, on the persons there. When he smiled, it was but the mouth and a part of the cheeks that smiled; brow and eyes remained gloomily motionless. If he constrained these also, as I have subsequently seen him do, his countenance took a still more distorted expression. This union of gloom and smile had something frightfully repulsive in it. I know not what to think of the people who have called this countenance gracious, and its kindliness attractive. Were not his features, though undeniably beautiful in the plastic sense, yet hard and rigorous like marble; foreign to all trust, incapable of any heartiness?

'What he said, whenever I heard him speaking, was always trivial both in purport and phraseology; without spirit, without wit, without force, nay, at times, quite poor and ridiculous. Faber, in his *Notices sur l'Intérieur de la France*, has spoken expressly of his questions, those questions which Napoleon was wont to prepare beforehand for certain persons and occasions, to gain credit thereby for acuteness and special knowledge: This is literally true of a visit he had made a short while before to the great Library: all the way on the stairs, he kept calling out about that passage in Josephus where Jesus is made mention of; and seemed to have no other task here but that of showing-off this bit of learning; it had altogether the air of a question got by heart. * * * His gift lay in saying things sharp, or at least unpleasant; nay, when he wanted to speak

in another sort, he often made no more of it than insignificance: thus it befell once, as I myself witnessed in Saint-Cloud, he went through a whole row of ladies, and repeated twenty times merely these three words, "*Il fait chaud.*" * * *

'At this time there circulated a song on his second marriage; a piece composed in the lowest popular tone, but which doubtless had originated in the higher classes. Napoleon saw his power and splendour stained by a ballad, and breathed revenge; but the police could no more detect the author than they could the circulators. To me among others a copy, written in a bad hand and without name, had been sent by the city-post; I had privately with friends amused myself over the burlesque, and knew it by heart. Altogether at the wrong time, exactly as the Emperor, gloomy and sour of humour, was now passing me, the words and tune of that song came into my head; and the more I strove to drive them back, the more decidedly they forced themselves forward; so that my imagination, excited by the very frightfulness of the thing, was getting giddy, and seemed on the point of breaking forth into the deadliest offence,—when happily the audience came to an end; and deep repeated bows accompanied the exit of Napoleon; who to me had addressed none of his words, but did, as he passed, turn on me one searching glance of the eye, with the departure of which it seemed as if a real danger had vanished.

'The Emperor gone, all breathed free, as if disloaded from a heavy burden. By degrees the company again grew loud, and then went over altogether into the noisy disorder and haste which had ruled at the commencement. The French courtiers, especially, took pains to redeem their late downbent and terrified bearing by a free jocularity now; and even in descending the stairs there arose laughter and quizzing at the levee, the solemnity of which had ended here.'

Such was Varnhagen von Ense's presentation to Napoleon Bonaparte in the Palace of the Tuileries. What Varnhagen saw remains a possession for him and for us. The judgment he formed on what he saw, will—depend upon circumstances. For the eye of the intellect 'sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing.' Napoleon is a man of the sort which Varnhagen elsewhere calls *daimonisch*, a 'dæmonic man;' whose meaning or magnitude is not very measurable by men; who, with his *ownness* of impulse and insight, with his mystery and strength, in a word, with his *originality* (if we will understand that), reaches down into the region of the perennial and primeval, of the inarticulate and unspeakable; concerning whom innumerable things may be said, and the right thing not said for a long while, or at all. We will leave him standing on his own basis, at present; bullying the hapless obscure functionary there; declaring to all the world the meteorological fact, *Il fait chaud.*

Varnhagen, as we see, has many things to write about; but the thing which beyond all others he rejoices to write about, and would gladly sacrifice all the rest to, is the memory of Rahel, his deceased wife. Mysterious indications have of late years flitted

round us, concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who seems to have lived in familiar relation to most of the distinguished persons of that country in her time. Travellers to Germany, now a numerous sect with us, ask you as they return from æsthetic capitals and circles, "Do you know Rahel?" Marquis Custine, in the *Revue de Paris* (treating of this Book of *Rahel's Letters*) says, by experience: 'She was a woman as extraordinary 'as Madame de Staël, for her faculties of mind, for her abundance 'of ideas, her light of soul and her goodness of heart: she had, 'moreover, what the author of *Corinne* did not pretend to, a dis-'dain for oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like 'hers is a force too. With more vanity, a person so superior 'would have sought to make a public for herself: but Rahel de-'sired only friends. She spoke to communicate the life that was 'in her; never did she speak to be admired.' Goethe testifies that she is a 'right woman; with the strongest feelings I have ever seen, and the completest mastery of them.' Richter addresses her by the title *geflugelte*, 'winged one.' Such a Rahel might be worth knowing.

We find, on practical inquiry, that Rahel was of Berlin; by birth a Jewess, in easy, not affluent circumstances; who lived, mostly there, from 1771 to 1833. That her youth passed in studies, struggles, disappointed passions, sicknesses, and other sufferings and vivacities to which one of her excitable organisation was liable. That she was deep in many spiritual provinces, in Poetry, in Art, in Philosophy;—the first, for instance, or one of the first to recognise the significance of Goethe, and teach the Schlegels to do it. That she wrote nothing: but thought, did and spoke many things, which attracted notice, admiration spreading wider and wider. That in 1814 she became the wife of Varnhagen; the loved wife, though her age was forty three, exceeding his by some twelve years or more, and she could never boast of beauty. That without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatsoever, she had grown in her silently progressive way to be the most distinguished woman in Berlin; admired, partly worshipped by all manner of high persons, from Prince Louis of Prussia downwards; making her mother's, and then her husband's house the centre of an altogether brilliant circle there. This is the 'social phenomenon of Rahel.' What farther could be readily done to understand such a social phenomenon we have endeavoured to do; with what success the reader shall see.

First of all we have looked at the portrait of Rahel given in these Volumes. It is a face full of thought, of affection and energy; with no pretensions to beauty, yet lovable and attractive in a sin-

gular degree. The strong high brow and still eyes are full of contemplation; the long upper lip (sign of genius, some say) protrudes itself to fashion a curved mouth, condemnable in academies, yet beautifully expressive of laughter and affection, of strong endurance, of noble silent scorn; the whole countenance looking as with cheerful clearness through a world of great pain and disappointment; one of those faces which the lady meant when she said: "But are not all beautiful faces ugly, then, to begin with?' In the next place, we have read diligently whatsoever we could anywhere find written about Rahel; and have to remark here that the things written about her, unlike some things written by her, are generally easy to read. Varnhagen's account of their intercourse; of his first young feelings towards her, his long waiting, and final meeting of her in snowy weather under the Lindens, in company with a lady whom he knew; his tremulous speaking to her there, the rapid progress of their intimacy; and so onwards, to love, to marriage: all this is touching and beautiful; a Petrarcan romance, and yet a reality withal.

Finally, we have read in these Three thick Volumes of Letters,—till, in the Second thick Volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture with considerable intervals! Such is the melancholy fact. It must be urged in defence that these Volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said, for Germany rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay of genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. The truth is, they do not suit us at all. They are *subjective* letters, what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective;* the grand material of them is endless depicturing of moods, sensations, miseries, joys and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions or events which the writer stood amidst: a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end, to what end? we always ask. ' Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself, and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. 'One thing above all others,' says Goethe once; 'I have never *thought about Thinking*.' What a thrift of thinking-faculty there; thrift almost of itself equal to a fortune, in these days: '*habe nie ans Denken gedacht!*' But how much wastefuller still is it to *feel about Feeling!* One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self,—why, this can drive one mad, like the Monks of Athos, if it last too long! Unprofitable writing this *subjective* sort does seem;

—at all events, to the present reviewer, no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macrocosm*, or Universe large as Nature; universal Nature would barely hold what he *could* say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shopboard of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions and internal mysteries of woe and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads nowhither; a course which should be avoided.

Add to all this, that such self-utterance on the part of Rahel, in these Letters, is in the highest degree vaporous, vague. Her very mode of writing is complex, nay is careless, incondite; with dashes and splashes, with notes of admiration, of interrogation (nay, both together sometimes), with involutions, abruptness, whirls and tortuosities; so that even the grammatical meaning is altogether burdensome to seize. And then when seized, alas, it is as we say, of due likeness to the phraseology; a thing crude, not articulated into propositions, but flowing out as in bursts of interjection and exclamation. No wonder the reading faculty breaks down! And yet we do gather gold grains of precious thought here and there; though out of large wastes of sand and quicksand. In fine, it becomes clear, beyond doubting, both that this Rahel was a woman of rare gifts and worth, a woman of true genius; and also that her genius has passed away, and left no impress of itself there for us. These printed Volumes produce the effect not of speech, but of multifarious, confused wind-music. It seems to require the aid of pantomime, to tell us what it means. But after all, we can understand how *talk* of that kind, in an expressive mouth, with bright deep eyes, and the vivacity of social movement, of question and response, may have been delightful; and moreover that, for those to whom they vividly recall such talk, these Letters may still be delightful. Hear Marquis de Custine a little farther:

'You could not speak with her, a quarter of an hour, without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command equally with the highest degree of the sublime. The proof that she was natural is that she understood laughter as she did grief; she took it as a readier means of showing truth; all had its resonance in her, and her manner of receiving the impressions which you wished to communicate to her modified them in yourself: you loved her at first because she had admirable gifts; and then, what prevailed over everything, because she was entertaining. She was nothing for you, or she was all; and she could be all to several at a time without exciting jealousy, so much did her noble nature participate in the source of all life, of all clearness. - When one has lost in youth such a friend,' &c. &c. . . . 'It seems to me

you might define her in one word: she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle, and in spite of that, she was a child and a woman as much as any one can be. Her mind penetrated into the obscurest depths of Nature; she was a thinker of as much and more clearness than our Theosophist Saint-Martin, whom she comprehended and admired; and she felt like an artist. Her perceptions were always double; she attained the sublimest truths by two faculties which are incompatible in ordinary men, by feeling and by reflection. Her friends asked of themselves, Whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation? Was it the effect of long studies? Was it the effect of sudden inspiration? It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true. These martyr souls wrestle for the truth, which they have a forecast of; they suffer for the God whom they love, and their whole life is the school of eternity.'[1]

This enthusiastic testimony of the clever sentimental Marquis is not at all incredible to us, in its way: yet from these Letters we have nothing whatever to produce that were adequate to make it good. As was said already, it is not to be made good by excerpts and written documents; its proof rests in the memory of living witnesses. Meanwhile, from these same wastes of sand, and even of quicksand, dangerous to linger in, we will try to gather a few grains the most like gold, that it may be guessed, by the charitable, whether or not a Pactolus once flowed there:

'If there be miracles, they are those that are in our own breast; what we do not know, we call by that name. How astonished, almost how ashamed are we, when the inspired moment comes, and we get to know them!'

'One is late in learning to lie: and late in learning to speak the truth.' —'I cannot, because I cannot, lie. Fancy not that I take credit for it: I cannot, just as one cannot play upon the flute.'

'In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.'

'So long as we do not take even the injustice which is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us; so long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness, without dawn.'

'Manure with despair,—but let it be genuine; and you will have a noble harvest.'

'True misery is ashamed of itself; hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that.'

'What a commonplace man! If he did not live in the same time with us, no mortal would mention him.'

'Have you remarked that Homer, whenever he speaks of the water, is always great; as Goethe is, when he speaks of the stars?'

'If one were to say, "You think it easy to be original: but no, it is difficult, it costs a whole life of labour and exertion,"—you would think him mad, and ask no more questions of him. And yet his opinion would be altogether true, and plain enough withal. Original, I grant, every man might be, and must be, if men did not almost always admit mere undigested hearsays into their head, and fling them out again undigested. Whoever honestly questions himself, and faithfully answers, is busied continually with all that presents itself in life; and is incessantly inventing,

[1] *Revue de Paris*, Novembre 1837.

had the thing been invented never so long before. Honesty belongs as a first condition to good thinking; and there are almost as few absolute dunces as geniuses. Genuine dunces would always be original; but there are none of them genuine: they have almost always understanding enough to be dishonest.'

'He (the blockhead) tumbled out on me his definition of genius: the trivial old distinctions of intellect and heart; as if there ever was, or could be, a great intellect with a mean heart!'

'Goethe? When I think of *him*, tears come into my eyes: all other men I love with my own strength; he teaches me to love with his. My Poet!'

'Slave-trade, war, marriage, working-classes:—and they are astonished, and keep clouting, and remending?'

'The whole world is, properly speaking, a tragic *embarras*.'

'. . . I here, Rahel the Jewess, feel that I am as unique as the greatest appearance in this earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, is not above me. We are of the same element: in the same rank, and stand together. Whichever would exclude the other, excludes only himself. But to me it was appointed not to write or act, but *to live:* I lay in embryo till my century; and then was, in outward respects, so *flung away*. —It is for this reason that I tell you. But pain, as I know it, is a life too: and I think with myself, I am one of those figures which Humanity was fated to evolve, and then never to use more, never to have more: me no one can comfort.'—'Why *not* be beside oneself, dear friend? There are beautiful parentheses in life, which belong neither to us nor to others: beautiful I name them, because they give us a freedom we could not get by sound sense. Who would volunteer to have a nervous fever? And yet it may save one's life. I love rage; I use it, and patronise it.'—'Be not alarmed; I am commonly calmer. But when I write to a *friend's heart*, it comes to pass that the sultry laden horizon of my soul breaks out in lightning. Heavenly men *love* lightning.'

'*To Varnhagen* . . . One thing I must write to thee; what I thought of last night in bed, and for the first time in my life. That I, as a relative and pupil of Shakspeare, have, from my childhood upwards, occupied myself much with death, thou mayest believe. But never did my own death affect me; nay, I did not even think of this fact, that I was not affected by it. Now, last night there was something I had to write; I said, Varnhagen must know this thing, if he is to think of me after I am dead. And it seemed to me as if I must die; as if my heart were flitting away over this earth, and I must follow it; and my death gave me pity: for never before, as I now saw, had I thought that it would give anybody pity: of thee I knew it would do so, and yet it was the first time in my life I had seen this, or known that I had never seen it. In such solitude have I lived: comprehend it! I thought, When I am dead, then first will Varnhagen know what sufferings I had; and all his lamenting will be in vain; the figure of me meets him again, through all eternity, no more; swept away am I *then*, as our poor Prince Louis is. And no one can be kind to me then; with the strongest will, with the effort of despair, no one; and this thought of thee about me was what at last affected me. I must write of this, though it afflict thee never so.' . . . .

'*To Rose, a younger sister, on her marriage in Amsterdam.*—Paris, 1801. . . . Since thy last letter I am so downcast. Gone art thou! No Rose comes stepping in to me with true foot and heart, who knows me altogether, knows all my sorrows *altogether*. When I am sick of body or soul, alone, alone, thou comest not to me any more; thy room empty, quite empty, forever empty! Thou art away, to try thy fortune. O Heaven! and

to me not even *trying* is permitted. Am not *I* in luck! The garden in the Lindenstrasse, where we used to be with Hanne and Feu—was it not beautiful?—I will call it *Rose* now; with Hanne and Hanse will I go often thither, and none shall know of it. Dost thou recollect that night when I was to set out with Fink, the time before last? How thou hadst to sleep up-stairs, and then to stay with me? O my sister, I might be as ill again—though not for that cause: and thou too, what may not lie before thee! But no, thy name is Rose; thou hast *blue* eyes, and a far other life than I with my stars and black ones. * * * Salute Mamma a million times; tell her I congratulate her from the heart; the more so, as *I* can never give her such a pleasure! God willed it not. But I, in her place, would have great pity for a child so circumstanced. Yet let her not lament for me. I know all her goodness, and thank her with my soul. Tell her I have the fate of nations, and of the greatest men, before my eyes here: they too go tumbling even so on the great sea of Existence, mounting, sinking, swallowed up. From of *old* all men have seemed to me like spring blossoms, which the wind blows off and whirls; none knows where they fall, and the fewest come to fruit.'

Poor Rahel! The Frenchman said above, she was an artist and apostle, yet had not ceased to be a child and woman. But we must stop short. One other little scene, a scene from her deathbed by Varnhagen, must end the tragedy:

' . . . . She said to me one morning, after a dreadful night, with the penetrating tone of that lovely voice of hers: "Oh, I am *still* happy; I am God's creature still; He knows of me; I shall come to see how it was good and needful for me to suffer: of a surety I had something to learn by it. And am I not already happy in this trust, and in all the love that I feel and meet with?"

'In this manner she spoke, one day, among other things, with joyful heartiness, of a dream which always from childhood she had remembered and taken comfort from. "In my seventh year," said she, "I dreamt that I saw God quite near me; he stood expanded above me, and his mantle was the whole sky; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me, and in the worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of his mantle, and he screened me from any sorrow there: He permitted it." * * * The following words, which I felt called to write down exactly as she spoke them on the 2d of March, are also remarkable: "What a history!" cried she, with deep emotion: "A fugitive from Egypt and Palestine am I here; and find help, love and kind care among you. To thee, dear August, was I sent by this guiding of God, and thou to me; from afar, from the old times of Jacob and the Patriarchs! With a sacred joy I think of this my origin, of all this wide web of pre-arrangement. How the oldest remembrances of mankind are united with the newest reality of things, and the most distant times and places are brought together. What, for so long a period of my life, I considered as the worst ignominy, the sorest sorrow and misfortune, that I was born a Jewess, this I would not part with now for any price. Will it not be even so with these pains of sickness? Shall I not, one day, mount joyfully aloft on them too; feel that I could not want them for any price? O August, this is just, this is true; we will try to go on thus!" Thereupon she said, with many tears, "Dear August, my heart is refreshed to its inmost: I have thought of Jesus, and wept over his sorrows: I have felt, for

the first time felt, that he is my brother. And Mary, what must not she have suffered! She saw her beloved Son in agony, and did not sink; she *stood* at the Cross.* That I could not have done; I am not strong enough for that. Forgive me, God, I confess how weak I am." * * *

'At nightfall, on the 6th of March, Rahel felt herself easier than for long before, and expressed an irresistible desire to be new dressed. As she could not be persuaded from it, this was done, though with the greatest precaution. She herself was busily helpful in it, and signified great contentment that she had got it accomplished. She felt so well she expected to sleep. She wished me good-night, and bade me also go and sleep. Even the maid, Dora, was to go and sleep; however, she did not.

'It might be about midnight, and I was still awake, when Dora called me: "I was to come, she was much worse." Instead of sleep, Rahel had found only suffering, one distress added to another; and now all had combined into decided spasm of the breast. I found her in a state little short of that she had passed six days ago. The medicines left for such an occurrence (regarded as possible, not probable) were tried; but, this time, with little effect. The frightful struggle continued; and the beloved sufferer, writhing in Dora's arms, cried, several times, "This pressure against her breast was not to be borne, was crushing her heart out:" the breathing, too, was painfully difficult. She complained that "it was getting into her head now, that she felt like a cloud there;" she leaned back with that. A deceptive hope of some alleviation gleamed on us for a moment, and then went out forever; the eyes were dimmed, the mouth distorted, the limbs lamed! In this state the Doctors found her; their remedies were all bootless. An unconscious hour and half, during which the breast still occasionally struggled in spasmodic efforts,—and this noble life breathed-out its last. The sight I saw then, while kneeling almost lifeless at her bed, stamped itself glowing forever into my heart.'

So died Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, born Levin, a singular biographic phenomenon of this century; a woman of genius, of true depth and worth; whose secluded life, as one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the public admiration of the whole world; a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century; in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that 'the highest philo-'sopher, or poet, or artist was not above her, but of a like element 'and rank with her.' That such a woman should have lived unknown and, as it were, silent to the world, is peculiar in this time.

We say not that she was equal to De Staël, nor the contrary; neither that she might have written De Staël's books, nor even that she might not have written far better books. She has ideas unequalled in De Stael; a sincerity, a pure tenderness and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost. But what then? The subjunctive, the optative are vague moods: there is no tense one can found on but the preterite of the indicative. Enough for us, Rahel did not write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be sheltered and fosteringly embowered, in those circumstances of hers; she 'was not appointed to write or to act, but

only to live.' Call her not unhappy on that account, call her not useless; nay, perhaps, call her happier and usefuller. Blessed are the humble, are they that are *not* known. It is written, 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not:' live where thou art, only live wisely, live diligently. Rahel's life was not an idle one for herself or for others: how many souls may the 'sparkles showering from that light-fountain' have kindled and illuminated; whose new virtue goes on propagating itself, increasing itself, under incalculable combinations, and will be found in far places, after many days! She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the Morning Papers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing be made something, by never so much babbling of it there? Far better, probably, that no Morning or Evening Paper mentioned it; that the right hand knew not what the left was doing! Rahel might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal; namely, a Life to lead? Silence too is great: there should be great silent ones too.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, *can* die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day, it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his 'seven acres of nursery-ground,' nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to 'thole a factor's snash,' and read attorney-letters, in his poor hut, 'which threw us all into tears:' a man of no money-capital at all, of no account at all: yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a boy named *Robert*, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and *his* voice, fashioned here by this poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, like a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? 'Let me make the songs, and you shall make the laws!' What chancellor, king, senator, begirt with never such sumptuosity, dyed velvet, blaring and celebrity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burns? Courage!—

We take leave of Varnhagen with true goodwill, and heartily thank him for the pleasure and instruction he has given us.

PETITION ON THE COPYRIGHT BILL.[1]

[1839.]

To the Honourable the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books,

Humbly showeth,

That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

That your petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Bookbuyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own and the favour of Heaven.

That all useful labour is worthy of recompense; that all honest labour is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has actually merited, may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men;—a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccuracies that become enormous, insupportable, and the parents of Social Confusions which never altogether end.

That your petitioner does not undertake to say what recompense in money this labour of his may deserve; whether it deserves any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

That this his labour has found hitherto, in money or money's worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense, but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the labourer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labour at what they can get for it, in all market-

[1] The EXAMINER, April 7, 1839.

places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and less than this to none.

That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or to have become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labour; that if he be found in the long-run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimable in money; that on the other hand, if his book proves false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten, and no harm done.

That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world; his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation), and the world's stake nothing till once it see the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the game's going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no other mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth, or forever.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to protect him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.[1]

[1839.]

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR YORKE,—Shall we now overhaul that story of the *sinking of the Vengeur*, a little; and let a discerning public judge of the same? I will endeavour to begin at the beginning, and not to end till I have got to some conclusion. As many readers are probably in the dark, and young persons may not have so much as heard of the *Vengeur*, we had perhaps better take-up the matter *ab ovo*, and study to carry uninstructed mankind comfortably along with us *ad mala*.

I find, therefore, worthy Yorke, in searching through old files of newspapers, and other musty articles, as I have been obliged to do, that on the evening of the 10th of June 1794, a brilliant audience was, as often happens, assembled at the Opera House here in London. Radiance of various kinds, and melody of fiddlestrings and windpipes, cartilaginous or metallic, was filling all the place, —when an unknown individual entered with a wet Newspaper in his pocket, and tidings that Lord Howe and the English fleet had come-up with Villaret-Joyeuse and the French, off the coast of Brest, and gained a signal victory over him.[2] The agitation spread from bench to bench, from box to box; so that the wet Newspaper had finally to be read from the stage, and all the musical instruments, human and other, had to strike-up *Rule Britannia*, the brilliant audience all standing, and such of them as had talent joining in chorus,—before the usual *squallacci* melody, natural to the place, could be allowed to proceed again. This was the first intimation men had of Howe's victory of the 1st of June; on the following evening London was illuminated: the *Gazette* had been published,—some six ships taken, and a seventh, named *Vengeur*, which had been sunk: a very glorious victory: and the joy of people's minds was considerable.

For the remainder of that month of June 1794, and over into July, the Newspapers enliven themselves with the usual succes-

[1] FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 115.

[2] *Morning Chronicle* of June 1794.

sion of despatches, private narratives, anecdotes, commentaries and rectifications; unfolding gradually, as their way is, how the matter has actually passed; till each reader may form some tolerably complete image of it, till each at least has had enough of it; and the glorious victory submerges in the general flood, giving place to other glories. Of the Vengeur that sank, there want not anecdotes, though they are not of a very prominent kind. The Vengeur, it seems, was engaged with the *Brunswick;* the Brunswick had stuck close to her, and the fight was very hot; indeed, the two ships were hooked together by the Brunswick's anchors, and stuck so till the Vengeur had got enough; but the anchors at last gave way, and the Brunswick, herself much disabled, drifted to leeward of the enemy's flying ships, and had to run before the wind, and so escape them. The Vengeur, entirely powerless, was taken possession of by the *Alfred*, by the *Culloden*, or by both of them together; and sank after not many minutes. All this is in the English Newspapers; this, so far as we are concerned, is the English version of Howe's victory,—in which the sinking Vengeur is noticeable, but plays no pre-eminently distinguished part.

The same English Newspapers publish, as they receive them, generally without any commentary whatever, the successive French versions of the matter; the same that can now be read more conveniently, in their original language, in the *Choix des Rapports*, vol. xiv., and elsewhere. The French Convention was now sitting, in its Reign of Terror, fighting for life and death, with all weapons, against all men. The French Convention had of course to give its own version of this matter, the best it could. Barrère was the man to do that. On the 15th of June, accordingly, Barrère reports that it is a glorious victory *for France;* that the fight, indeed, was sharp, and not unattended with loss, the *ennemis du genre humain* being *acharnés* against us; but that, nevertheless, these gallant French war-ships did so shatter and astonish the enemy on this 1st of June and the preceding days, that the enemy shore-off; and, on the morrow, our invaluable American cargo of naval stores, safely stowed in the fleet of transport-ships, got safe through;—which latter statement is a fact, the transport-ships having actually escaped unmolested; they sailed over the very place of battle, saw the wreck of burnt and shattered things, still tumbling on the waters, and knew that a battle had been. By degrees, however, it becomes impossible to conceal that the glorious victory for France has yielded six captured ships of war to the English, and one to the briny maw of Ocean; that, in short, the glorious victory has been what in unofficial language is called a sheer defeat. Whereupon, after some recriminating and flourishing from Jean-

Bon Saint-André and others, how the captain of the *Jacobin* behaved ill, and various men and things behaved ill, conspiring to tarnish the laurels of the Republic,—Barrère adroitly takes a new tack; will show that if we French did not beat, we did better, and are a spectacle for the very gods. Fixing on the sunk Vengeur, Barrère publishes his famed *Rapport du 21 Messidor* (9th July 1794), setting forth how Republican valour, conquered by unjust fortune, did nevertheless in dying earn a glory that will never die, but flame there forever, as a symbol and prophecy of victories without end: how the Vengeur, in short, being entirely disabled, and incapable of commonplace flight, flew desperate, and refused to strike, though sinking; how the enemies fired on her, but she returned their fire, shot aloft all her tricolor streamers, shouted *Vive la République;* nay, fired the guns of her upper deck, when the lower decks were already sunk; and so, in this mad whirlwind of fire and shouting, and invincible despair, went down into the ocean-depths; *Vive la République*, and a universal volley from the upper deck, being the last sounds she made. This Report too is translated accurately, in the *Morning Chronicle* for July 26, 1794; and published without the smallest commentary there. The Vengeur with all her crew being down in the depths of ocean, it is not of course they that can vouch for this heroic feat; neither is it the other French, who had all fled by that time: no, the testimony is still more indubitable, that of our enemies themselves; it is 'from the English Newspapers' that Barrère professes to have gathered these heart-inspiring details, the candour even of these *ennemis acharnés* could not conceal them,—which, therefore, let all Frenchmen believe as a degree truer than truth itself, and rejoice in accordingly. To all this, as was said, the English Newspapers seem to have made no reply whatever.

The French, justly proud of so heroic a feat, a degree truer than truth itself, did make, and have ever since continued to make, what demonstration was fit. Convention decree, Convention decrees were solemnly passed about this suicidal Vengeur; the deathless suicidal Vengeur is written deep in innumerable French songs and psalmodyings; a wooden *Model of the Vengeur*, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, beckoned figuratively from its peg, '*Aux grands hommes, la patrie reconnaissante!*'—and hangs there, or in the *Musée Naval*, beckoning, I believe, at this hour. In an age of miracles, such as the Reign of Terror, one knows not at first view *what* is incredible: such loud universal proclamation, and the silence of the English (little interested, indeed, to deny), seem to have produced an almost universal belief both in France and here. Doubts, I now find, were

more than once started by sceptics even among the French,—in a suitable low tone; but the 'solemn Convention decrees,' the wooden '*Modèle du Vengeur*' hanging visible there, the 'glory of France?' Such doubts were instantly blown away again; and the heroic feat, like a mirror-shadow wiped, not wiped *out*, remained only the clearer for them.

Very many years ago, in some worthless English History of the French Revolution, the first that had come in my way, I read this incident; coldly recorded, without controversy, without favour or feud; and, naturally enough, it *burnt* itself indelibly into the boyish imagination; and indeed is, with the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, all that I now remember of that same worthless English History. Coming afterwards to write of the French Revolution myself; finding this story so solemnly authenticated, and not knowing that, in its intrinsic character, it had ever been so much as questioned, I wrote it down nothing doubting; as other English writers had done; the fruit of which, happily now got to maturity so far as I am concerned, you are here to see ripen itself, by the following stages. Take first the *corpus delicti:*

1. *Extract from Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'*[1]

'But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes-off? She is lamed, she cannot make-off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the Vengeur is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.'

2. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths, in the 'Sun' Newspaper of —Nov. 1838.*

'Mr. Editor,—Since the period of Lord Howe's victory, on 1st June 1794, the story of the *Vengeur* French 74-gun ship going down with colours flying, and her crew crying *Vive la République, Vive la Liberté*, &c., and the further absurdity that they continued firing the maindeck guns after her lower deck was immersed, has been declared, and has recently been re-asserted by a French author. It originated, no doubt, on the part of the French, in political and exciting motives,—precisely as Bonaparte caused his victory at Trafalgar to be promulgated through France. While these reports and confident assertions were confined to our neighbours, it seemed little worth the while to contradict it. But now, when two English authors of celebrity, Mr. Alison, in his *History of Europe during the French Revolution*, and Mr. Carlyle, in his similar work, give it the confirmation of English authority, I consider it right thus to declare that the whole story

[1] Vol. ii. 313; London, 1857.

is a ridiculous piece of nonsense. At the time the Vengeur sunk, the action had ceased some time. The French fleet were making-off before the wind; and Captain Renaudin and his son had been nearly half-an-hour prisoners on board H.M.S. Culloden, of which ship I was the fourth lieutenant; and about 127 of the crew were also prisoners, either on board the Culloden or in her boats, besides I believe 100 in the Alfred's, and some 40 in the hired cutter, commanded by Lieutenant (the late Rear-Admiral) Winne. The Vengeur was taken possession of by the boats of the Culloden, Lieutenant Rotheram, and the Alfred, Lieutenant Deschamps; and Captain Renaudin and myself, who were by Captain Schomberg's desire at lunch in his cabin, hearing the cries of distress, ran to the starboard quarter gallery, and thence witnessed the melancholy scene. Never were men in distress more ready to save themselves.

'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

This Letter, which appeared in the *Sun* Newspaper early in November last, was copied into most of the other Newspapers in the following days; I take it from the *Examiner* of next Sunday (18th Nov. 1838). The result seemed to be general uncertainty. On me, who had not the honour at that time to know Admiral Griffiths even by name, still less by character, the main impression his letter left was that this affair was singular, doubtful; that it would require to be farther examined by the earliest opportunity. Not long after, a friend of his, who took an interest in it, and was known to friends of mine, transmitted me through them the following new Document, which it appeared had been written earlier, though without a view to publication:

3. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to a private Friend* (penes me).

'Since you request it, I send you the state of the actual fact as respects the sinking of the Vengeur *after* the action of the 1st June 1794.

'I was fourth lieutenant in the Culloden in that action. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 335, gives, in his own peculiar style, the same account of it that was published to the world under the influence of the French Government, for political and exciting purposes; and which has recently been reiterated by a French author. Mr. Carlyle, in adopting these authorities, has given *English* testimony to the farce; farce I call it,—for, with the exception of the Vengeur "sinking," there is not *one* word of fact in the narration. I will first review it in detail:—

'"The Vengeur neither strikes nor makes-off." She *did both*. She made-off as well as her disabled state admitted, and was actually taken in tow by a French eighteen-gun brig; which cast her off, on the Culloden, Alfred and two or three others, approaching to take possession of her. "Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies." Wicked indeed would it have been to have fired into her, a sinking ship with colours down; and I can positively assert not *a* gun was fired at her for an hour before she was taken possession of. "The Vengeur is sinking." True. "Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope fly rustling aloft." Not one mast standing, not ONE *rope* on which to hoist or display a bit of tricolor, not one flag, or streamer, or ensign displayed; her colours down; and, *for more* than half-an hour before she sunk, Captain Renaudin, and his

son, &c. *prisoners on board the Culloden*,—on which I will by and by more especially particularise. "The whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République!*" Beyond the fact of the crew (except the wounded) being on the upper deck, not even the slightest, the most trivial semblance of truth. Not one shout beyond that of horror and despair. At the moment of her sinking, we had *on board* the Culloden, and in our boats then at the wreck, 127 of her crew, including the captain. The Alfred had many; I *believe about* 100: Lieutenant Winne, in command of a hired cutter, a number; I *think*, 40. "Down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity." Bah! answered above.

'I have thus reviewed Mr. Carlyle's statement; I now add the particulars of the fact. The Vengeur totally dismasted, going off before the wind, under her sprit-sail, &c.; five sail of the line come up with her, the Culloden and Alfred two of these. Her colours down, Lieutenant Richard Deschamps, first of the Alfred, I believe, took possession of her. The next boat on board was the Culloden's, Lieut. Rotheram, who died one of the Captains of Greenwich Hospital. Deschamps went up the side. Rotheram got-in at the lower-deck port, saw that the ship was sinking, and went thence to the quarter-deck. I am not positive which boat got first on board. Rotheram returned with Captain Renaudin, his son, and one man; and reported her state, whereupon other boats were sent. The Vengeur's main-yard was lying across her decks; Rotheram, &c. descended from its larboard yard arm by the yard-tackle pendant; and I personally heard him report to Captain Schomberg the Vengeur's state, "That he could not place a two-feet rule in any direction, he thought, that would not touch two shot-holes." Except the Purser, Mr. Oliver, who was engaged in arranging the prisoners in classes &c. as they came on board, I was the only officer who knew any French, and mine very so-so. Captain Schomberg said: "You understand French; take Renaudin and his son into the cabin, and divert his mind from attention to his ship while sinking." Having been in presence of the French fleet for three days prior to the action, the accustomed cooking had not gone on; the galley-fire was little lighted. But the Captain, foreseeing, had a cold mutton-pie standing by; this, with wine, was ordered for us; and I was actually eating it with Renaudin, a prisoner in Captain Schomberg's cabin, when a bustle on deck made us start up; we ran to the starboard quarter-gallery, and saw the Vengeur, then say a stone's-throw from us, sink. These are the facts.

'*Sept.* 17, 1838. A. J. GRIFFITHS.

'I have said, I am not certain which boat took possession; and I gave it to the Alfred, because there arises so much silly squabbling on these trifles. But from Rotheram taking the Captain, it seems probable the Culloden's boat was first. A matter, however, of no moment.'

Such a Document as this was not of a sort to be left dormant: doubt could not sleep on *it;* doubt, unless effectually contradicted, had no refuge but to hasten to denial. I immediately did two things: I applied to Admiral Griffiths for leave to publish this new letter, or such portions of it as might seem needful; and at the same time I addressed myself to a distinguished French friend, well acquainted with these matters, more zealously concerned in them than almost any other living man, and hitherto an undoubt-

ing believer in the history of the Vengeur. This was my Letter to him; marked here as Document No. 4:

4. *Letter of T. Carlyle to Monsieur* ——.

'My dear —— ——, —Enclosed herewith are copies of Admiral Griffiths's two Letters concerning the Vengeur, on which we communicated lately. You undertook the French side of the business; you are become, so to speak, advocate of France in this matter; as I for my share am put into the post of advocate for England. In the interest of all men, so far as that can be concerned here, the truth ought to be known, and recognised by all.

'Having read the story in some English book in boyhood, naturally with indelible impression of it; reading the same afterwards with all detail in the *Choix des Rapports*, and elsewhere; and finding it everywhere acted upon as authentic, and nowhere called in question, I wrote it down in my Book with due energy and sympathy, as a fact forever memorable. But now, I am bound to say, the Rear-Admiral has altogether altered the footing it stands on; and except other evidence than I yet have, or know where to procure, be adduced, I must give-up the business as a cunningly devised fable, and in my next edition contradict it with as much energy as I asserted it. *You* know with how much reluctance that will be; for what man, indeed, would not wish to believe it?

'But what can I do? Barrère's *Rapport* does not even profess to be grounded on any evidence except what "the English Newspapers" afforded him. I have looked into various "English Newspapers;" the *Morning Chronicle*, the Opposition or "Jacobin" journal of that period, I have examined minutely, from the beginning of June to the end of July 1794, through all the stages of the business; and found there no trace or hint of what Barrère asserts: I do not think there is any hint of it discoverable in any English Newspaper of those weeks. What Barrère's *own* authority was worth in such cases, we all know. On the other hand, here is an eye-witness, a man of grave years, of dignified rank, a man of perfect respectability, who in the very style of these Letters of his has an air of artlessness, of blunt sincerity and veracity, the characteristic of a sailor. There is no motive that could induce him to deny such a fact; on the contrary, the more heroic one's enemy, the greater one's own heroism. Indeed, I may say generally of England, at this day, that there could not be anywhere a wish to disbelieve such a thing of an enemy recognised as brave among the bravest, but rather a wish, for manhood's sake, to believe it, if possible.

'What I should like therefore is, that these circumstances were, with the widest publicity of Journals or otherwise, to be set openly before the French Nation, and the question thereupon put: Have you any counter-evidence? If you have any, produce it; let us weigh it. If you have none, then let us cease to believe this too widely credited narration; let us consider it henceforth as a clever fable got-up for a great occasion; and that the real Vengeur simply fought well, and sank precisely as another ship would have done. The French, I should hope, have accomplished too many true marvels in the way of war, to have need of false marvels. At any rate, error, untruth, as to what matter soever, never profited any nation, man, or thing.

'If any of your reputable Journalists, if any honest man, will publish, in your Newspapers or otherwise, an Article on these *data*, and get us either evidence or no evidence, it will throw light on the matter. I have

not yet Admiral Griffiths's permission to print this second Letter (though I have little doubt to get it very soon); but the first is already published, and contains all the main facts. My commentary on them, and position towards them, is substantially given above.

'Do what is fit; and let the truth be known.

'Yours always,

'T. CARLYLE.'

From Admiral Griffiths I received, without delay, the requisite permission; and this under terms and restrictions, which only did him farther honour, and confirmed, if there had been need of that, one's conviction of his perfect candour as a witness on the matter. His Letter to me is too remarkable not to be inserted here; as illustrative of this controversy; nay, especially if we consider the curious appendix he has added, as conclusive of it. I have not his express permission to print this; but will venture to believe that I have a certain implied discretionary permission, which, without my troubling him with farther applications, may suffice:

5. Letter of Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle.

'Sir,—I have received a Letter from —— ——; of which follows an extract:

*   *   *   *   *   *

'In reply to the above, I have to say that *you* are at full liberty to use the account I sent you, or that published in the *Sun* Paper, and copied thence into the *Globe, Morning Post, John Bull,* &c.; and to *quote* me as your authority. But as I have no desire for controversy, or to be made unnecessarily conspicuous, I do not assent to its being published in any other language or Papers, as *so* put forth *by me.*

'I never deemed it worth one thought to awaken the French from their dream of glory in this case; and should have still preserved silence, had not Mr. Alison and yourself given it the weight of English Authority. What I abstained from doing for forty-four years, I feel no disposition to engage in now. So far as I am an *active* party, I confine my interference to our side of the water; leaving you to do as you see fit on the other.

'The statement I have already made in the case is abundant. But I will put you in possession of other facts. The action over; the British fleet brought-to; the French making all sail, and running before the wind; their dismasted hulks having also got before the wind, and following them;—the Vengeur being the sternmost, having a French jack flying on the stump of the foremast, Captain Duckworth of H.M.S. *Orion*, ordered the first lieutenant, Mr. Meares, himself to fire a shot *over her.* This Lieutenant Meares did, and the Vengeur *hauled down the flag!*

'For his gallant conduct in that action, on his return to France, Captain Renaudin, who commanded the Vengeur, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and his flag was flying at Toulon on board the *Tonnant*, when I was first-lieutenant of the Culloden blockading that port. I wrote to remind him of the treatment he had met with when prisoner on board the Culloden; and soliciting his kindness towards Lieutenant Hills, who had been taken in H.M.S. *Berwick*, and being recognised as having, in command of a battery at Toulon, at the period of its evacuation, wounded a Frenchman,—was very ill-used. Renaudin's letter now lies before me;

and does him much honour, as, during the fervour of that period, it was a dangerous sin to hold intercourse with us. I send you a copy; it is in English.

'I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,
'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

Here next is the 'curious appendix' we spoke of, which might itself be conclusive of this controversy:

Copy of Rear-Admiral Renaudin's Letter.

'"*On board of the ship Tonnant, Bay of Toulon, the seventeenth Vendémiaire, fourth year of the French Republic.*

'"I have, Sir, received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the interest you have taken to my promotion. I'll never forget the attention you have paid me, as well on board the Culloden as when going to prison. I wish you should be well persuaded that your generosity and sensibility will be forever present to my mind, and that I can't be satisfied before it will be in my power to prove you my gratitude. If your friend, Lieutenant Hills, had not already gone back home, I should have returned to him all the attention you have been so good to paie me. I'll be always sincerely satisfied when it will be in my power to be of some use to any of the officers of the English navy, that the circumstances of war will carry in my country, and particularly to them that you will denote me as your friends.

'"Be so good as take notice of our French officers that you have prisoners, and particularly to Captain Condé that has been taken on the ship *Ça-ira.* Please to remember me to Captain Schomberg, to Mr. Oliver, and to all the rest of the officers that I have known on board of the Culloden. May the peace between our nations give leave to your grateful Renaudin to entertain along with you a longer and easier correspondence."

'Addressed, "To Lieutenant Griffiths, on board of the Culloden, Florenzo Bay, Corse Island."'

My French friend did not find it expedient to publish, in the Journals or elsewhere, any 'article,' or general challenge to his countrymen for counter-evidence, as I had suggested; indeed one easily conceives that no French Journal would have wished to be the foremost with an article of that kind. However, he did what a man of intelligence, friendliness and love of truth, could do: addressed himself to various official persons connected with the Naval Archives of France; to men of note, who had written French Naval Histories, &c.;—from one of whom came a response in writing, now to be subjoined as my last Document. I ought to say that this latter gentleman had not *seen* Admiral Griffiths's written Letters; and knew them only by description. The others responded verbally; that much was to be said, that they would prepare *Mémoires*, that they would do this and that. I subjoin the response of the one who did respond: it amounts, as will be seen, not to a recantation of an impudent amazing falsehood, but

to some vague faint murmur or whimper of admission that it is probably false.

6. *Lettre de Monsieur* —— *à Monsieur* —— (24 Dec. 1838).

'Mon cher Monsieur,—Je regrette de ne pouvoir vous donner des renseignemens bien précis sur la glorieuse affaire du *Vengeur*. Mais si l'opinion que je me suis formée sur cet événement peut vous être de quelque utilité, je me féliciterai de vous l'avoir donnée, quelque peu d'influence qu'elle doive avoir sur le jugement que votre ami se propose de porter sur le combat du 13 Prairial.

'Je suis de Brest; et c'est dans cette ville qu'arriva l'escadre de Villaret-Joyeuse, après le combat meurtrière qu'il avait livrée à l'Amiral Howe. Plusieurs des marins qui avaient assisté à l'affaire du 13 Prairial m'ont assuré que le Vengeur avait coulé *après* avoir *amené son pavillon*. Quelques hommes de l'équipage de cet héroïque vaisseau furent même, dit-on, recueillis sur des débris par des embarcations anglaises. Mais il n'en est pas moins vrai, que le *Vengeur* ne coula qu'après s'être sacrifié pour empêcher l'escadre anglaise de couper la ligne française.

'Les rapports du tems, et les beaux vers de Chénier et de Le Brun sur le naufrage du Vengeur, n'ont pas manqué de poétiser la noble fin de ce vaisseau. C'est aux cris de *Vive la République*, disent-ils, que le vaisseau s'est englouti, avec le pavillon tricolore au plus haut de tous ses mâts. Mais, je le répète, il est très probable que si une partie de l'équipage a disparu dessous les flots aux cris de *Vive la République*, tout l'équipage n'a pas refusé d'un commun accord le secours que les vaisseaux ennemis pouvaient offrir aux naufragés. Au surplus, quand bien même le Vengeur ait amené son pavillon avant de couler, l'action de ce vaisseau se fesant canonner pendant plusieurs heures pour disputer à toute une escadre le passage le plus faible de la ligne française, n'en était pas moins un des plus beaux faits d'armes de notre histoire navale. Dans les bureaux de la marine, au reste, il n'existe aucun rapport de Villaret-Joyeuse ou de Jean-Bon Saint-André que puisse faire supposer que le Vengeur ait coulé sans avoir amené son pavillon. On dit seulement dans ces relations du combat du 13, que le Vengeur a disparu après avoir résisté au feu de toute l'escadre anglaise qui voulait rompre la ligne pour tomber sur les derrières de l'armée, et porter le désordre dans tout le reste de notre escadre.

'Voilà, mon cher Monsieur, tout ce que je sais sur l'affaire qui vous occupe. C'est peu de chose comme vous le voyez, car ce n'est presque que mon opinion que je vous exprime sur les petits renseignemens que j'ai pu recueillir de la bouche des marins qui se trouvaient sur le vaisseau la *Montagne* ou d'autres navires de l'escadre Villaret.——Recevez l'assurance,' &c. &c.

The other French gentlemen that 'would prepare *Mémoires*,' have now in the sixth month prepared none; the 'much' that 'was to be said' remains every syllable of it unsaid. My friend urged his official persons; to no purpose. Finally he wrote to Barrère himself, who is still alive and in possession of his faculties. From Barrère no response. Indeed, one would have liked to see the ancient adroit countenance of Barrère perusing, through its spectacles, a request to that effect! For verily, as the French say, *tout est dit*. What can be added on such a matter?

I conclude therefore, dear Yorke, with an expression of amazement over this same '*glorieuse affaire du Vengeur;*' in which truly much courage was manifested; but no unparalleled courage except that of Barrère in his Report of the 21st Messidor, Year 2. That a son of Adam should venture on constructing so majestic a piece of *blague*, and hang it out dextrously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nonentity: there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent,—as if 'the Infinite disclosed itself,' and we had a glimpse of the ancient Reign of Chaos and Nox! Miraculous Mahomet, Apollonius with the Golden Thigh, Mendez Pinto, Münchäusen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar seem but botchers in comparison.

It was a successful lie too? It made the French fight better in that struggle of theirs? Yes, Mr. Yorke;—and yet withal there is no lie, in the long-run, successful. The hour of all windbags does arrive; every windbag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise the larger and older any ripped windbag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom. The French people had better have been content with their real fighting. Next time the French Government publishes miraculous bulletins, the very *badauds* will be slower to believe them; one sees not what sanction, by solemn legislative decree, by songs, ceremonials, wooden emblems, will suffice to produce belief. Of Nothing you can, in the long-run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.

But ought not the French Nation to hook-down that wooden '*Modele du Vengeur*,' now at this late date; and, in a quiet way, split it into brimstone lucifers? The French Nation will take its own method in that.

As for Rear-Admiral Griffiths, we will say that he has, in his veteran years, done one other manful service: extinguished a Falsehood, sent a Falsehood to the Father of it, made the world free of *it* henceforth. For which let him accept our respectful thanks. I, having once been led to assert the fable, hold myself bound, on all fit occasions, to *un*assert it with equal emphasis. Till it please to disappear altogether from the world, as it ought to do, let it lie, as a copper shilling, nailed to the counter, and seen by all customers to be copper.

10th June 1839. T. CARLYLE.

P.S.—Curiously enough, while this is passing through the press, there appears in some French Newspaper called *Chronique*

Universelle, and is copied conspicuously into the Paris *National* (du 10 Juin 1839), an article headed '*Six Matelots du Vengeur.*' Six old sailors of the Vengeur, it appears, still survive, seemingly in the Bourdeaux region, in straitened circumstances; whom the editor, with sure hope, here points-out to the notice of the charitable;—on which occasion, as is natural, Barrère's *blague* once more comes into play, not a whit worse for the wear, nay if anything, rather fresher than ever. Shall we send these brave old weather-beaten men a trifle of money, and request the Mayor of Mornac to take *their* affidavit?

> 'Nothing in them but doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something new and strange!'

Surely the *blague*, if natural, is not essential in their case. Old men that have fought for France ought to be assisted by France, even though they did not drown themselves after battle. Here is the extract from the *National:*

'*Six Matelots du Vengeur.*

'Tandis que la France faisait triompher son indépendance à toutes ses frontières, le sol, inépuisable en défenseurs, suffisait à peine à la nourrir, et c'était de l'Amérique, à travers les flots de l'Océan, que la France était réduite à recevoir son pain. L'Europe en armes ne pouvait dompter la révolution, l'Angleterre essaya de la prendre par famine. Grâce à la croisière de l'Amiral Howe sur les côtes de Bretagne et de Normandie, elle espérait intercepter un convoi de deux cents voiles, chargé d'une quantité considérable de grains, précieux ravitaillement impatiemment attendu dans nos ports; mais pour sauver ce convoi une escadre française était déjà sortie de Brest sous le commandement de Villaret-Joyeuse et la direction du représentant du peuple Jean-Bon Saint-André.

'Le 9 Prairial de l'an II (28 Mai 1794), les deux armées navales se sont aperçues, et le cri unanime de nos équipages demande le combat avec un enthousiasme irrésistible. Cependant aux trente-trois vaisseaux de ligne et aux douze frégates de l'ennemi, nous n'avions à opposer que trente bâtimens, que des matelots enlevés de la veille à la charrue, que des officiers et un amiral encore novices dans leurs grades, et c'était contre les marins expérimentés de la vieille Angleterre qu'il nous fallait soutenir l'honneur du pavillon tricolore, arboré pour la première fois dans un combat sur mer.

'On sait que le combat s'engagea dès le jour même, continua dès le lendemain, fut deux jours interrompu par une brume épaisse, et recommença le 13 (1er Juin) à la lumière d'un soleil éclatant, avec une opiniâtreté inouïe. Notre escadre racheta l'inhabileté de ses manœuvres par un déploiement extraordinaire de courage, la vivacité terrible de ses feux et l'audace de ses abordages. De quel côté resta la victoire? Les deux flottes, cruellement endommagées, se séparèrent avec une égale lassitude, et désespérèrent d'arracher un succès décisif à la supériorité du nombre ou à l'énergie de la résistance. Mais cette journée fut un baptême de gloire pour notre jeune marine, et la France recueillit le prix du sang versé. Durant cette même journée, notre convoi de deux cents voiles traversait paisiblement le champ de bataille du 10, encore semé de débris, et abordait nos côtes.

'Ce fut au milieu de cette action si mémorable qu'il fut donné à un

vaisseau français de se faire une gloire particulière et d'immortaliser son nom. Cerné par les bâtimens ennemis, couvert des lambeaux de ses voiles et de sa mâture, criblé de boulets et déjà faisant eau de toutes parts, le Vengeur refuse d'amener son pavillon. L'équipage ne peut plus combattre, il peut encore mourir. Au tumulte de la résistance, aux clameurs du courage désespéré succède un profond silence ; tous montent ou sont portés sur le pont. Ce ne sont plus des combattans, ce sont des martyrs de la religion et de la patrie. Là, tranquillement exposés au feu des Anglais, sentant de moment en moment le vaisseau s'enfoncer dans les flots, l'équipage salue d'un dernier regard les couleurs nationales flottant en pièces au-dessus de sa tête, il pousse un dernier cri de *Vive la République! Vive la Liberté! Vive la France!* et le Vengeur a disparu dans l'abîme. Au récit de ce fait, dont l'Angleterre elle-même rendit témoignage avec admiration, la France entière fut émue et applaudit, dans ce dévouement sublime, son esprit nouveau flottant sur les eaux comme il marchait sur la terre, indomptable et résolu à vaincre ou mourir. D'après un décret de la Convention, le Vengeur légua son nom à un vaisseau en construction dans les bassins de Brest, son image à la voûte du Panthéon, le rôle de l'équipage à la colonne de ce temple, et tous les arts furent appelés à concourir à la célébration de tant d'héroïsme, tandis que la reconnaissance publique s'empressait de secourir les veuves et les orphelins des héros.

'Voilà ce que fit alors la France ; mais ce qu'elle ignore peut-être, c'est que du Vengeur les flots n'ont pas tout englouti, et que six marins, recueillis par l'ennemi et long-temps retenus dans les prisons de l'Angleterre, ont survécu jusqu'à cette heure même, réduits à une condition misérable sur le sol de la patrie qui les honora morts et les oublie vivans! Six, avons-nous dit, et voici leurs noms, leur âge, leur position, leur résidence:

'Prévaudeau (Jacques), âgé de 60 ans, demeurant à Mornac; vivant, bien que vieux, du peu de travail qu'il peut faire.

'Cerclé (Jean-Pierre), âgé de 69 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; vivant médiocrement de son travail.

'David (Jacques), invalide, âgé de 56 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; misérable.

'Favier (Jacques), âgé de 64 ans, demeurant à La Tremblade; n'ayant pour vivre que le travail de ses bras.

'Torchut (André-Pierre), âgé de 70 ans, demeurant à l'Aiguille; comme ses compagnons, il n'a d'autre ressource que son travail.

'Manequin (François), âgé de 70 ans, demeurant au Gua; mendiant son pain et presque aveugle.

'Certes, il nous conviendrait peu d'implorer la reconnaissance publique pour ces six marins; nous croyons suffisant de les nommer. Qu'on nous permette seulement un mot: Sous la restauration, un navire fut expédié jusque dans l'Océan-Pacifique pour découvrir sur les lointains récifs les traces du naufrage de la Peyrouse, et ce fut à grands frais que l'on en réunit quelques débris en bois, en fer, en cuivre et en plomb, religieusement conservés dans nos musées. Aujourd'hui, c'est sur notre plage même que gisent, ensevelis dans la misère et dans l'obscurité, des débris vivans du naufrage héroïque du Vengeur; la France et le gouvernement de Juillet pourraient-ils n'être point jaloux d'acquitter la dette nationale envers ces dernières reliques du patriotisme inspiré par notre grande révolution?—*Chronique Universelle.*'

*** The publication of this Paper in *Fraser's Magazine* gave rise to a certain effervescence of prose and verse, patriotic-objur-

gatory, in several of the French Journals, *Revue Britannique, National, Journal du Peuple*, &c.; the result of which, threatening to prove mere zero otherwise, was that 'M. A. Jal, Historiographer of the French Navy,' did candidly, in the Number of the *Revue Britannique* for October 1839, print, from the Naval Archives of France, the original *Despatch of Captain Renaudin to his own Government;* the full official Narrative of that battle and catastrophe, as drawn up by Renaudin himself, and the surviving officers of the Vengeur; dated Tavistock, 1 Messidor, An II,[1] and bearing his and eight other signatures;—whereby the statement of Admiral Griffiths, if it needed confirmation, is curiously and even minutely confirmed in every essential particular, and the story of the Vengeur is at length put to rest forever.

In that objurgatory effervescence,—which was bound by the nature of it either to cease effervescing and hold its peace, or else to produce some articulate testimony of a living man who saw, or of a dead man who had said he saw, the Vengeur sink otherwise than this living Admiral Griffiths saw it, or than a brave ship usually sinks after brave battle,—the one noticeable vestige of new or old evidence was some dubious traditionary reference to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June; or, as the French traditionary referee turned-out to have named it, '*le Journal* LE MORNING *du* 16 *Juin*.' Following this faint vestige, additional microscopic researches in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June and elsewhere did, at last, disclose to me what seemed the probable genesis and origin of Barrère's Fable; how it first suggested itself to his mind, and gathered shape there, and courage to publish itself: the discovery, unimportant to all other things and men, is not of much importance even to our criticism of Barrère; altering somewhat one's estimate of the *ratio* his poetic faculty may have borne to his mendacity in this business, but leaving the joint *product* of the two very much what it was in spiritual value; —a discovery not worth communicating. The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural-history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it.

[1] Twenty days *before* that final sublime Report of Barrère's.

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.[1]

[1841.]

Early in the seventeenth century of our era, a certain Mr. Robert Baillie, a man of solid wholesome character, lived in moderate comfort as Parish Minister of Kilwinning, in the west of Scotland. He had comfortably wedded, produced children, gathered Dutch and other fit divinity-books; saw his duties lying tolerably manageable, his possessions, prospects not to be despised; in short, seemed planted as for life, with fair hopes of a prosperous composed existence, in that remote corner of the British dominions. A peaceable, 'solid-thinking, solid-feeding,' yet withal clear-sighted, diligent and conscientious man,—alas, his lot turned-out to have fallen in times such as he himself, had he been consulted on it, would by no means have selected. Times of controversy; of oppression, which became explosion and distraction: instead of peaceable preaching, mere raging, battling, soldiering; universal shedding of gall, of ink and blood: very troublous times! Composed existence at Kilwinning, with rural duties, domestic pledges, Dutch bodies of divinity, was no longer possible for a man.

Till the advent of Laud's Service-book into the High Church of Edinburgh (Sunday the 23d of July 1637), and that ever-memorable flight of Jenny Geddes's stool at the head of the Dean officiating there, with "Out, thou foul thief! wilt thou say mass at my lug?"—till that unexpected cardinal-movement, we say, and the universal, unappeasable riot, which ensued thereupon over all these Kingdoms,—Baillie, intent on a quiet life at Kilwinning, was always clear for some mild middle course, which might lead to this and other blessings. He even looked with suspicion on the Covenant when it was started; and was not at all one of the first to sign it. Sign it, however, he did, by and by, the heat of others heating him ever higher to the due welding pitch; he signed it, and became a vehement, noteworthy champion of it, in such fashion as he could. Baillie, especially if heated to the welding pitch, was

[1] London and Westminster Review, No. 72.—*The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A.M., Principal of the University of Glasgow,* 1637-1662. Edited from the Author's Manuscripts, by David Laing, Esq. 3 vols. (Vols. i. and ii.) Robert Ogle, Edinburgh, 1841.

by no means without faculty. There lay motion in him; nay, curiously, with all his broad-based heaviness, a kind of alacrity, of internal swiftness and flustering impetuosity,—a natural vehemence, assiduous swift eagerness, both of heart and intellect: very considerable motion; all embedded, too, in that most wholesome, broad-based love of rest! The eupeptic, right-thinking nature of the man; his sanguineous temper, with its vivacity and sociality; an ever-busy ingenuity, rather small perhaps, but prompt, hopeful, useful; always with a good dash, too, of Scotch shrewdness, Scotch *canniness;* and then a loquacity, free, fervid, yet judicious, *canny,*—in a word, natural vehemence, wholesomely covered over and tempered (as Sancho has it) in 'three inches of old Christian *fat,*'—all these fitted Baillie to be a leader in General Assemblies and conclaves, a man deputable to the London Parliament and elsewhither. He became a prominent, and so far as the Scotch Kirk went, preëminent man; present in the thick of all negotiations, Westminster Assemblies, Scotch Commissions, during the whole Civil War. It can be said too, that his natural faculty never, in any pitch of heat or confusion, proved false to him; that here, amid revolt and its dismal fluctuations, the worthy man lived agitated indeed, but not unprosperous. Clearly enough, in that terrible jostle, where so many stumbling fell, and straightway had their lives and fortunes trodden out, Baillie did, according to the Scotch proverb, contrive to 'carry his dish level' in a wonderful manner, spilling no drop; and indeed was found at last, even after Cromwell and all Sectaries had been there, seated with prosperous composure, not in the Kirk of Kilwinning, but in the Principalship of Glasgow University: which latter he had maintained successfully through all changes of weather, and only needed to renounce at the coming-in of Charles II., when, at any rate, he was too old for holding it much longer. So invincible, in all elements of fortune, is a good natural endowment; so serviceable to a man is that same quality of motion, if embedded in wholesome love of rest,—hasty vehemence dissolved in a bland menstruum of oil!

Baillie, however we may smile at him from this distance, was not entirely a common character: yet it must be owned that, for anything he of himself did or spoke or suffered, the worthy man must have been forgotten many a year ago; the name of him dead, non-extant; or turning-up (as the doom of such is) like the melancholy mummy of a name, under the eye of here and there an excavator in those dreary mines,—bewildered, interminable rubbish-heaps of the Cromwellian Histories; the dreariest perhaps that anywhere exist, still visited by human curiosity, in this world. But his copious loquacity, by good luck for him and for

us, prompted Baillie to use the pen as well as tongue. A certain invaluable 'Reverend Mr. Spang,' a cousin of his, was Scotch minister at Campvere, in Holland, with a boundless appetite to hear what was stirring in those days; to whom Baillie, with boundless liberality, gives satisfaction. He writes to Spang, on all great occasions, sheet upon sheet; he writes to his Wife, to the Moderator of his Presbytery, to earls and commoners, to this man and to that; nothing loth to write when there is matter. Many public Papers (since printed in Rushworth's and other Collections) he has been at the pains to transcribe for his esteemed correspondents; but what to us is infinitely more interesting, he had taken the further trouble to make copies of his own Letters. By some lucky impulse, one hardly guesses how,—for as to composition, nothing can be worse written than these Letters are, mere hasty babblements, like what the extempore speech of the man would be,—he took this trouble; and ungrateful posterity reaps the fruit. These Letters, bound together as a manuscript book, in the hands of Baillie's heirs, grew ever more notable as they grew older; copies, at various times, were made of parts of them; some three copies of the whole, or almost the whole, whereof one, tolerably complete, now lies in the British Museum.[1] Another usefuller copy came into the hands of Woodrow, the zealous, diligent Historian of the Scotch Church, whose numerous Manuscripts, purchased partly by the General Assembly, partly by the Advocates' Library, have now been accessible to all inquirers, for a century or more. Baillie, in this new position, grew ever notabler; was to be seen quoted in all books on the history of that period; had to be read and searched through, as a chief authority, by all original students of the same. Half a century of this growing notability issued at last in a printed edition of Baillie; two moderate octavo volumes, published, apparently by subscription, at Edinburgh, in 1775. Thus at length, had the copious outpourings, first emitted into the ear of Spang and others, become free to the curiosity of all; purchasable by every one that had a few shillings, legible by every one that had a little patience. As the

[1] As in this Museum transcript, otherwise of good authority, the name of the principal correspondent is not 'Spang' but 'Strang,' and we learn elsewhere that Baillie wrote the miserablest hand, a question arises, Whether *Strang* be not, once for all, the real name, and *Spang*, from the first, a mere false reading, which has now become inveterate? *Strang*, equivalent to *Strong*, is still a common name in those parts of Scotland *Spang* (which is a Scottish verb, signifying *leap violently*, *leap distractedly*,—as an imprisoned, terrified kangaroo might leap) we never heard of as a Christian person's surname before! 'The Reverend Mr *Leap distractedly*' labouring in that dense element of Campvere, in Holland? We will hope not, if there be a ray of hope! The Bannatyne Club, now in a manner responsible, is adequate to decide. —— *Spang* is the name, persist they (A.D. 1846).

interest in those great transactions never died-out in Scotland, Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, one of the best remaining illustrations of them, became common in Scottish libraries.

Unfortunately, this same printed edition was one of the worst. A tradition, we are told, was once current among Edinburgh booksellers that it had been undertaken on the counsel of Robertson and Hume; but, as Mr. Laing now remarks, it is not a credible tradition. Robertson and Hume would, there is little doubt, feel the desirableness of having Baillie edited, and may, on occasion, have been heard saying so; but such an edition as this of 1775 is not one they could have had any hand in. In fact, Baillie may be said to have been printed on that occasion, but not in any true sense edited at all. The quasi-editor, who keeps himself entirely hidden in the background, is guessed to have been one 'Mr. Robert Aiken, Schoolmaster of Anderton,'—honour to his poor shadow of a name! He went over Baillie's manuscripts in such fashion as he could; 'omitted many Letters on private affairs;' copied those on public matters, better or worse; and prefixing some brief, vague *Memoir of Baillie*, gathered out of the general wind, sent his work through the press, very much as it liked to go. Thanks to him, poor man, for doing so much; not blame that, in his meagre garret, he did not do more! But it is to be admitted, few books were ever sent forth in a more helpless condition. The very printer's errors are numerous. Note or comment there is none whatever, and here and there some such was palpably indispensable; for Baillie, in the hurry of his written babblement, is wont to designate persons and things, often enough, in ways which Spang and the world would indeed understand at the time, but which now only critics and close investigators can make out. The narrative, watery, indistinct, flowing out in vague diffusion, at the first and best, fades now too frequently into the enigmatic, and stagnates in total obscuration, if some little note be not added. Whom does the Letter-writer, in his free and easy speed, intend to designate by such phrases as 'his Lordship,' 'the Lord Marquis,' his Grace, precious Mr. David, the Reverend Mr. H. of N.? An editor ought to tell; and has not tried there to do it. Far from doing it, he has even mistaken some of the initials themselves, and so left the natural dimness changed into Egyptian dark. Read in this poor Anderton edition, Baillie, in many passages, produces the effect, not of a painting, even of the hugest signpost painting, but of a monstrous, foamy smear, resemblance of no created thing whatever. Additional outlays of patience become requisite, and will not always suffice. It is an enigma you might long guess over, did not perhaps indolence and healthy

instincts premonish you that, when you had it, the secret would be worth little.

To all which unhappy qualities we are to add, that this same edition of 1775 had, in late times, become in the highest degree difficult to get hold of! In English libraries it never much abounded, nor in the English book-markets; its chief seat was always its native one. But of late, as would seem, what copies there were, the growing interest of whatsoever related to the heroes of the Civil War had altogether absorbed. Most interesting to hear what an eye-witness, even a stupid eye-witness, if honest, will say of such matters! The reader that could procure himself a *Baillie* to pore over, was lucky. The price in old-book shops here in London had risen, if by rare chance any copy turned up, to the exorbitancy of two guineas!

And now, under these circumstances, the Bannatyne Club, a private reunion of men who devote themselves expressly to the rescue and reprinting of scarce books and manuscripts, with or without much value, very wisely determined to reëdit *Baillie*; first, for their own private behoof; and secondly, as is their wise wont in some cases, and as in every case is easy for them (the types being already all set, and the printer's 'composition' accomplished, as it were, gratis), for the behoof of the public that will buy. Very wisely too, they appointed for this task their Honorary Secretary, the Keeper of the Edinburgh Signet Library, Mr. David Laing, a gentleman well known for his skill in that province of things. Two massive Octavos, in round legible type, are accordingly here; a Third and last is to follow in a few months; and so Baillie's *Letters and Journals*, finally in right reading condition, becomes open, on easy terms, to whoever has concern in it. In right reading condition; for notes and all due marginal guidances, such as we desiderated above, are furnished; the text is rectified by collation of three several Manuscripts, among others, Baillie's own, of the 'evil handwriting' of which an appalling facsimile gives evidence; the various Letters relating to private affairs are not excluded in this edition, but wisely introduced and given in full, as deserving their paper and ink perhaps better than the average. On the other hand, public Papers, if easily accessible elsewhere, are withheld, and a reference given to the *Rushworth*, *Hardwicke*, *Thurloe*, or other such *Collection*, where they already stand; if not easily accessible, they are printed here in appendixes; and indeed not they only, but many more not copied by Baillie, some of them curious enough, which the editor's resources and long acquaintance with the literature of Scotch History have enabled him to offer. This is the historical description, origin and genesis of

these two massive Octavos named *Baillie's Letters and Journals*, published by the Bannatyne Club, which now lie before us; thus are they, and thence did they come into the world.

It remains now only to be added, critically as well as historically, that Mr. Laing, according to all appearance, has exhibited his usual industry, sagacity, correctness, in this case; and done his work well. The notes are brief, illuminative, ever in the right place; and, what we will praise withal, not over plenteous, not more of them than needed. Nothing is easier than for an antiquarian editor to seize too eagerly any chance or pretext for pouring-out his long-bottled antiquarian lore, and drowning his text, instead of refreshing and illustrating it; a really criminal proceeding! This, we say, the present editor has virtuously forborne. A good index, a tolerable biography, are to be looked for, according to promise, in the Third Volume. Baillie will then stand on his shelves, accessible, in good reading condition: a fact which, since it is actually a fact, may with propriety enough be published in this journal, and in any and all other journals or methods, as widely as the world and its wants and ways will allow.

We have no thought here of going much into criticism of Baillie or his Book; still less of entering at all on that enormous Business he and it derive their interest from,—that enormous whirlpool on which, the fountains of the great deep suddenly breaking up, the pacific, broad-based Minister sees himself launched forth from Kilwinning Kirk, and set sailing, and epistolising! The Book has become curious to us, and the Man curious; much more so on a riper acquaintance than they were at first. Nevertheless our praise of him, hearty enough in its kind, must on all sides be limited. To the general, especially to the uninformed or careless reader, it will not be safe to promise much ready entertainment from this Book. Entertainment does lie in it, both amusement and instruction do; but rather for the student than the careless reader. Poor Baillie is no epic singer or speaker, —the more is the pity! His Book is like the hasty, breathless, confused *talk* of a man, looking face to face on that great whirl of things. A wiser man—would have talked *more* wisely! But, on the whole, this man too has a living heart, a seeing pair of eyes; above all, he is clearly a veracious man; tells Spang and you the truest he has got to tell, in such a bustling hurry as his. Veracious in word; and we might say, what is a much rarer case, veracious in thought too; for he harbours no malignity, perverse hatred, purposes no wrong against any man or thing; and indeed, at worst, is of so transparent a nature, all readers can discern at all times where his bias lies, and make due allowance for that.

Truly, it is pity the good man had not been a little wiser, had not shown a little more of the epic gift in writing: we might then have had, as in some clear mirror, or swift contemporaneous *Daguerreotype* delineator, a legible living picture of that great Time, as it looked and was! But, alas, no soul of a man is altogether such a 'mirror;' the highest soul is only approximately, and still at a great distance, such. Besides, we are always to remember, poor Baillie wrote not for us at all; but for Spang and the Presbytery of Irvine, with no eye to us! What of picture there is, amid such vaporous mazy indistinctness, or indeed quite turbulent weltering dislocation and confusion, must be taken as a godsend. The man gazes as he can, reports as he can. His words flowing-out bubble-bubble, full of zealous broad-based vehemence, can rarely be said to make a picture; though on rare occasions he does pause, and with distinctness, nay with a singular felicity, give some stroke of one. But rarely, in his loquacious haste, has he taken time to detect the real articulation and structure of the matter he is talking of,—where it begins, ends, what the real character and purport, the real aspect of it is: how shall he in that case, by any possibility, make a portrait of it? He talks with breathless loquacity, with adipose vehemence, about it and about it. Nay, such lineaments of it as he has discovered and mastered, or begun to discover (for the man is by no means without an eye, could he have taken time to look), he, scrawling without limit to Spang, uses not the smallest diligence to bring-out on the surface, or to separate from the as yet chaotic, undiscovered; he leaves them weltering at such depth as they happen to lie at. A picture does struggle in him; but in what state of development the reader can guess. As the image of a real object may do, shadowed in some huge frothy ever-agitated vortex or deluge,—ever-agitated cauldron, boiling, bubbling, with fat vehemence!

Yet this too was a thing worth having: what talk, what babblement, the Minister of rural Kilwinning, brought suddenly in sight of that great World-transaction, will audibly emit from him. Here it is, fresh and fresh,—after two centuries of preservation: how that same enormous whirlpool, of a British Nation all torn from its moorings, and set in conflict and self-conflict, represents itself, from moment to moment, in the eyes of this shrewd-simple, zealous, yet broad-bottomed, rest-loving man. On the whole, is there not, to the eager student of History, something at once most attractive and yet most provoking in all Memoirs by a Contemporary? Contemporaneous words by an eye-witness are like no other. For every man who sees with eyes *is*, approximately or else afar off, —either approximately and in some faint degree decipherable, or

too far off, altogether *un*decipherable, and as if vacant and blank, —the miraculous 'Daguerreotype-mirror,' above mentioned, of whatever thing transacts itself before him. No shadow of it but left some trace in him, decipherable or undecipherable. The poor *soul* had, lying in it, a far stranger alchemy than that of the electric-plates: a living Memory, namely, an Intelligence, better or worse. Words by an eye-witness! You have there the words which a son of Adam, looking on the phenomenon itself, saw fittest for depicturing it. Strange to consider: *it*, the very phenomenon itself, does stand depictured there, though under such inextricable obscurations, shortcomings, perversions,—fatally eclipsed from us forever. For we cannot read it; the traces are so faint, confused, as good as non-extant to our organs: the light was so unfavourable, —the 'electric-plate' was so extremely *bad*. Alas, you read a hundred autograph holograph letters, signed 'Charles Rex,' with the intensest desire to understand Charles Rex, to know what Charles Rex was, what he had in his eye at that moment; and to no purpose. The summary of the whole hundred autographs is vacuity, inanity; like the moaning of winds through desert places, through damp empty churches: what the writer did actually mean, the thing he then thought of, the thing he then was, remain forever hid from you. No answer; only the ever-moaning, gaunt, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of wind in empty churches! Most provoking; a provocation as of Tantalus;—for there is not a word written there but stands like a kind of window through which a man *might* see, or feels as if he might see, a glimpse of the whole matter. Not a jolt in those crabbed angular sentences, nay not a twirl in that cramp penmanship, but is significant of all you seek. Had a man but intellect *enough*,—which, alas, no man ever had, and no angel ever had,—how would the blank become a picture all legible! The doleful, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of church-winds had become intelligible, cheering articulation; that tragic, fatal-looking, peak-bearded individual, 'your constant assured friend, Charles Rex,' were no longer an enigma and chimera to you! With intellect *enough*,—alas, yes it were all easy then; the very signing of his name were then physiognomical *enough* of him!

Or, descending from such extreme heights and rarefactions, where, in truth, human nature cannot long breathe with satisfaction,—may we not here deduce once more the humble practical inference, How extremely incumbent it is on every reader to read faithfully with whatever of intellect he has; on every writer, in like manner, to exert himself, and write his wisest? Truly the man who says, still more who writes, a wise word on any object he has seen with his eyes, or otherwise come to know and be master of,

the same is a benefactor to all men. He that writes unwise words, again,—especially if on any great, ever-memorable object, which in this manner catches him up, so to speak, and keeps him memorable along with it,—is he not the indisputablest *male*factor? Yes; though unfortunately there is no bailiff to collar him for it, and give him forty stripes save one; yet, if he could do better, and has not done it,—yes! Shall stealing the money of a man be a crime; and stealing the time and brains of innumerable men, generation after generation of men, be none? For your tenebrific criminal has fixed himself on some great object, and cannot perhaps be forgotten for centuries; one knows not when he will be entirely forgotten! He, for his share, has not brought light into the world according to his opportunity, but darkness; he is a son of Nox, has treacherously deserted to the side of Chaos, Nox and Erebus; strengthening, perpetuating, so far as lay in him, the reign of prolixity, vacuity, vague confusion, or in one word, of stupidity and *mis*knowledge on this earth! A judicious Reviewer,—in a time when the 'abolition of capital punishments' makes such progress in both Hemispheres,—would not willingly propose a new penalty of *death;* but in any reasonable practical suggestion, as of a bailiff and forty stripes save one, to be doubled in case of relapse, and to go on doubling in rigid geometric progression till amendment ensued, he will cheerfully concur.

But to return. The above considerations do not, it is clear, apply with any stringency to poor Baillie; whose intellect, at best, was never an epic one; whose opportunities, good as they look, were much marred by circumstances; above all, whose epistolary performance was moderately satisfactory to Spang! We are to repeat that he has an intellect, and a most lively, busy one of its kind; that he is veracious, what so few are. If the cursory reader do not completely profit by him, the student of History will prosper better. But in this, as in all cases, the student of History must have patience. Everywhere the student of History has to pass his probation, his apprenticeship; must first, with painful perseverance, *read* himself *into* the century he studies,—which naturally differs much from our century; wherein, at first entrance, he will find all manner of things, the ideas, the personages, and their interests and aims, foreign and unintelligible to him. He as yet knows nobody, can yet care for nobody, completely understand nobody. He must read himself into it, we say; make himself at home, and acquainted, in that repulsive foreign century. Acquaintance once made, all goes smoother and smoother; even the hollow-sounding 'constant assured friend· Charles Rex' improves somewhat; how much more this headlong, warm-hearted, blunder-

ing, babbling, 'sagacious jolterhead' of a Baillie! For there is a real worth in him, spite of its strange guise;—something of the Boswell; rays of clear genial insight, sunny illumination, which alternate curiously with such babblement, oily vehemence, confused hallucination and sheer floundering platitude! An incongruous, heterogeneous man; so many inconsistencies, all united in a certain prime-element of most turbid, but genuine and fertile *radical warmth.*

Poor Baillie! The daily tattle of men, as the air carried it two hundred years ago, becomes audible again in those pages: an old dead Time, seen alive again, as through a glass darkly. Those hasty chaotic records of his, written down offhand from day to day, are worth reading. They produce on us something like the effect of a contemporaneous daily newspaper; more so than any other record of that time; much more than any of the *Mercuries*, 'Britannic,' 'Aulic,' 'Rustic,' which then passed as newspapers, but which were in fact little other than dull-hot objurgatory pamphlets, —grown cold enough now. Baillie is the true newspaper; he is to be used and studied like one. Taken up in this way, his steamy indistinctness abates, as our eye gets used to the steamy scene he lives in; many a little trait discloses itself, where at first mere vacant confusion was discernible. Once familiar to the time, we find the old contemporaneous newspaper, which seemed mere waste paper, a rather interesting document. Nay, as we said, the Kilwinning Minister himself by degrees gets interesting; for there is a strange homely worth in him, lovable and ludicrous; a strange mass of shrewd simplicities, naiveties, blundering ingenuities, and of right wholesome vitalities withal. Many-tinted traceries of Scotch humours, such as a Galt, a Scott, or a Smollett might have rejoiced over, lie in this man, unobliterated by the Covenant and all distance of time. How interesting to descry, faintly developed, yet there and recognisable through the depths of two dead centuries, and such dense garnitures and dialects all grown obsolete, the indubitablest traits of Scotch human-nature, redolent of the 'West-country,' of the kindly 'Salt-market,' even as this Day still sees it and lovingly laughs over it! Rubicund broad lineaments of a Nicol Jarvie, sly touches too of an Andrew Fairservice; nay sputterings, on occasion, of the tindery tragic fire of an adust Lieutenant Leshmahago,—fat as this man is, and of a pacific profession! We could laugh much over him, and love him much, this good Baillie; but have not time at present. We will point out his existence; advise all persons who have a call that way to read that same 'contemporaneous newspaper' of his with attention and thanks. We give it small praise when we say, there is perhaps no

book of that period which will, in the end, better reward the trouble of reading. Alas, to those unfortunate persons who have sat, for long months and years, obstinately incurring the danger of locked-jaw, or suspension at least of all the thinking faculties, in stubborn perusal of Whitlocke, Heylin, Prynne, Burton, Lilburn, Laud and Company,—all flat, boundless, dead and dismal as an Irish bog,—such praise will not seem too promissory!

But it is time to let Baillie speak a little for himself; readers, both cursory and studious, will then judge a little for themselves. We have fished-up, from much circumambient indistinctness and embroiled babblement, a lucid passage or two. Take first that clear vision, made clear to our eyes also, of the Scotch encamped in warlike array under Field-Marshal Alexander Lesley, that 'old little crooked soldier,' on the slopes of Dunse Law, in the sunny days of 1639. Readers are to fancy that the flight of Jenny Geddes's stool, which we named a cardinal movement (as wrongs long compressed do but require some slight fugling-signal), has set all Scotland into uproar and violent gesticulation: the *first* slight stroke of a universal battle and wrestle, with all weapons, on the part of all persons, for the space of twenty years or so,—one of the *later* strokes of which severed a king's head off! That there were flockings of men to Edinburgh, and four 'Tables' (not for dining at) set up. That there have been National Covenants, General Assemblies, royal commissioners; royal proclamations not a few, with protests of equal number; much ineffectual proclaiming, and protesting, and vociferating; then, gradually, private 'drillings in Fife' and other shires; then public calling-forth of the 'twelfth penny,' of the 'fourth fencible man;' Dutch arms from Holland, Scotch officers from Germany,—not to speak of commissariat-stores, thrifty 'webs of harding' (*canvas*) drawn 'from the good wives of Edinburgh' by eloquent pulpit-appeals 'of Mr. Harry Rollock:'—and so, finally, this is what we discern on the pleasant conical Hill of Dunse, in the summer weather of 1639. For, as Baillie says, 'They might see now that before we would be roasted with a slow fire, by the hands of Churchmen who keeped themselves far aback from the same, we were resolved to make a bolt through the reek, and try to get a grip of some of those who had first kindled the fire, and still laid fuel to it,—and try if we could cast *them* in the midst of it, to taste if that heat was pleasant when it came near their own skins!' Proper enough; and lo, accordingly:

'This our march did much affray the English camp: Dunse Law was in sight, within six or seven miles; for they lay in pavilions some two miles

above Berwick, on the other side of Tweed, in a fair plain along the river. The king himself, beholding us through a prospect (*spy-glass*), did conjecture us to be sixteen or eighteen thousand men; but at one time we were above twenty thousand.'

'It would have done you good to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did, with great contentment and joy. For I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest; being chosen preacher by the Gentlemen of our Shire, who came late with my Lord of Eglinton. I furnished to half a dozen of good fellows muskets and pikes, and to my boy a broadsword. I carried, myself, as the fashion was, a sword and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; but, I promise, for the offence of no man except a robber in the way; for it was our part to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did, to my power, most cheerfully. Our Hill was garnished on the top, towards the south and east, with our mounted cannon; well near to the number of forty, great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the Hill, almost round about: the place was not a mile in circle; a pretty round, rising in a declivity, without steepness, to the height of a bow-shot; on the top, somewhat plain; about a quarter of a mile in length, and as much in breadth; as I remember, capable of tents for forty thousand men. The crowners[1] lay in kennous (*canvas*) lodges, high and wide; their captains about them in lesser ones; the sojours about, all in huts of timber covered with divot (*turf*) or straw. Our crowners, for the most part, were noblemen: Rothes, Lindsay, Sinclair had among them two full regiments at least, from Fife; Balcarras a horse-troop; Loudon,' &c. &c. 'Our captains were mostly barons, or gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants, almost all, sojours who had served over sea in good charges. Every company had flying, at the captain's tent-door, a brave new Colour, with the Scottish Arms, and this ditton, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*, in golden letters,'—a notable emblazonment indeed!

'The councils of war were keeped daily in the Castle of Dunse; the ecclesiastic meetings in Rothes's large tent. Lesley the General, and Baillie his Lieutenant, came nightly on their horses for the setting of the watch. Our sojours were all lusty and full of courage; the most of them stout young ploughmen; great cheerfulness in the face of all. The only difficulty was to get them dollars or two the man, for their voyage from home and the time they entered on pay: for among our yeomen money at any time, not to say then, used to be very scarce.' 'We were much obliged to the town of Edinburgh for moneys: Harry Rollock, by his sermons, moved them to shake-out their purses; the garners of Non-covenanters, especially of James Maxwell and my Lord Winton, gave us plenty of wheat. One of our Ordinances was To seize on the rents of Non-covenanters,'—ane helpful Ordinance, so far as it went.

'Our sojours grew in experience of arms, in courage, in favour, daily: every one encouraged the other; the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors daily raised their hearts. The good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of Heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances, very frequent, of the goodness of their Cause, of their conduct (*guidance*) hitherto by a Hand clearly Divine; also Lesley his skill and fortune,—made them all so resolute for battle as could be wished. We were feared (*afraid*) that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be met in the fields; but such was the wisdom and

[1] *Crowner, coroner*, and (to distinguish this officer from him who holds the inquests), *coronel*, which last is still intrinsically our pronunciation of the word now spelt *colonel*.

authority of that old little crooked souldier, that all, with ane incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, as if he had been Great Solyman. He keeped daily, in the Castle of Dunse, ane honourable table: for the nobles and strangers, with himself: for the gentlemen waiters, thereafter at a long side-table. I had the honour, by accident, one day to be his chaplain at table, on his left hand. The fare was as became a general in time of war: not so curious by far as Arundel's, in the English Camp, to our nobles; but ye know that the English sumptuosity, both in war and peace, is despised by all their neighbours,'—*bursten poke-puddings* of Englishers, whose daily care is to dine, not wisely but too well!

'But had ye lent your ear in the morning, or especially at even, and heard in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture, ye would have been refreshed. True, there was swearing, and cursing, and brawling, in some quarters: but we hoped, if our camp had been a little settled, to have gotten some way for these misorders; for all, of any fashion, did regret, and all did promise to contribute their best endeavours for helping all abuses. For myself, I never found my mind in better temper than it was all the time frae I came from home, till my head was again homeward; for I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return. I found the favour of God shining upon me; and a sweet, meek, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me, all along. But, alas, I was no sooner on my way westward, after the conclusion of peace, than my old security returned.'[1]

This is the Scotch Encampment on the Hill of Dunse; King Charles looking at it through a spy-glass, not without interest, from the plain above Berwick on the other side of the river. Could he have discovered the Reverend Robert Baillie riding thither from Kilwinning, girt with sword and Dutch pistols, followed by the five or six rough characters whom he had laid out hard cash to furnish with muskets and pikes, and to what a dreadful pitch the mind of the pacific broad-based man had now got itself screwed, resolute 'to die on that service without return,'—truly, this also might have been illuminative for his Majesty! Heavy Baillie was an emblem of heavy Scotland, in the rear of which lay heavy England. But 'our sweet Prince' discerned only the surfaces of things. The mean peddling details hid from him, as they still do from so many, the essential great meaning of the matter; and he thought, and still again thought, that the rising-up of a million men, to assert that they were verily men with souls, and not automatons with wires, was some loud-sounding pettiness, some intrigue,—to be dealt with by intriguing. Herein he fundament-

[1] We have used the freedom to modernise Baillie's spelling a little; about which, 'as he could never fix,' says Mr. Laing, 'on any constant way of spelling his own name,' there need not be much delicacy: we also endeavour to improve his punctuation, &c. here and there; but will nowhere in the least alter his sense.

ally mistook; mis-saw;—and so mis-*went*, poor Prince, in all manner of ways: to the front of Whitehall ultimately!

But let us now, also through a kind of dim spy-glass, cast a far-off look into the domesticities of Baillie; let us glance, namely, through certain of these paper-missives, into that ancient Manse of Kilwinning; all vanished now, to the last stone of it, long since; swallowed in the depths of edacious Time. The reader shall also see a journey to Town done on ponies, along the coast of what is now the Great North-eastern Railway, working with so much more velocity by steam!

The 'Treaty of Berwick,' fruit of that Dunse-Law expedition of the Scotch People, has soon issued again in proclamations, in 'papers burnt by the hangman;' and then in a new Scotch Armament, lodged, this time, not on Dunse Hill, with uncertain moneys from Mr. Harry Rollock, but, by a bold movement through the Tyne at Newburn, safely in the town of Newcastle, with eight hundred pounds a-day from the northern counties: whereupon follows a new 'Treaty of Rippon,'—fit also to be burnt by the hangman by and by. Baillie rejoices somewhat in the milk and honey of these northern counties, comparatively a fat, productive land. The heroic man, girt again with Dutch pistols, innocuous except to thieves, had made his Will before departing on these formidable expeditions: 'It will be my earnest desire,' thus wills he, 'that 'my wife be content with the annual-rent of seven thousand merk '(*Scots*) from what is first and readiest, and that she quit judicially 'what further she could crave by her very subdolous contract'—subdolous contract, I say, though not of her making; which she should *quit*. 'What then remains, let it be employed for her children's education and profit. I would give to Robert five thousand merk, if he quit his heirship; the rest to be equally divided 'betwixt Harrie and Lillie. Three hundred merk to be distribute 'presently among the Poor of the Parish of Kilwinning, at sight 'of the Session.' All this we omit, and leave behind us in a state of comfortable fixity;—being bound now on a new mission: to the new Parliament (which will one day become a Long Parliament) just sitting down at present. Read these select fractions of Letters 'to Mrs. Baillie at Kilwinning,' dated November 1640, on the road to London:

'My Heart,—I wrote to thee from Edinburgh; also, from Kelso, to Mr. Claud, suspecting thy absence from home. I wrote to thee likewise here, in Newcastle, on Saturday last. Since, I thank God, I have been very weel, as thy heart could wish, and all my company.

'Yesternight the Committee sent for me, and told me of their desire I should go to London with the Commissioners. I made sundry difficulties; which partly they answered, and partly took to their consideration till this

day. But now, at our presbytery after sermon, both our noblemen and ministers in one voice thought meet that not only Mr. Alexander Henderson, but also Mr. Robert Blair, Mr. George Gillespie, and I, should all three, for divers ends, go to London; Mr. Robert Blair to satisfy the minds of many in England who love the way of New England (*Independency*) better than that of Presbyteries in our Church; I for the convincing of that prevalent faction (*Arminian Episcopals*) against which I have written; Mr. Gillespie for the crying-down of the English ceremonies, on which he has written; and all four of us to preach, by turns, to our Commissioners in their house; which is the custom of divers noblemen at court, and was our practice all the time of the Conference at Rippon. We mind to Durham, God willing, tomorrow; and other twelve miles on Saturday, to Darntoun (*Darlington*), there to stay all Sunday, where we hope to hear, before we cross the Tees on Monday, how things are like to frame in the English Parliament. Loudon is fashed with a defluxion; he will stay here till Monday, and come on as health serves, journey or post.

'They speak here of the prentices pulling down the High-Commission house at London; of General King's landing, with six or seven thousand Danes, in the mouth of the Thames, near London. We wish it were so; but we take it, and many things more you will hear, for clatters.

'My Heart, draw near to God; neglect not thy prayers morning and evening with thy servants, as God will help thee; read and pray, beside that, in private. Put Rob to the school; teach him and Harrie both some little beginnings of God's fear; have a care of my little Lillie. I pray thee write to me how thou and they are. 'Thy awne,

'Newcastle, 5 November 1640.' 'R. Baillie.

'My Heart,—Thou sees I slip no occasion. I wrote to thee yesternight from Newcastle; this night I am in Durham, very weel, rejoicing in God's good providence.

'After I closed my letters, my boy Jamie was earnest to go with me; so, notwithstanding of my former resolution to send him home, I was content to take him. I spake to the General, and put in his name, as my man, in the safe-conduct. But, when I was to loup on (*to mount horse*), he failed me, and would go no farther! I could not strive then; I gave him his leave, and a dollar to carry him home. His folly did me great wrong; for if I should have gone back to bespeak ane other, I would have lossed my company: so without troubling myself, I went forward with my company, manless. But, behold the gracious providence of my God: as I enter in Durham, one of my old scholars, a preacher in Colonel Ramsay's regiment of horse, meets with me before I light; will have me to his chamber; gives me his chamber, stable, servant, a cup of sack, and all courtesy; gets me a religious youth, a trooper, ready with a good horse, to go with me to London. Major-General Baillie makes me, and all the Commissioners that were there, sup with him, and gives the youth his leave to go with me. Mr. Archibald Johnston assures me for his charges, as well as my own. So my man James's foolish unthankfulness is turned about for my ten times better provision. I take this for a presage and ane erles (*earnest*) of God's goodness towards me all this voyage.

'We hope that Loudon's defluxion shall not hinder him to take journey on Tuesday. The morrow we intend but one other post to Darlington, and there stay till the Great Seal (*our Safe-conduct*) come to us. The Lord be with thee and my babies, and all my flock and friends. Thy awne,

'Durham, 6 November, Friday.' 'R. Baillie.

'My Heart, — I know thou does now long to hear from me. I wrote to thee on Saturday was eight days [*dated* Friday], from Durham. That day we went to Darlington, where Mr. Alexander Henderson and Mr. Robert Blair did preach to us on Sunday. At supper on Sunday, the post, with the Great Seal of England for our safe-conduct, came to us; with the Earl of Bristol's letter to Loudon, entreating us to make haste.

'On Monday we came, before we lighted, to Boroughbridge, twenty-five miles. On Tuesday we rode three short posts, by Ferrybridge, to Doncaster.[1] There I was content to buy a bobbin waistcoat. On Wednesday we came another good journey to Newark-on-Trent, where we caused Dr. Moyslie sup with us. On Thursday we came to Stamford; on Friday to Huntingdon; on Saturday to Ware; here we rested the Sabbath and heard the minister, after we were warned of the end of the service, preach two good sermons,'—the *service* once well-over, one gets notice, finds the sermons very fair!

'On Monday morning we came that twenty miles to London before sun-rising;[2] all well, horse and man, as we could wish; divers merchants and their servants with us on little naigs; the way extremely foul and deep. Our journeys being so long and continued, and sundry of us unaccustomed with travel, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved: none in the company held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. From Kilwinning to London I did not so much as stumble: this is the fruit of your prayers. I was also all the way full of courage, and comforted with the sense of God's presence with my spirit. We were at great expenses on the road. Their inns are all like palaces; no wonder they extorse their guests; for three meals, coarse enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pound sterling. Some three dish of creevishes (*écrivisses*), like little partans (*miniature lobsters*), two-and-forty shillings sterling.'—Save us!—'We lodge here in the Common Garden (*Covent Garden*); our house-mails (*rent*) every week above eleven pound sterling. The City is desirous we should lodge with them; so tomorrow I think we must flit.

'All things here go as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland (*Strafford*) came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday, rested; on Wednesday, came to Parliament; but, ere night, he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance.'

'Tuesday here was a fast; Mr. Blair and I preached to our Commissioners at home, for we had no clothes for outgoing. Many ministers used greater freedom than ever here was heard of. Episcopacy itself beginning to be cried-down, and a Covenant cried-up, and the Liturgy to be scorned. The town of London and a world of men mind to present a Petition, which I have seen, for the abolition of bishops, deans and all their appurtenances. It is thought good to delay till the Parliament have pulled-down Canterbury (*Laud*) and some prime bishops, which they mind to do so soon as the King has a little digested the bitterness of his Lieutenant's censure. Huge things are here in working; the mighty Hand of God be about this great work! We hope this shall be the joyful harvest of the tears that, these many years, have been sown in these Kingdoms. All here are weary of bishops.

'London, 18 November 1640.' 'R. Baillie.

[1] 'Ferribrig, Toxford and Duncaster,' Baillie writes here; confusing the matter in his memory; putting Tuxford north of Doncaster, instead of south and subsequent.

[2] Sunrise on the 16th of November 1640.

Weary of bishops, indeed; and 'creevishes' at such a price; and the Lord Lieutenant Strafford caged, and Canterbury to be pulled down, and everywhere a mighty drama going on: and thou, meanwhile, my Heart, put Rob to the school, give Harry and him some beginnings of wisdom, mind thy prayers, quit subdolous contracts, 'have a care of my little Lillie!' Poor little Lilias Baillie; tottering about there, with her foolish glad tattlement, with her laughing eyes, in drugget or other homespun frock, and antiquarian bib and tucker, far off in that old Manse of Kilwinning! But she grew to be tall enough, this little Lillie, and a mother, and a grandmother; and one of her grandsons was Henry Home Lord Kaimes;[1] whose memorial, and Lillie's, is still in this earth!

Greatly the most impressive of all the scenes Baillie witnessed in that mighty drama going on everywhere, was the Trial of Strafford. A truly impressive, momentous scene; on which Rushworth has gathered a huge volume, and then and since many men have written much; wherein, nevertheless, several features would have been lost, had not the Minister of Kilwinning, with his rustic open heart and seeing eyes, been there. It is the best scene of all he has painted, or hastily sign-painted, plastered and daubed. With careful industry, fishing as before from wide wastes of dim embroilment, let us snatch here and there a luminous fragment, and adjust them as is best possible; and therewith close our contemporaneous newspaper. Baillie's report, of immense length and haste, is to the Presbytery of Irvine, and dated May 1641. We give two earlier fractions first, from Letters to Mrs. Baillie. Strafford, on that fasting Tuesday, when the pulpits were so loud against bishops, was reposing from fatigues of travel. On the morrow he repaired to his place in Parliament, nothing doubting; 'but ere night he was caged:'

Wednesday, 17 *November* 1640. 'The Lower House closed their doors; the Speaker keeped the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House; and in a short pretty speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of High Treason; and required his person to be arrested till probation might be heard. And so Pym and his train withdrew; and thereupon the Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion.

'The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant where he was with the King. With speed he comes to the House; he calls loudly at the door; James Maxwell, Keeper of the Black-rod, opens. His Lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board-head; but at once many bid him void the House. So he is forced, in confusion,

[1] Woodhouselee's *Life of Kaimes.*

to go to the door till called again.'—Called again, 'he stands, but is commanded to kneel on his knees; after hearing their resolution, he offers to speak, but is commanded to be gone without a word.

'In the outer room, James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword; when he had gotten it, he cries with a loud voice for his man "to carry my Lord Lieutenant's sword." This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach; all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood uncovered; all crying, "What is the matter?" He said, "A small matter, I warrant you!" They replied, "Yes, indeed, High Treason is a small matter!"'

Saturday, January 30, 1641. 'The Lieutenant this day was sent for. He came from the Tower by water, with a guard of musketeers; the world wondering, and at his going out and coming in, shouting and cursing him to his face.

'Coming into the Higher House, his long Charge, in many sheets of paper, was read to him. For a while he sat on his knees before the bar; then after they caused him sit down at the bar, for it was eight o'clock before all was read. He craved a month to answer.'

May 4, 1641. 'Reverend and dear Brethren,' * * 'The world now seeth that the delay is alone upon their side. Their constant attendance on Strafford is pretended to be the cause; and truly it is a great part of the reason why our business and all else has been so long suspended. Among many more, I have been ane assiduous assistant; and therefore I will give you some account of what I have heard and seen in that most notable Process.

'Westminster Hall is a room as long, as broad, if not more, than the outer house of the High Church of Glasgow, supposing the pillars were all removed. In the midst of it was erected a stage, like to that prepared for our Assembly at Glasgow, but much larger; taking up the breadth of the whole house from wall to wall, and of the length more than a third part.

'At the north end was set a throne for the King, a chair for the Prince; before it lay a large woolsack, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earl of Arundel;[1] and then lower, two other woolsacks for my Lord Keeper and the Judges, with the rest of the Chancery, all in their red robes. Beneath this, a little table for four or five clerks of the Parliament in their black gowns. Round about these, some forms covered with green frieze, whereon the Earls and Lords did sit in their red robes, of that same fashion, lined with the same white ermine-skins, as you see the robes of our Lords when they ride in Parliament at Edinburgh. The Lords on their right sleeves have two bars of white skins; the Viscounts two and ane half; the Earls three; the Marquess of Winchester three and ane half. England hath no more Marquesses; and he but ane late upstart creature of Queen Elizabeth's.

'In front of these forms where the Lords sit, is a bar covered with green. At the one end of it standeth the Committee of eight or ten gentlemen appointed by the House of Commons to pursue (*prosecute*); at the midst there is a little desk, where the prisoner Strafford sits or stands as he pleaseth, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. At the back of this is another desk for Strafford's four secretaries, who carry his papers, and assist him in writing and reading. At their side is a void for witnesses to stand. Behind them is a long desk,

[1] This is he of the *Arundel Marbles:* he went abroad next year.

close to the wall of the room,[1] for Strafford's counsel-at-law, some five or six able Lawyers, who were not permitted to dispute in matter of fact, but questions of right, if any should be incident This is the order of the House below on the floor; the same that is used daily in the House of Lords.

'Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of eleven ranks of forms, the highest touching almost to the roof. Every one of these forms went from the one end of the room to the other, and contained about forty men. The two highest were divided from the rest by a rail; and a rail cutted-off from the rest, at every end, some seats. The gentlemen of the Lower House did sit within the rail; other persons without. All the doors were keeped very straitly with guards: we always behoved to be there a little after five in the morning. My Lord Willoughby Earl of Lindsey, Lord Chamberlain of England, ordered the House with great difficulty. James Maxwell, Black rod, was great usher; a number of other servant gentlemen and knights attended. We, by favour, got place within the rail, among the Commons. The House was full daily before seven. Against eight the Earl of Strafford came in his barge from the Tower, accompanied by the Lieutenant and a guard of musketeers and halberdiers. The Lords in their robes were set about eight; the King was usually there half an hour before them.

'The King came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, that when the King appears, he speaks what he will, and no other speaks in his presence. But at the back of the throne there were two rooms on the two sides; in the one did Duke de Vanden, Duke de Vallet,[2] and other French nobles sit; in the other the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, the Prince Elector, and some court ladies. The tirlies (*lattices*), that made them to be secret, the King brake down with his own hands; so they sat in the eye of all; but little more regarded than if they had been absent: for the Lords sat all covered; those of the Lower House, and all others except the French noblemen, sat uncovered when the Lords came, and not else. A number of ladies were in boxes above the rails, for which they paid much money. It was daily the most glorious assembly the Isle could afford, yet the gravity not such as I expected. Oft great clamour without about the doors: in the intervals while Strafford was making ready for answers, the Lords got always to their feet, walked and clattered (*chatted*); the Lower-House men, too, loud clattering. In such sessions, ten hours long, there was much public eating, not only of confections, but of flesh and bread; bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth, without cups; and all this in the King's eye: yea many but turned their back, and'—(Gracious Heavens!)—'through the forms they sat on. There was no outgoing to return; and oft the sitting was till two, three, or four o'clock.'

Strangely in this manner, no 'dignity of history' in the smallest obstructing us, do we look, through these rough-and-ready Scotch words, through these fresh Kilwinning eyes, upon the very body

[1] Temporary *wooden* wall; from east to west, as Baillie counts the azimuths.

[2] 'Duke de Vanden,' we presume, is Duc de Vendôme, left-hand Brother of Charles's Queen; 'Vallet' is La Valette, who in 1642 became Duc d'Epernon, succeeding his celebrated Father of that title. Two visitors of her Majesty. Notices of them, of their departure from the country by and by, are in *Commons Journals*, ii. 670, 576 (13 July, 17 May, 1642), &c.

of the old Time, its form and pressure, its beer and wine bottles, its loud clattering and crowding. There it is, visually present: one feels as if, by an effort, one could hear it, handle it, speak with it. How different from the dreary vacuity of most 'philosophies teaching by experience' is the living picture of the fact; such as even a Boswell or a Baillie can give, if they will but honestly look! In spite of haste, we must continue a little further; catch a few more visualities:

'The *first session* was on Monday, March 22 (1641). All being set, as I have said, the Prince on a little chair at the side of the throne, the Chamberlain and Black-rod went and fetched-in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black, as if in dool. At the entry he gave a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then at the bar, the fore-face of his desk, he kneeled; rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the House, and sat down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage.

'My Lord Steward, in a sentence or two, showed That the House of Commons had accused the Earl of Strafford of high treason; that he was there to answer; that they might manage their evidence as they thought meet. They thereupon desired one of their clerks to read their impeachment. I sent you the printed copy long ago. The first nine articles, being but generalities, were passed; the twenty-eight of the farther impeachment were all read. The clerk's voice was small; and after the midst, being broken, was not heard by many.

'My Lord of Strafford was, in his answer, very large, accurate and eloquent. A preamble, wherein,' &c.: this he spoke; and then a long paper, of particular answers to the twenty-eight charges, was read. 'The reading of it took-up large three hours. His friends were so wary that they made three clerks read by turns, that every one might hear. . . . . After all, Strafford craved leave to speak; but the day being so far spent, to two or three o'clock, he was refused; and the Lord Steward adjourned the House till the morrow at eight.

'The *second session*, on Tuesday 23d. The King and Queen and all being set as the day before, Mr. Pym had a long and eloquent oration, only against the preamble of Strafford's answer, wherein he laboured to—' &c. &c. 'The first witness, Sir Pierce Crosby, who—' * * * 'When Pym had ended, the Earl required time, if it were but to the morrow, to answer so heavy charges, many whereof were new. After debate pro and contra, one of the Lords spake of adjourning their House; and pressed their privilege, that at the motion of any one Lord the House behoved to be adjourned. So the Lords did all retire to their own House above, and debated among themselves the question for a large half-hour. During their absence, though in the eye of the King, all fell to clattering, walking, eating, toying; but Strafford, in the midst of all the noise, was serious with his secretaries, conferring their notes, and writing. The Lords returned; the Steward pronounced their decision: that the matters spoken being all of fact, and this only in answer to his own preamble, he should make an answer without any delay. So, without sign of repining, the Earl answered something to all had been said; instanced—' . . . .

'*Wednesday*, 24th. Mr. Maynard handled the first of the twenty-eight articles,' with witnesses, &c. In his reply, the Earl first required permission to withdraw and collect himself: this was refused. 'He made ane

excellent answer.'—'It were tedious to repeat all their quick passages.' 'The third article, "That he would make the King's little finger heavier than the loins of the law," this was proven by sundry. Among others, Sir David Foulis, whom he had crushed, came to depose. He excepted against this witness, as one who had a quarrel with him. Maynard produced against him his own decree, subscribed by his own hand, that whereas Sir David had brought before *him* the same exception against a witness, he had decreed that a witness for the King and Commonwealth must be received, notwithstanding any private quarrels. When he saw his own hand, he said no more, but in a jesting way, "You are wiser, my Lord Steward, than to be ruled by any of *my* actions as patterns!"'

Or, quitting all order of 'sessions,' let us mark here and there, in 'this notable Process,' a characteristic feature, as we can gather it. Mark, in general, the noble lone lion at bay, mark the fierce, winged and taloned, toothed and rampant enemies, that in flocks, from above and from beneath, are dashing at him!

'My Lord of Strafford required, farther, to answer to things objected the former day; but was refused. He required permission to retire, and advise about the present objections; but all that he obtained was a little time's advisement in the place he was in. So hereafter, it was Strafford's constant custom, after the end of his adversary's speech, to petition for time of recollection; and obtaining it, to sit down with his back to the Lords, and most diligently read his notes, and write answers, he and his secretaries, for ane half-hour, in the midst of a great noise and confusion, which continued ever till he rose again to speak.'—

'For this he produced Sir William Pennyman as witness; a member of the Lower House, who, both here and many times else, deposed point-blank all he required. Mr. Maynard desired him to be posed (for no man there did speak to any other, but all speech was directed to my Lord Steward), "When, and at what time, he was brought to the remembrance of those words of my Lord Strafford's?" All of us thought it a very needless motion. Sir William answered, "Ever since the first speaking of them, they were in his memory; but he called them most to remembrance since my Lord Strafford was charged with them." Maynard presently catched him, "That he behoved, then, to be answerable to the House for neglect of duty; not being only silent, but voting with the rest to this article, wherein Strafford was charged with words whereof he knew he was free!" There arose, with the word, so great an hissing in the House, that the gentleman was confounded, and fell a-weeping.

'Strafford protested, He would rather commit himself to the mercy of God alone, giving over to use any witness in his defence at all, than that men, for witnessing the truth, should incur danger and disgrace on his account.'—

'So long as Maynard was principal speaker, Mr. Glyn lay at the wait, and usually observed some one thing or other; and uttered it so pertinently that, six or seven times in the end, he got great applause by the whole House.'—

'I did marvel much, at first, of their memories, that could answer and reply to so many large allegeances, without the missing of any one point; but I marked that both the Lieutenant when they spake, and the Lawyers when he spake, did write their notes; and in their speeches did look on

those papers. Yea, the most of the Lords and Lower House did write much daily, and none more than the King.'—

'My Lord Montmorris was called to depose, in spite of Strafford's exception.' * * * 'In his answers Strafford alleged, concerning Lord Montmorris, the confession of his fault under his own hand;' 'that no evil was done to him, and nothing intended but the amendment of his very loose tongue:—if the gentlemen of the Commons House intended no more but the correction of *his* foolish tongue, he would heartily give them thanks!'—

' * * Concerning the Lord Deputy's scutching of a gentleman with a rod.' * *

'The other part of the article was his executing one Thomas Dennitt, who after a long want of pay, craving it from his captain, was bidden be gone to the gallows. He went his way, but was brought back, and said to have stolen ane quarter of beef: for this he is sentenced to die, and albeit some noblemen had moved the Deputy's lady to be earnest for his life, yet without mercy he was execute.'—

'Glyn showed That daily there came to their hands so much new matter of Strafford's injustice, that if they had their articles to frame again, they would give-in as many new as old. Strafford stormed at that, and proclaimed them ane open defiance. Glyn took him at his word; and offered instantly to name three-and-twenty cases of injustice, wherein his own gain was clear. He began quickly his catalogue with Parker's *paper petition*. Strafford, finding himself in ane ill taking, did soon repent of his passionate defiance, and required he might answer to no more than he was charged with in his paper.' (Seventh session, 29th March.)

'Strafford said, "That though his bodily infirmity was great, and the charge of treason lay heavy on his mind; yet that his accusation came from the honourable House of Commons, this did most of all pierce through his soul." Maynard alleged "That he (Strafford), by the flow of his eloquence, spent time to gain affection;"—as, indeed, with the more simple sort, especially the ladies, he daily gained much. He replied quickly, "That rhetoric was proper to these gentlemen, and learning also; that betwixt the two he was like to have a hard bargain." Bristol was busy in the mean time, going up and down, and whispering in my Lord Steward's ear; whereupon others, not content cried, "To your places, to your places, my Lords!"—'

'Maynard applied it vehemently, that he had subverted law, and brought-in ane arbitrary power on the subjects' goods for his own gain.'

'Mr. Glyn showed, "The Earl of Strafford was now *better* than his word: he had not only made Acts of State equal to Acts of Parliament, but also his own acts above both."'

'He (Strafford) answered, "That his intention in this matter was certainly good;" "that when he found the people's untowardness, he gave over the design." Maynard answered, "That intentions cleared not illegal actions; that his giving-over before *tens* of thousands were starved, maketh him not innocent of the killing of thousands,"'—sarcastic Learned-sergeant!

'The Earl of Clare and others debated with Vane (the elder Vane) sharply, What "*this* kingdom" did mean; England, or only perhaps Scot-

land? Maynard quickly silenced him: "Do you ask, my Lord, if this kingdom be this kingdom or not?"'

My learned friends! most swift, sharp are you; of temper most accipitral,—hawkish, aquiline, not to say vulturish; and will have this noble lamed lion made a dead one, and carrion useful for you!—Hear also Mr. Stroud, the honourable Member, standing 'at the end of the bar covered with green cloth,' one of the 'eight or ten gentlemen appointed to prosecute,' how shrill he is:

'The Deputy said, "If this was a treason, being informed as he was, it behoved him to be a traitor over again, if he had the like occasion." * * * Mr. Stroud took notice of Strafford's profession to do this over again. He said, "He well believed him; but they knew what the kingdom suffered when Gaveston came to react himself!"'

This honourable Member is one of the Five whom Charles himself, some months afterwards, with a most irregular *non*-constabulary force in his train, sallied down to the House to seek and seize,—remembering this, perhaps, and other services of his! But to proceed:

'My Lord Strafford regretted to the Lords the great straits of his estate. He said "he had nothing there but as he borrowed." Yet daily he gave to the guard that conveyed him ten pound, by which he conciliated much favour; for these fellows were daily changed, and wherever they lived, they talked of his liberality. He said, "his family were, in Ireland, two-hundred-and-sixty persons, and the House of Commons there had seized all his goods. Would not their Lordships take course to loose that arrest from so much of his goods as might sustain his wife and children in some tolerable way?"' (Thirteenth session, 3d April.)

'Garraway, Mayor the last year, deposed, "That to the best of his remembrance, he (Strafford) said, no good would be gotten till some of the Aldermen were hanged." While Strafford took vantage at the words, *to the best of my remembrance*, Garraway turned shortly to him, and told out punctually, "My Lord, you did say it!" Strafford thereupon, "He should answer with as great truth, albeit not with so great confidence, as that gentleman, to the best of his remembrance he did *not* speak so. But if he did, he trusted their goodness would easily pardon such a rash and foolish word."'

'*Thursday*, 8th April; *session fourteenth*. The twenty eighth article they passed. All being set, and the Deputy brought to the bar on his knees, he was desired to say for himself what he would, that so the House of Commons may sum-up all before the sentence.' He craved time till to-morrow. The Commons objected. 'Yet the Lords, after some debate, did grant it.'—

'The matter was' (*sixteenth session*), 'Young Sir Harry Vane had fallen by accident among his father's papers'—Ah yes, a well-known accident! And now the question is, Will the Lords allow us to produce it? 'The Lords adjourn one hour large: at their return their decree was against the expectation of all;'—an ambiguous decree, tending obliquely towards refusal, or else new unknown periods of delay!

'At once the Commons began to grumble. Glyn posed him, On *what* articles he would examine witnesses, then? They did not believe that he wanted to examine witnesses, but put him to name the articles. He named one,—another,—a third,—a fourth; and not being like to make ane end, the Commons on both sides of the House rose in a fury, with a shout of "Withdraw! Withdraw! Withdraw!"—got all to their feet, on with their hats, cocked their beavers in the King's face. We all did fear it would grow to a present tumult. They went all away in confusion. Strafford slipped-off to his barge and to the Tower, glad to be gone lest he should be torn in pieces; the King went home in silence; the Lords to their house.'

Session sixteenth vanishes thus, in a flash of fire! Yes; and the 'sharp untunable voice' of Mr. O. Cromwell, member for Cambridge, was in that shout of "Withdraw!" and Mr. Cromwell dashed-on his rusty beaver withal, and strode out so,—in those wide nostrils of his a kind of snort. And one Mr. Milton sat in his house, by St. Bride's Church, teaching grammar, writing Areopagitics; and had dined that day, not perhaps without criticism of the cookery. And it was all a living coloured Time, not a gray vacant one; and had length, breadth and thickness, even as our own has!—But now, also, is not that a *miraculous* spyglass, that Perceptive-Faculty, Soul, Intelligence, or whatsoever we call it, of the Reverend Mr. Robert Baillie of Kilwinning? We still *see* by it,—things stranger than most preternaturalisms, and mere commonplace 'apparitions,' could be. "Our Fathers, where are they?" Why, *there;* there are our far-off Fathers, face to face; alive,—and yet not alive; ah no, they are visible but *un*attainable; sunk in the never-returning Past! Thrice endeavouring, we cannot *embrace* them; *ter manus effugit imago.* The Centuries are transparent, then;—yes, more or less; but they are impermeable, impenetrable, no adamant so hard. It is strange *To be, To have been:* of all verbs the wonderfullest is that same. The '*Time-element,*' the 'crystal prison!' Of a truth, to us Sons of Time, it is the miracle of miracles—These thoughts are thrown-out for the benefit of the curious.

One thing, meanwhile, is growing plain enough to everybody: those fiery Commons, with their "Withdraw! Withdraw!" will have the life of that poor prisoner. If not by free verdict of their Lordships, then by bill of attainder of their own; by fair means, or by less fair, Strafford has to die. 'Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance.' Yes, and Heaven has heard; and the Earth now repeats it, in Westminster Hall here,—nay, worse still, out in Palaceyard, with 'horrible cries and imprecations!' This noble baited lion shall not escape, but perish,—be food for learned sergeants and the region kites! We will give

but one other glimpse of him: his last appearance in Westminster Hall, that final Speech of his there; 'which,' says Baillie, 'you have in print.' We have indeed: printed in *Whitlocke*, and very copiously elsewhere and since;—probably the best of all Speeches, everything considered, that has yet been printed in the English tongue. All readers remember that passage,—that pause, with tears in the 'proud glooming countenance,' at thought of "those pledges a saint in Heaven left me." But what a glare of new fatal meaning does the last circumstance, or shadow of a circumstance, which Baillie mentions, throw over it:

'He made a Speech large two hours and ane half. * * * To all he repeated naught new, but the best of his former answers. And in the end, after some lashness and fagging, he made such ane pathetic oration, for ane half-hour, as ever comedian did upon a stage. The matter and expression were exceeding brave: doubtless, if he had grace or civil goodness, he is a most eloquent man. One passage made it most spoken of: his breaking off in weeping and silence when he spoke of his first Wife. Some took it for a true defect of his memory; others, and the most part, for a notable part of his rhetoric; some that true grief and remorse at that remembrance had stopped his mouth. For they say that his first Lady, the Earl of Clare's sister, being with child, and finding one of his whore's letters, brought it to him, and chiding him therefor, he strook her on the breast, whereof shortly she died.'

Such is the drama of Life, seen in Baillie of Kilwinning; a thing of multifarious tragic and epic meanings, then as now. A many-voiced tragedy and epos, yet with broad-based comic and grotesque accompaniment; done by actors *not* in buskins;—ever replete with elements of guilt and remorse, of pity, instruction and fear! It is now two-hundred years and odd months since these Commons Members, shouting, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" took away the life of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford: and introduced, driven by necessity *they* knew little whither, horrid rebellions, as the phrase went, and suicidal wars into the bowels of this country. On our horizon too, there loom now inevitabilities no less stern; one knows not sometimes whether not very near at hand! They had the *Divine Right of Kings* to settle, those unfortunate ancestors of ours: Shall Charles Stuart and William Laud alone have a soul and conscience in this Nation, under extant circumstances; or shall others too have it? That had come now to require settlement, that same 'divine right;' and they, our brave ancestors, like true stalwart hearts, did on hest of necessity manage to settle it,—by cutting-off its head, if no otherwise.

Alas, we, their children, have got perhaps a still harder thing to settle: the *Divine Right of Squires*. Did a God make this land of Britain, and give it to us all, that we might live there by honest

labour; or did the Squires make it, and,—shut to the voice of any God, open only to a Devil's voice in this matter,—decide on giving it to themselves alone? This is now the sad question and 'divine right' we, in this unfortunate century, have got to settle! For there is no end of settlements; there will never be an end; the best settlement is but a temporary, partial one. Truly, all manner of rights, and adjustments of work and wages, here below, do verge gradually into error, into unbearable error, as the Time-flood bears us onward; and many a *right*, which used to be a duty done, and *divine* enough, turns out, in a new latitude of the Time-voyage, to have grown now altogether undivine! Turns out,—when the fatal hour and necessity for overhauling it arrives,—to have been, for some considerable while past, an inanity, a conventionality, a hollow simulacrum of use-and-wont; which, if it will still assert itself as a 'divine right,' having now no divine duty to do, becomes a diabolic wrong; and, by soft means or by sharp, has to be sent travelling out of this world! Alas, 'intolerabilities' do now again in this new century 'cry to Heaven;'—or worse, do not cry, but in low wide-spread moan, lie as perishing, as if 'in Heaven there was no ear for them, and on Earth no ear.' 'Elevenpence half-penny a-week' in this world; and in the next world *zero!* And 'Sliding-Scales,' and endless wrigglings and wrestlings over mere 'Corn-Laws:' a Governing Class, hired (it appears) at the rate of some fifty or seventy millions a-year, which not only makes no attempt at governing, but will not, by any consideration, passionate entreaty, or even menace as *yet*, be persuaded to eat its victuals, shoot its partridges, and not strangle-out the general life by *mis-*

We here quit Baillie; we let his drop-scene fall; and finish, though not yet in mid-course of his Great-Rebellion Drama. To prevent disappointment, we ought to say, that this of Strafford is considerably the best passage of his Book;—and indeed, generally, once more, that the careless reader will not find much profit in him; that except by reading with unusual *intensity*, even the historical student may find less than he expects. As a true, rather opulent, but very confused quarry, out of which some edifice might in part be built, we leave him to those who have interest in such matters.

DR. FRANCIA.[1]

[1843.]

The confused South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South-American Continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, 'the Napoleon of Mexico,' a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated 'Plan of Iguala;' a constitution of no continuance. He became Emperor of Mexico, most serene 'Augustin I.;' was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London; decided on returning;—landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,[2] but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin: *vate caruit sacro.*

And Bolivar, 'the Washington of Columbia,' Liberator Bolivar,

[1] Foreign Quarterly Review, No. 62.—*Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. José Gaspar Francia: by Citizen the Rev. Manuel Antonio Perez, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the 20th of October* 1840. (In the *British Packet and Argentine News*, No. 813. Buenos-Ayres, March 19, 1842.)

2. *Essai Historique sur la Révolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia.* Par MM. Rengger et Longchamp. Seconde édition Paris, 1827.

3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. Second Edition. London, 1839.

4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* By the same. London, 1839.

5. *Letters on South America.* By the same. 3 vols. London, 1843.

6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By John Miers. 2 vols. London, 1826.

7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. Second Edition London, 1829.

[2] *A Statement of some of the principal Events in the Public Life of Augustin de Iturbide: written by Himself.* London, 1843.

he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect; mildly aquiline form of nose; with terrible angularity of jaw; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame): this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms and histrionisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man; now dead and gone;—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation 'to the death?' Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them: it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging: many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without further dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed: let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it. Often beaten, banished from the firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained, in the Cumana regions, the 'immortal victory' of Carababo and several others; under him was gained the finishing 'immortal victory' of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost Emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of 'two chambers, and a supreme governor for life with liberty to name his successor,' the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct: and twice, or at least once, did the people, on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soirée*, this Simon Bolivar; and in his later years, in autumn 1825, he rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous

Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersaulting and war-whooping round him,[1]—and 'as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous 'Mountain, came in sight, the bells all pealed out, and there was 'a thunder of artillery,' says General Miller! If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled man; where was there one? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it made his appearance!

Of General San Martin too, there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic stedfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and 'his own portrait, as I 'remarked, hung up between those of Napoleon and the Duke 'of Wellington.' In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, whitewashed Town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, 'with its shady public-walk well paved and swept;' looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa Wilderness; pleasantly, on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains, capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them: there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cénis highway; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South-American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes: so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven-out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles 'at the Fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river,' some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising: still more the concluding civic-feast; which lasts for three days; which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results, as one may fancy. However, the

[1] *Memoirs of General Miller.*

women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand; nay, 'five or six of these poor women, taking it by turns, were always 'found in a sober state, watching over the rest;' so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only 'one or two' deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness, and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six-thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms;—the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like see-saws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dextrously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition-wagons, he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the packsaddle of your foremost mule there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; 'store of onions,

of garlic,' was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-bushes, or almost of rock-lichens or dried mule-dung. No further baggage was permitted: each soldier lay, at night, wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lullabied by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watch-fire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked-on by the Constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days, had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Guachos* of his; nay that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manœuvres, into total defeat on the 'plains of Maypo,' and again positively for the last time, on the plains or heights of 'Chacabuco;' and completed the 'deliverance of Chile,' as was thought, forever and a day.

Alas, the 'deliverance' of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but 'delivered' from one set of evil-doers to another set!—San Martin's manœuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fairspoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after

some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but so terribly hampered by 'class-legislation' and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and 'natural son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of Chile,' carries his Hibernianism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humour and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic-writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of Highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half-century ago, there probably was not a made road of ten miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow (being only three feet broad), and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only surefooted mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay food and refection,—for there are 'iron boxes' of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.[1] Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at eventide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With 'both hands,' it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

> Had you seen this road before it was made,
> You would lift both your hands, and bless General Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas*. Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal-box could yield, have not scrupled to tear-down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-stayed traveller, who sometimes, in threaten-

[1] Miers.

ing weather, has to linger here for days, 'for fifteen days together,' does not lift both his hands, and bless the Patriot soldier!

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appear among them, what would become of the unfortunates? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead,—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos!

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmo al popolo?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness: they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there: altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless peculation, malversation, that is their government: oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by native haciendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers!—Yes, but coming always, answer we; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing: the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco Ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries: clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the Clergy, and emancipating of the Slaves. Bat-wings, we say; for truly the South-American clergy had grown to be as a kind of

bat-vampires:—readers have heard of that huge South-American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital-fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep; and so drinking, till *it* is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more! The South-American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piastres; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampire; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death!—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows and other coloured persons: your mulatto, nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South-American emancipators; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man; under the most unpropitious circumstances; and have hitherto got only to the length we see! Nay now, it seems, they do possess 'universities,' which are at least schools with other than monk teachers; they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking-in through the windows.[1] Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeakable improvements in Chile;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations, rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also ('in his haste,' as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South Ameri-

[1] *Travels in Chile.*

can phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom, and which, we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his 'reign of terror' have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves; these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our own nose, rises a new 'tyrant,' claiming also *his* reward from us! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got-up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor of Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay-banks of the Parana; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologer, astrologer, wizard of the north; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aimé Bonpland; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland; and

how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailors, law-fiscals, officials; and executed, in his time, 'upwards of forty persons,' some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut-off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is labouring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real *Life of Francia*, from those parts, be still possible! If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls-in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen-and-ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius, and the like of him? My fine-arts and æsthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little Book, the Second on our List, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is

our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty prepense; coolly *omitting* whatsoever he *saw* that he did not understand:—poor man, if he yet survive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itself but lean and dry, into the most wooden of English false books; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deserved *wages* first of all! Reformation, even on the small scale, is highly necessary.

The Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope still are, two Swiss Surgeons; who in the year 1819 resolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards 'natural history,' among other things. After long towing and struggling in those Parana floods, and distracted provinces, after much detention by stress of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country; but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionysius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like some mousetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, easy to enter, impossible to get out of. Our brave Surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that speaks and writes) reconciled themselves; were set to doctoring of Francia's soldiery, of Francia's self; collected plants and beetles; and, for six years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This Book was the consequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the subject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We consider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may say it embraces, up to the present date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Despot; add to this its indisputable *brevity;* the fact that it can be read sooner by several hours than any other *Dr. Francia:* these are its excellences,—considerable, though wholly of a comparative sort.

After all, brevity is the soul of wit! There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us: he too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something, which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *nothing* more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome!

The Messrs. Robertson, with their *Francia's Reign of Terror*, and other Books on South America, have been much before the world of late; and failed not of a perusal from this Reviewer; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set-out for Buenos-Ayres, and thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little: but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The Brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents (*Corrientes* so-called), and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous Brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the Brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them or others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the Brothers Robertson, to be worn-out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his 'reign of terror,' or earlier it may be (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents), the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextrica-

bly complex; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade and elsewhither; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know, that the Messrs. Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge,—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a Book. Arrangements being made, Two Volumes of *Letters on Paraguay* came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these *Letters* for the first time lately: a Book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an offhand, free-flowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eupeptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humour or quasi-humour, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A Book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, 'with one eye shut and the other not open;' a considerable luxury for some readers. These *Letters on Paraguay* meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a Third Volume, and entitle it *Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror.* They did so, and this likewise the present Reviewer has read. Unluckily the Authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their Book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure: this is the problem; let a man have credit, of its kind, for doing his problem! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from *Rengger and Longchamp*, adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsonian loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the Volume of four-hundred pages, and say "There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this

in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled; and the consequences are already here: Three Volumes more on *South America*, from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson! These also, in his eagerness, this present Reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old Volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these Three Volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, Three solid-looking Volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it overnight, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh: but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuença, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there.[1] M. de la Condamine saw bull fights at Cuença, five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to World-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs.

[1] Condamine: *Relation d'un Voyage dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique méridionale.*

Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last Volumes, of writing still other Volumes on Chile, 'if the public will encourage.' The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *male*faction or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way; like to cover the face of the earth,—did not man's indignant providence, with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes: for the mind of man is voracious, is feracious; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the Author corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading-corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put-up with almost any dandelion, or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive M. de la Condamine, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new Work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it

cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to Heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain-out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*), and little more; not facts, but broken shadows of facts; clouds of confused bluster and jargon;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, 'sanguinary tyrant,' and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek! This latter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through Rengger's eyes, through Parish Robertson's eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something; and then to ask in quietness, What? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous!

An unscientific Cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the City of Assumpcion, was the Father of this remarkable human individual; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757. The man's name is not known to us; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of José Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year abovementioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a Mother too; but her name also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude; and no British reader is required to interfere with them! José Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection; probably to crying humours,

with fits of vehement ill-nature: such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the Gospel, and doing the Divine Offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias; at least one sister and one brother in addition; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust 'men of genius' too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a Priest, and *do* the Divine Offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez having learned his hornbooks and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or throve on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries are often dreadfully ill dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoonmeat, as times go! Spoonpoison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithridateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius' so-called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties. Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodriguez Francia! cries Nature, and the

poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long lawsuit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit skullcap and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this thou hast been born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a Priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a Lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpcion to look-out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remarkable. Curious enough: That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less: wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it too,

that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usarawonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this Universe; that Thou too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the wagonload, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn; but left flying there as shot-rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the *Encyclopédie* and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company; of infinite import to Francia!

Nay is it not, in some sort, beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapours, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in Science, and in Politics and Morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an *ill*-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-coloured, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what *is* the *truth* of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-coloured inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn-up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be decease and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look-in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the City of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best Advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still

more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian *Reign of Terror* itself is willing to admit, nay repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success and love of power, he became a mere ravenous goul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums from their parliament-houses,—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape-out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion Advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion City, near three-hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere,—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting-out the sun's glare; over-canopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway, —where, in the early part of this Century (date undiscoverable in those intricate Volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horseback, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl, in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.[1]

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fé, with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just risen from its siesta; slipshod, half-buttoned; sitting in its front verandahs open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free-and-easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humour. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulias*,—a kind of '*swarrie*,' as the Flunkey says, 'consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings: *swarrie* on the table about seven o'clock.' Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify

[1] *Letters on Paraguay.*

itself in the Parana: promiscuously; but you have all got linen bathing-garments, and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are destructive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! Tertulia well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilised mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlasting blue; for night-lamp burns Canopus in his infinite spaces; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams; and the Sun's first level light-volley sheers away sleep from living creatures everywhere; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked—one fancies! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not; and a cathedral wide enough?—How, over-night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this Editor.

The Guacho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as 'ease and scarcity.' The arts are in their infancy; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow: General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting strips of beef, and 'dictating to three secretaries at once.'[1] They sit on the skull of the cow in country places; nay they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only—that of

[1] *Letters on Paraguay.*

riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, and all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Guacho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick-on their horses as if both were one flesh; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging-on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up: on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troop of Centaurs with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse, which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish; excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Guachos! They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter; they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, mass-chantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Guachos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily *upon* you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quin-

tus Fixlein, had 'perennial fire-proof joys, namely employments.' He had much Law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had secondhand scientific treatises in French; he loved to 'interrogate Nature,' as they say; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses,—any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe: poor Francia! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumours to this effect are afloat; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better; but it befell not. As for that lightheaded, smart, brown girl whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumpcion, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter? Any certainty that, even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her?[1] Poor Francia, poor light-headed, smart, brown girl,—this present Reviewer cannot say!

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, downlooking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour; of iron rectitude, above all. 'The skilful lawyer,' 'the learned lawyer,' these are reputations; but the 'honest lawyer!' This Law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a *Francia's Reign of Terror*, with that running shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia:

'It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude.

'He had a friend in Assumpcion of the name of Domingo Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain. Never doubting that the young Doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it. Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that

[1] Robertson.

much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

'At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his master and the Doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent Doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.

'"Machain," said the Lawyer, addressing him, "you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence."

'The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebullition of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

'The first "escrito," or writing, sent-in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. "My friend," said the judge to the leading counsel, "I cannot go forward in this matter, unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent." "I will try," replied the advocate; and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three-hundred-and-fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this douceur was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

'"*Salga Usted*," said Francia, "*con sus viles pensamientos y vilisimo oro de mi casa!* Out, with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold, from my house!"

'Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capote, the offended Advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—"Sir," continued Francia, "you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely in my power; and unless to-morrow I have a decision in favour of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame."

'The morrow *did* bring a decision in favour of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young Doctor's fame extended far and wide.'

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his Father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been 'money matters.' Francia is not accused of avarice; nay is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he

did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, 'the height of fair play!' A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole Law, and occult French Sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private 'hypochondria;' black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome self-secluded life; 'interrogating Nature' through mere star-glasses, and Abbé-Raynal philosophies,—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate-fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Guachos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabiliar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent Monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonisation; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humours, kept close under lock-and-key, what has he to look for in it? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay he has already a post in the Cabildo; he has already been Alcalde, Lord-Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt-coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say, but barren moneys, barren Guacho world-celebrities; Abbé-Raynal philosophisms also very barren; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero*, thinks the Abbé Raynal?

But no; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the Champ-de-Mars: guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French People risen against Tyrants; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek Fatpauncho Usandwonto, sleek aristocratic Donothingism, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy-chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the housetops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, Donothingism; Donothingism doth murder sleep! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of Sans-

culottism; commingling very Tartarus with the old-established stars;—fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come Napoleonisms, Tamerlanisms; and then as a branch of these, 'Conventions of Aranjuez,' soon followed by 'Spanish Juntas,' 'Spanish Cortes;' and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake! And so, in the new Hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry arguings; arise armed gatherings in Santa Marguerita Island, with Bolivars and invasions of Cumana; revolts of La Plata, revolts of this and then of that; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new Hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had Rodriguez Francia three ears, he would hear; as many eyes as Argus, he would gaze! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut-out for Doctor Rodriguez.

The Paraguay People as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. Buenos-Ayres, Tucuman, most of the La Plata Provinces had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos-Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night-watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again![1] Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of Congress assembled, and the old Government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, 'compiled chiefly out of Rollin's *Ancient History*;' and we became a Republic: with Don Fulgencio Yegros, one of the richest Guachos and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*,

[1] Ronggor.

or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was in 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labours, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons and Company, on the birth, the cradling, baptismal processes and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their Books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was Secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivability, over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre of it,—this we do know; and, cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin,—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them. Besides, these Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact,—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it.—Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vapouring blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his peculations, and Don That another of the same; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable; then discontents, open grumblings, and, as a running accompaniment, intriguings, caballings, outings, innings: till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk-out with oratorical vivacity his lean right-hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low swift tone: "Adieu, Senhores; God preserve you many years!"—

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapúa not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—But he shall himself report:

'On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Donna Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out, '*Buen tiro*'—'a good shot.' I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *maté*-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.

'In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *maté* (cup of Paraguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia.'

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes, and seven senses, entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library;—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum:*

'He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three-hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some schoolboy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a maté-cup and inkstand, both of

silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size and weight, that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another.'

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the Government-offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable:—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general, it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable; that some new revolution, or change of ministry was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew 'more than once' to his *chacra*, disgusted with his Colleagues; who always, by unlimited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd 'Vowels;' no business can go on without Francia! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble, and rumour of new war, from Buenos-Ayres;—alas, from what corner of the great Continent, come there other than troubles and rumours of war? Patriot generals become traitor generals; get themselves 'shot in market-places;' revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword; 'dictating despatches from cow-skulls.' Like clouds of wolves,—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes,—the Indians dart-in on us; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppuration, when it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice, That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress, the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls*: with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for Consul's *cloak*, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gorgeous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer; good as Consul's cloak;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak?* Next year in the third Congress, Francia, 'by insidious manœuvring,' by 'favour of the military,' and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature,—gets

himself declared *Dictator:* 'for three years,' or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of *Rollin*, who would not lament such destiny? This Congress should have met again! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left; which drank infinite rum in the taverns; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback again, home to its field-husbandry and partridge shooting again. The military mostly favoured Francia; being gained-over by him,—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the Government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work, instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled; to see march, with real death-shot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, Guardhouses, at short distances were established along the River's bank and all round the dangerous Frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm-cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the heart of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the firebrands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos-Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no 'Congress of Lima,' 'General Congress of Panama,' or other general or particular Congress, would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees: why should not we let well alone? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of Frontier 'Guardhouses' being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's license,—given on payment of the due moneys, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licenses were a

considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance-dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant (think the Messrs. Robertson), were another. Paraguay stood isolated; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock-and-key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Guacho population! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the Perpetual Dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace; sat under its tea-tree; the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artiguenos and other war firebrands, all shut-out from it. But in that year 1819, the second year of the Perpetual Dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of 'Plots,' even dangerous Plots! In that year the firebrand Artigas was finally quenched; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy;—and got it, hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and conqueror, and fellow-bandit and firebrand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces; and—a Letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Guacho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence, there and then! A Conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it: Conspiracy which seems the wider-spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing itself these 'two years,' and now 'on Good-Friday next' is to be burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with![1] Francia was not a man to be trifled-with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature and structure of this Plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his Perpetual Dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio Plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the 'reign of terror,' properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the 'running shriek' of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern

[1] Rengger.

period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it! The Career of Freedom, be it known to all men and Guachos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life: the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Guachos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the Horse-subduer that does it. By Heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St.-Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid: till the 'three ball-cartridges' are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the Plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, for the next twenty years, little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The 'reign of terror,' one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigour; which would become 'terrible' enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the 'running shriek,' which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year (1820, as we grope and gather), that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done; eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Guachos? In Guachos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Guachos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French Sciences and natural sagacity, nay driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers, throughout all Paraguay, To sow a certain portion of their lands anew; with or without hope,—under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that Two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that Agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.[1] As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile

[1] Rengger, pp. 67, &c.

thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not Foreign Trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on; the course persisted in, 'with evident advantages,' says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic Plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without; and Locust swarms with Improvement of Husbandry in the interior; and those Guardhouses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage this huge Paraguay, which, by strange 'insidious' and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was? One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the *Æsthetische Briefwechsel* of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a Work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognising heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sunglance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical Remarks of his, and then a few Anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

'Pity,' exclaims Sauerteig once, 'that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call "tremendous cheers!" Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men. The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handier could they but have done it by "tremendous cheers" alone!'— —

'Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South-American continent,—he too is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting-process taking place;—mon-

strous gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again,—unable to manage it by "tremendous cheers" alone!' — —

'What they say about "love of power" amounts to little. Power? Love of "power" merely to make flunkeys come and go for you is a "love," I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing, as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *maté*, and four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkeys, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunkey "power?" He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunkey promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunkey had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

'And yet truly a man does tend, and must under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world? He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is.'— —

'Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one veracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm-profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called "Nothing, and find yourself!" Spartan food and lodging, solitude, two cigars, and a cup of *maté* daily, he already had.'

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting-out of the Seven Devils from a Guacho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labour, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigours; for indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture:—not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, 'boarding-schools,' 'elementary schools,' and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education, as he could; repressed superstition as he

could. Strict justice between man and man was enforced in his Law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing-up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this Hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nürnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man! Peculation, idleness, ineffectuality, had to cease in all the Public Offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work: all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die! We might define him as the born enemy of quacks; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of *un*veracity in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience; they had better disappear out of his neighbourhood. Poor Francia: his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life*-lease. He had his 'three ball-cartridges' ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez as he preaches, 'in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumpcion, on the 20th of October 1840,' in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His 'Funeral Discourse,' translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible in the *Argentine News* of Buenos-Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages; studying to abate the nasal tone a little; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has 'much surprised' the Able Edi-

tor, it seems;—has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litanying about 'reign of terror,' and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature?

'Amid the convulsions of revolution,' says the Reverend Manuel, 'the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don José Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. *And when, in the words of my Text, the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them.*'

'What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labours undergo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of Arms, and to discipline Soldiers. To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained. I am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things! He applied himself to the study of the military art; and, in a short time, taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfullest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paragueno think it other than honourable to carry a musket, when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency, as you know, did himself superintend; at the head of his squadrons he charged and manœuvred, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigour which infused his own martial spirit into these troops.'

'What evils do not the people suffer from Highwaymen!' exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on; 'violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seemed to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest Guardhouse (*Guardia*); a summary trial took place; and straightway, so soon as he had made confession, he was shot. These means proved effectual. Ere long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired.'—This is saying something, your Reverence!

'But what is all this compared to the demon of Anarchy? Oh!' exclaims his simple Reverence, 'Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren.'—'It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling'—if feeling to any extent there were! 'I,' exclaims his Reverence, 'am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the State's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution.' It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! 'Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to ap-

prove sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adonijah to death.' Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing it. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway,—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter hall or elsewhere, 'till he become a bore to us,' and perhaps worse! An Advocate in Arras once gave-up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this Advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar-of-lead. Were it not better to make *just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

'His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the State from another class of enemies,' says Perez in the Incarnation Church; 'the peculating Tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed-in, for his examination, once every year.'

'The habit of his Excellency when he delivered-out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so, less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artisans' workmanship.'

'Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion, tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so wide-spread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator, nevertheless, did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic.

'Four respectable Fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the People whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe.'

'The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and

drive-back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the Fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the Republic against attack from any.

'The great Wall, ditch and fortress, on the opposite bank of the River Parana; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter.'

'The beauty, the symmetry and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants,' continues Perez: 'Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,'—thus think most persons! 'His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the Capital of the Republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners.'

But enough, O Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Guachos of sense, that Dictator Francia *was* 'the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies?'—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man 'sent by Heaven,'—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two-hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting-up direct from Nature's heart, in this bewildered Guacho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and 'permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,'[1] has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, 'taking observations with his theodolite,' and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems further, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfullest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and

[1] Perez.

irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull-down their houses which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting-down of the luxuriant 'cross hedges' and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved City, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer[1]); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this *Reign of Terror*, with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders-in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the 'Bar of the House of Commons,' and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker,—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?"—Sure enough, our Robertson, arriving at the 'Bar of the House of Commons' with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the 'House of Commons' was this message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator!—The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the Bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all: hence, indeed. Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who

[1] Perez.

said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this *Reign of Terror* are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance: and sham-performance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *un*real performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic! Ye Guachos,—it is no child's-play, casting-out those Seven Devils from you!

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favour from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he somewhat roughly shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Debout, canaille fainéante*, as his prophet Raynal says; *Debout: aux champs, aux ateliers!* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while; and all Paraguay a wilderness or nearly so,—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it? Up, swift, to work;—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be!—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and such like: given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humour of the people, Francia left; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware, he also left sitting in their niches: no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron-saint for one of his new Fortifications once, he made this answer: "O People of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots? While I was a Catholic, I thought as you do: but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers!"[1] This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss Surgeons, what their religion was; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here: Christians, Jews, Mussulmans,—but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed with all manner of workers; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priest like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings; immensities of work going on; and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of them; only a more or

[1] Rengger.

less deceptive similitude of work! Masons so-called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build; their walls would not bear weather, stand on their bases in high winds. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, 'which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold!' For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which *were* meant to shave. In vain, all in vain! At length, Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor! I cannot endure every thing!" Francia, in despair, erected his 'Workman's Gallows.' Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner:

'In came, one afternoon, a poor Shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. 'Sentinel,'—said he,—and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:

'*Dictator.* "Take this *bribonazo*" (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which being interpreted, means "most impertinent scoundrel") —"take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half-a-dozen times;—and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it."

'*Shoemaker.* "Please your Excellency, I have done my best."

'*Dictator.* "Well, *bribon*, if this *be* your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the State's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."

'*Shoemaker.* "God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave: day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *y por el alma de un triste zapatéro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), I will make them to your Excellency's liking."

'*Dictator.* "Off with him, sentinel!"

'*Sentinel.* "*Venga, bribon*, Come along, you rascal."

'*Shoemaker.* "Señor Excelentisimo,—*this very night* I will make the belts according to your Excellency's pattern."

'*Dictator.* "Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must

pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."

'*Sentinel.* "*Vamonos, bribon;* the Supreme commands it."

'Off was the Shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall.'

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America;—and he is now, if still in this life, Beltmaker-general to Paraguay, a prosperous man; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the Seven Devils out of him!

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introducible, under that simple form, in our old-constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain Tenpound Franchisers, with their 'tremendous cheers,' are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your Seven Devils!—

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here:

'I have already said, that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took-up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This Edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This Structure the Dictator repaired and embellished; he has detached it from the other houses in the City, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe.

'He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a

kettle and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *maté*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the Interior Colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes-up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects: this barber may be said to be his *official gazette.* He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the Outer Colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, the *fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation [illegible] At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself.

'After dinner he takes his *siesta.* On awakening, he drinks his *maté*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre, and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the Outer Colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself.'

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.[1] Thou lonely Francia!

Francia's escort of cavalry used to 'strike men with the flat of their swords,' much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins; but never found any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris! —At one time also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to

[1] Rengger.

move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on!—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground: "Move on!" cried the sentry sharply; —no effect: "Move on!" and again none. "Move on!" for the third time:—alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively:—whereupon a shot belches-forth at him, the whewing of winged lead; which luckily only whewed, and did not hit! The astonishment of the Indian must have been considerable, his retreat-pace one of the rapidest. As for Francia, he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, "What news, *Amigo?*" The sentry quoted "Your Excellency's order;" Francia cannot recollect such an order; commands now, that at all events such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human Science in the person of M. Aimé Bonpland. M. Aimé Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas; and there set-up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. With an eye to botany? Botany? Why, yes,—and perhaps to commerce still more. "Botany!" exclaims Francia: "It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop! Who is this extraneous French individual? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas's! Bring him to me!" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland's tea-establishment; gallop M. Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior; root out his tea-plants; scatter his four-hundred Indians, and—we know the rest! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America;— and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and

firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and 'thirty piasters a month till he died.' The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, such of them as took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, 'were instantly seized and shot.'

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying Father—requires to be confirmed! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia "was busy;—what use was it?—could not come." A second still more pressing message arrives: "The old father dare not die unless he see his son; fears he shall never enter Heaven, if they be not reconciled."—"Then let him enter ——!" said Francia, "I will not come!"[1] If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia, by far the worst. If Francia, in that death-hour, could not forgive his poor old Father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia! But the accuracy of public rumour, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth? If so, let him do it—for the sake of the Psychological Sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Guachos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen-in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *maté*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or unquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For

[1] Robertson.

some thirty years, he was all the government of his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus: through all his years, and through all his days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labour. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A Life of terrible labour;—but for the last twenty years, the Fulgencio Plot being once torn in pieces, and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labour: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness; no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still *home.*

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their Book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon! He died on the 20th of September 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay 'with tears,' as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him; as some 'Directorate,' '*Junta Gubernativa,*' or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years.

AN ELECTION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.[1]

[1844.]

ANTHONY WOOD, a man to be depended on for accuracy, states as a fact that John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, and others, did, during the autumn of 1640, ride to and fro over England, inciting the people to choose members of their faction. Pym and others. Pym 'rode about the country to promote elections of the Puri-'tanical brethren to serve in Parliament; wasted his body much 'in carrying-on the cause, and was himself,' as we well know, 'elected a Burgess.' As for Hampden, he had long been accustomed to ride: 'being a person of antimonarchical principles,' says Anthony, 'he did not only ride, for several years before the 'Grand Rebellion broke out, into Scotland, to keep consults with 'the Covenanting brethren there; but kept his circuits to several 'Puritanical houses in England; particularly to that of Knightley 'in Northamptonshire,' to Fawsley Park, then and now the house of the Knightleys, 'and also to that of William Lord Say at Broughton near Banbury in Oxfordshire:'[2]—Mr. Hampden might well be on horseback in election-time. These Pyms, these Hampdens, Knightleys were busy riding over England in those months: it is a little fact which Anthony Wood has seen fit to preserve for us.

A little fact, which, if we meditate it, and picture in any measure the general humour and condition of the England that then was, will spread itself into great expanse in our imagination! What did they say, do, think, these patriotic missionaries, 'as they rode about the country?' What did they propose, advise, in the successive Townhalls, Country-houses, and 'Places of Consult?' John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, Mr. Hampden of Great Hampden, riding to and fro, lodging with the Puritan Squires of this English Nation, must have had notable colloquies! What did the Townspeople say in reply to them? We have a great curiosity to know about it: how this momentous General Election, of autumn 1640, went on; what the physiognomy or figure of it was; how 'the 'remarkablest Parliament that ever sat, the father of all Free

[1] FRASER'S MAGAZINE, No. 178.
[2] Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss's Edition), iii. 73, 59; Nugent's *Hampden*, i. 327.

'British Parliaments, American Congresses and French Conven- 'tions, that have sat since in this world,' was got together!

To all which curiosities and inquiries, meanwhile, there is as good as no answer whatever. Wood's fact, such as it is, has to twinkle for us like one star in a heaven otherwise all dark, and shed what light it can. There is nothing known of this great business, what it was, what it seemed to be, how in the least it transacted itself, in any town, or county, or locality. James Heath, 'Carrion Heath' as Smelfungus calls him, does, in his *Flagellum* (or *Flagitium*[1] as it properly is), write some stuff about Oliver Cromwell and Cambridge Election; concerning which latter and Cleaveland the Poet there is also another blockheadism on record: —but these, and the like, mere blockheadisms, pitch-dark stupidities and palpable falsities,—what can we do with these? Forget them, as soon as possible, to all eternity;—that is the evident rule: Admit that we do honestly know nothing, instead of misknowing several things, and in some sense all things, which is a great misfortune in comparison!

Contemporary men had no notion, as indeed they seldom have in such cases, what an enormous work they were going-on with; and nobody took note of this election more than of any former one. Besides, if they had known, they had other business than to write accounts of it for *us*. But how could anybody know that this was to be the *Long* Parliament, and to cut his Majesty's head off, among other feats? A very 'spirited election,' I dare believe:— but there had been another election that same year, equally spirited, which had issued in a *Short* Parliament, and mere 'second Episcopal War.' There had been three prior elections, sufficiently spirited; and had issued, each of them, in what we may call a futile shriek; their Parliaments swiftly vanishing again.

Sure enough, from whatever cause it be, the world, as we said, knows not anywhere of the smallest authentic notice concerning this matter, which is now so curious to us, and is partly becoming ever more curious. In the old Memoirs, not entirely so dull when once we understand them; in the multitudinous rubbish-mountains of old Civil-War Pamphlets (some thirty or fifty thousand of them in the British Museum alone, unread, unsorted, unappointed, unannealed!), which will continue dull till, by real labour and insight, of which there is at present little hope, the ten-thousandth part of them be extracted; and the nine-thousand nine-hundred and ninety-nine parts of them be eaten by moths, or employed in

[1] Or, *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1663): probably, all things considered, the brutallest Platitude this English Nation has to show for itself in writing.

domestic cookery when fuel grows scarce;—in these chaotic masses of old dull printing, there is not to be met with, in long years of manipulation, one solitary trait of any election, in any point of English land, to this same Long Parliament, the remarkablest that ever sat in the world. England was clearly all alive then,—with a moderate crop of corn just reaped from it; and other things not just ready for reaping yet. In Newcastle, in 'the Bishoprick' and that region, a Scotch Army, bristling with pike and musket, sonorous with drum and psalm-book, all snugly garrisoned and billeted 'with 850*l.* a-day;' over in Yorkshire an English Army, not quite so snugly; and a 'Treaty of Rippon' going on; and immense things in the wind, and Pym and Hampden riding to and fro to hold 'consults:' it must have been an election worth looking at! But none of us will see it; the Opacities have been pleased to suppress this election, considering *it* of no interest. It is erased from English and from human Memory, or was never recorded there,—(owing to the stupor and dark nature of that faculty, we may well say). It is a lost election; swallowed in the dark deeps: *premit atra Nox.* Black Night; and this one fact of Anthony Wood's more or less faintly twinkling there!

In such entire darkness, it was a welcome discovery which the present Editor made, of certain official or semi-official Documents, legal testimonies and signed affidavits, relative to the Election for Suffolk, such as it actually showed itself to men's observation in the Town of Ipswich on that occasion: Documents drawn-up under the exact eye of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, High-Sheriff of Suffolk; all carefully preserved these two centuries, and still lying safe for the inspection of the curious among the *Harley Manuscripts* in the British Museum. Sir Simonds, as will be gradually seen, had his reasons for getting these Documents drawn-up; and luckily, when the main use of them was over, his thrifty, historical turn of mind induced him to preserve them for us. A man of sublime Antiquarian researches, Law-learning, human and divine accomplishments, and generally somewhat Grandisonian in his Ways; a man of scrupulous Puritan integrity, of highflown conscientiousness, exactitude and distinguished perfection; ambitious to be the pink of Christian country-gentlemen and magistrates of counties; really a most spotless man and High-Sheriff: how shall he suffer, in Parliament, or out of it, to the latest posterity, any shadow from election-brabbles or the like indecorous confusion to rest on his clear-polished character? Hence these Documents;—for there had an unseemly brabble, and altercation from unreasonable persons, fallen-out at this Election, which 'might have ended in

blood,' from the nose or much deeper, had Sir Simonds been a less perfect High-Sheriff! Hence these Documents, we say; and they are preserved to us.

The Documents, it must be at once owned, are somewhat of the wateriest: but the reader may assure himself they are of a condensed, emphatic and very potent nature, in comparison with the generality of Civil-War documents and records! Of which latter indeed, and what quality they are of, the human mind, till once it has earnestly tried them, can form no manner of idea. We had long heard of Dulness, and thought we knew it a little; but here first *is* the right dead Dulness, Dulness its very self! Ditch-water, fetid bilge-water, ponds of it and oceans of it; wide-spread genuine Dulness without parallel in this world: such is the element in which that history of our Heroic Seventeenth Century as yet rots and swims! The hapless inquirer swashes to and fro, in the sorrow of his heart: if in an acre of stagnant water, he can pick-up half a peascod, let him thank his stars!

This Editor, in such circumstances, read the D'Ewes Documents, and re-read them, not without some feeling of satisfaction. Such as they are, they bring one face to face with an actual election, at Ipswich, 'in Mr. Hambies' field, on Monday the 19th of October 1640, an extreme windy day.' There is the concrete figure of that extreme windy Monday, Monday gone Two-hundred and odd years: the express image of Old Ipswich, and Old England, and that Day; exact to Nature herself,—though in a most dark glass, the more is the pity! But it is a glass; it is the authentic *mind*, namely, or *seeing-faculty* of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and his Affidavit-makers, who did look on the thing with eyes and minds, and got a real picture of it for themselves. Alas, we too could see *it*, the very thing as it then and there was, through these men's poor limited authentic picture of it here preserved for us, had we eyesight *enough*;—a consideration almost of a desperate nature! Eyesight *enough*, O reader! a man in that case were a god, and could do various things!—

We will not overload these poor Documents with commentary. Let the public, as we have done, look with its own eyes. To the commonest eyesight a markworthy old fact or two may visibly disclose itself; and in shadowy outline and sequence, to the interior regions of the seeing-faculty, if the eyesight be beyond common, a whole world of old facts,—an old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived, on that 'extreme windy day,'—may more or less dimly suggest themselves. The reader is to transport himself to Ipswich; and, remembering always that it is two centuries and four years ago, look about him there as he can.

Some opportunity for getting these poor old Documents copied into modern hand has chanced to arise; and here, with an entire welcome to all faithful persons who are sufficiently patient of dulness for the sake of direct historical knowledge, they are given-forth in print.

It is to be premised that the Candidates in this Election are Three: Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker on the Puritan side; and Mr. Henry North, son of Sir Roger North, on the Court or Royalist side. Sir Roger is himself already elected, or about to be elected, for the borough of Eye;—and now Mr. Henry, heir-apparent, is ambitious to be Knight of the Shire. He, if he can, will oust one of the two Puritans, he cares little which, and it shall be tried on Monday.

To most readers these Candidates are dark and inane, mere Outlines of Candidates: but Suffolk readers, in a certain dim way, recognise something of them. 'The Parkers still continue in due 'brilliancy, in that shire, a fine old place, at Long Melford, near 'Bury:—but this Parker,' says our Suffolk monitor,[1] 'is of another 'family, the family of Lord Morley-and-Monteagle, otherwise not 'unknown in English History.[2] The Barnardistons too,' it would appear, 'had a noble mansion in the east side of the county, 'though it has quite vanished now, and corn is growing on the 'site of it,' and the family is somewhat eclipsed. The Norths are from Mildenhall, from Finborough, Laxfield; the whole world knows the North kindred, Lord Keeper Norths, Lord Guildford Norths, of which these Norths of ours are a junior twig. Six lines are devoted by Collins Dryasdust[3] to our Candidate Mr. Henry, of Mildenhall, and to our Candidate's Father and Uncle; testifying indisputably that they lived, and that they died.

Let the reader look in the dim faces, Royalist and Puritan, of these respectable Vanished Gentlemen; let him fancy their old Great Houses, in this side of the county or that other, standing all young, firm, fresh-pargeted, and warm with breakfast-fire, on that 'extreme windy morning,' which have fallen into such a state of dimness now! Let the reader, we say, look about him in that old Ipswich; in that old-vanished population: perhaps he may recognise a thing or two. There is the old 'Market Cross,' for

[1] D. E. Davy, Esq., of Ufford, in that County, whose learning in Suffolk History is understood to be supreme, and whose obliging disposition we have ourselves experienced.

[2] 'It was to William Parker, Lord Monteagle, ancestor of this Sir Philip, 'that the Letter was addressed which saved the King and Parliament from 'the Gunpowder Plot. Sir Philip had been High-Sheriff in 1637; he died in '1675'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

[3] *Peerage*, iv. 62, 63 (London, 1741).

one thing: 'an old Grecian circular building, of considerable 'diameter; a dome raised on distinct pillars, so that you could go 'freely in and out between them; a figure of Justice on the top;' which the elderly men in Ipswich can still recollect, for it did not vanish till some thirty years ago. The 'Corn Hill' again, being better rooted, has not vanished hitherto, but is still extant as a Street and Hill; and the Townhall stands on one side of it.

Samuel Duncon, the Town-constable, shall speak first. 'The 'Duncons were a leading family in the Corporation of Ipswich; 'Robert Duncon was patron of the' &c. &c.: so it would appear; but this Samuel, Town-constable, must have been of the more decayed branches, poor fellow! What most concerns us is, that he seems to do his constabling in a really judicious manner, with unspeakable reverence to the High-Sheriff; that he expresses himself like a veracious person, and writes a remarkably distinct hand. We have sometimes, for light's sake, slightly modified Mr. Duncon's punctuation; but have respected his and the High-Sheriff's spelling, though it deserves little respect,—and have in no case, never so slightly, meddled with his sense. The questionable *italic letters in brackets* are evident interpolations;—omissible, if need be.

SUFFOLKE ELECTION.[1]

No. I.

[*Samuel Duncon testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, That upon Monday the 19th day of October this present year 1640, the election of two Knights for the Shire was at Ipswich in Suffolke; the Writt being read about eight of the clocke in the morning: and in the Markett Crosse where the County Court is generally kept, Mr. Henry North sonne of Sir Roger North was there at the reading of the said Writt. All this time the other two, namely, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker, were at the King's Head; and Mr. North was carried about neare halfe an houre before the other two came [*Carried about in his chair by the jubilant people: Let all men see, and come and vote for him. The chairing was then the first step, it would seem*]; and after the other two were taken there, Mr. North was carried into the field neare the said towne, called Mr. Hambie's feild:[2] and the said High-Sherriffe was there polling, about halfe-an-houre before the other two Knights knewe either of his being polling, or of the High-Sherriff's intention to take the Poll in that place. But at length the two Knights were carried into the said feild; and before they came there, the tables which were sett for them, the said Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip, were thrust downe, and

[1] From *Harleian Mss.*, British Museum (Parliamentary Affairs collected by Sir S D'Ewes), No. 165, fol. 5-8.

[2] Or 'Hanbie's field,' as the Duncon *Ms.* has it: he probably means Hamby. 'A family of the latter name had property at Ipswich and about it, in those 'times.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

C

troaden under foot [*Such a pressure and crowding was there!*]; and they both caused but one table to bee sett there,—till about three of the clocke of the afternoone, the said day, about which time Sir Nathaniel had another table sett there, a little remote from the other. And when they went about to poll, they wanted a clarke. I, Samuell Duncon, standing by, some requested mee; and upon the Under-Sherriff's allowance, I did take names, and one Mr. Fishar with mee, he for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip; although many that came for the one, came for the other; and if any came for Mr. North (as there did some), wee tooke them likewise for him. And Mr. John Clinch of Creting,[1] Sir Roger North's brother-in-law, or some other of Mr. North his [" *North his" means North's*] freinds, stoode by all the time. And after the space of one quarter of an houre, came Sir Robert Crane,[2] and did oppose against Mr. Fishar; and then came the said High-Sherriffe himselfe to the table, wheere wee weere writing, and discharged Mr. Fishar, and tooke his papers of him; and at the request of Sir Roger North did appoint one Mr. John Sheppard to write in his place, who then tooke names for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip. About one houre after, Sir Robert Crane and the rest of Mr. North his friends moved Sir Nathaniel that wee might leave off polling for him, and Sir Philip, and take the Poll only for Mr. North; for, they said, Mr. North's table was much pestred, and many of his men would be gone out of towne, being neare night,—and the like reasons. Which reasons might as well have been alledged in the behalfe of Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip: but without reasoning, Sir Nathaniel did grant them their desire; and presently Sir Robert Crane went and called all that were for Mr. North to come to that table; and soe Mr. Sheppard and myselfe tooke for Mr. North as long as wee could well see; which I think was about one houre. Having done, wee gave upp our Bookes, and did goe to Mrs. Penning's house in Ipswich, where Sir Roger North was then with the said High-Sherriffe: and I heard no oppositions at that time taken against any thing that had passed that Monday at the taking of the said Poll; but Sir Roger North and the said High-Sherriffe did part very curteously and friendly, each from the other.

'But by the next morning it was generally thought, that Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip had outstripped Mr. North, about 500 voices apiece, at the Poll taken on the Monday foregoing; soe as the said Sir Roger being, it seemes, much vexed thereat, came to the said High-Sherriffe's lodging about eight of the clocke, the same Teuesday morning, and begann to make cavills against what had passed at the taking of the Poll the day past. And then they went to the Poll againe: and two tables were sett in the Markett Crosse,[3] whereat the Poll was taken for Mr. North by four clarkes on oath, two writing the same names. About 12 of the clocke, the same forenoone, the Court was adjourned to two of the clocke in the afternoone. About which time the said High-Sheriffe repairing thither againe, did with much patience attend the same Mr. North's Poll, sitting sometimes about a quar-

[1] 'The family of Clinch, or Clench as it should be spelt, were of note in 'Suffolk. They descended from John Clench of' &c. &c., 'buried in 1607, 'with a handsome monument to his memory. He was one of the Justices of 'the King's Bench. His Grandson, John Clench, Esq., was High-Sheriff of 'the County in 1639.'—*Dryasdust Mss.* This, I think, is our and Samuel Duncon's Clench.

[2] 'Sir Robert Crane was descended from a Norfolk family, which migrated' &c. 'He was created a Baronet in May 1627. He was of Chilton Hall, near 'Sudbury; he died in 1642.'—*Ibid.*

[3] 'A spacious place; there was room enough in it: see the old copperplate 'of 1780.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

ter of an houre before any came in to give their voice, for the said Mr. North. And as the said High-Sheriffe was soe attending his [*Sir Roger North's*] said sonne's Poll, about three of the clocke the same afternoone, came Sir Roger North, accompanied with divers gentlemen, most of them armed with swords or rapiers [*Lo, there!*], into the said Mearkett Crosse; and the said High-Sherriffe very respectfully attending with silence to what the said Sir Roger North had to say, he fell into most outrageous, unjust and scandalous criminations against the said High-Sherriffe; charging him to have dealt partiallie and unjustlie, and to have wronged his said sonne. To all which violent accusations, the said High-Sherriffe, having desired silence, did answeare soe fully and readily, as it gave all unpartiall and honest men full satisfaction. A while after the said High-Sherriffe's speech was ended, the said Sir Roger North with divers others went upp and downe in such a manner on the said Corne Hill, as I, the said Samuell Duncon, fearing that much danger and bloudshedd might ensue, and being one of the constables of Ipswich, did in the King's Majestie's name charge some of the said company to desist [*Highly proper, in such a place as the Corne Hill!*].

'SAMUEL DUNCON.'

No. II.

[*Samuel Duncon testifieth for the second time.*]

'*Monday, the* 19*th of October* 1640.

'When I came into the field where the Polling was for the Knights of the Shire, the first place I settled at was an Elm [*Nota bene*] in the middle of the feild, where there were polling for Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker: and there was a long table, at one end whereof was Mr. Robert Dowe, clerke; and he did write for both the foresaid knights; and Mr. Farran, Under-Sherriffe,[1] did sweare the people; and at the other end of the same table did Mr. Robert Clarke write for Sir Philip, and Mr. Peter Fisher wrot for Sir Nathaniel; and sometimes Mr. Chopping[2] did sweare the people at that end, and sometimes Mr. Robert Clerke did sweare them.

'After I had stood there one houre or thereabout, Mr. Robert Clerke his nose did bleede [*Ominous?*], so as he coulde not write, and then he called mee to write in his stead, and the Under-Sherriffe required me so to doe; which I did till his nose left bleeding, and then he tooke the Booke again and wrot himselfe. Then I stood by againe about another houre, and then with the violent presse of the people, the tressells brake, and the table fell downe to the ground [*Aha!*]. There was a cessation of writing until the table was set up againe. In that interim, Peter Fisher and Samuel Duncon went to the Conduit-head [*Mark!*]; and having a table sett up there, they did write there for the two foresaid Knights: and then, at the former place [*Beside the big Elm, namely, under its creaking boughs, and brown leaves dropping*], when the table was up againe, Mr. Dowe wrot still for the two Knights, and then ["*Then*" *signifies* "*meanwhile*"] at the other end of the table was Mr. Robert Clarke writing for Sir Philip. And

[1] 'Under-Sheriff,' so Duncon calls him; but the real Under-Sheriff was Mr. Choppine, to whom this Mr. Farran must have been assistant or temporary substitute.

[2] 'A D 1640. John Choppine, Gent., Under-Shreriff; Tallemach Choppine 'of Coddenham's brother.'—*Harleian Mss.* No. 99, vol. 7.

then there was no man at that end writing for Sir Nathaniel; which presently bred this confusion inevitable, viz. when men had with much trouble pressed to the end of the table (where Mr. Clarke did only take for Sir Philip), and desired to be sworne and entered for both, Mr. Clerke would sweare and take them onely for Sir Philip: and would send them to the place where Mr. Fisher was writing for Sir Nathaniel [*And I for Sir Philip still? No, I had ceased; the official nose having done bleeding: see presently*], at the foresaid Conduit-head: whereupon men, being unwilling to endure so much trouble as to presse twice into such great crowdes, began to murmure and complaine [*Very naturally!*], saying they would not endure this, but desired they might be discharged at one place; also Mr. Fisher came to Mr. Clerke, and demanded the reason Why there was no one to take for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table, where the said Clerke did take names for Sir Philip? and Mr. Fisher said that men complained because they were not despatched for both at once: and said also they would goe away, and not endure this crowding twice. When I [*Having now quitted the Conduit-head, and come to the Elm again*] saw no clerke to write for Sir Nathaniel, I desired this inconvenience aforesaid might be prevented: and seeing a Paper Booke in Mr. Farran his hands, I sayd to him, "Mr. Farran, you see there wants a clerke at the other end of the table to write for Sir Nathaniel;" and then Mr. Farran gave me the Paper Booke in his hands, and sayd to mee, "Write you, for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table," where Mr. Clerke did write for Sir Philip. And then I, having the Booke, did write for Sir Nathaniel till the evening. And at that end of the table where ["*table where,*" *not* "*end where*"] Mr. Robert Dowe did write at one end, and Mr. Clerke and myselfe at the other end, there were present two or three knightes or gentlemen, all the whole time, of Mr. North's partie: sometimes Sir Robert Crane, and Mr. — Waldegrave, and Mr. John Smith,[1] and Mr. Henry North sen. [*This is the Candidate's Uncle, come over from Laxfield, I think, to see fair play.*] No man, all that time, made any observation against mee; and yet they stoode, some of these and sometimes some others of that side, all the afternoone, and did supravise all the clerkes. Also, at night, when wee were breaking up, Mr. Clerke demanded of Mr. Clinch [*Clinch of Creting,—whom we saw above*] if he could find any fault with us in doing any wrong? To which he answered, "He could not as yet, if there were no other carriage than there had yet beene," or to that effect. Neither was there any, that day, who did find fault with the clerkes, in my hearing; but sometimes some muttering and complaining about some particular questions in the oaths, which (as soon as they came to the High-Sherriffe his intelligence) were rectified and settled.

'And at night, when wee broke up, I gave my Booke that I wrott in, unto the Under-Sheriffe, Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrott; and then wee came home with the High-Sheriffe to Mrs. Penning's howse [*Did she keep the King's Head?*]; and there did the High-Sheriffe call for all the Bookes from the Under-Sheriffe, and in the presence of Sir Roger North, and Mr. North his brother, and more other gentlemen, locke up all the Bookes in a little truncke; and sett that truncke in his owne lodg-

[1] Smith is undecipherable; being 'very frequent' in Suffolk, as elsewhere. Of Waldegrave, the Monitor says, 'There being no Christian name mentioned, 'it is hard to say what individual is meant. Doubtless he was one of the 'Waldegraves of Smallbridge. Wm. Waldegrave, Esq., son of Sir Wm. 'Waldegrave, Knight, of Smallbridge in Bures, Suffolk, would be about forty 'years of age about this time:'—let us fancy it was he.

ing-chamber; and gave the key thereof to his Under-Sheriffe, who lodged not in that howse where the Bookes were.

'Tuesday, the 20th of October 1640.

'In the morning Mr. High-Sheriffe came into the Corne Hill at Ipswich and the Knights, to make an end of polling. Whereupon the clerkes who wrot the day before appeared, and wrot againe as before. But Mr. High-Sheriffe commanded that wee should all of us make new Bookes to write in; for he would not stirr those that were wrot-in the day before: and so wee did, and wrot in new Bookes.

'And all that day also while wee wrot, there were divers supravisors; but they found no fault with the clerkes in my hearing: and at noone, when wee brake upp, I gave my Booke againe into Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrot. And in the afternoone, wee came together againe, and made an end of polling; and towards the end of polling, before wee had done polling at the table where I sat to write, Sir Roger with the rest of the knights and gentlemen went about the Corne Hill, swinging their caps and hats crying, "A North! A North!" [*Questionable*]; which caused me to admire; because I knew the Bookes were not cast up [*And nobody could yet tell who was to win*].

'Then after that, Mr. High-Sheriffe went to Mrs. Penning's, and the Knights followed him, and the clerkes to summe up the Bookes. But the night grew on so fast, that they could not be ended that night: then Mr. High-Sheriffe did againe locke up the Bookes in the same truncke they were in before, and gave the key to Mr. — North, and sett the truncke into his chamber, and appointed to meete the next day upon [*Means, in it, not on the roof of it; the figure of Justice stands on the roof*] the Townhall.'

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, That on Tuesday October 20, in the afternoone, this present year 1640, the High-Sherriffe of the county of Suffolk, sitting in the Markett Crosse [*Note him!*], in Ipswich, where hee kept his County Court, and had that afternoone taken the poll of divers that came to give their voices for Mr. Henry North, sonne of Sir Roger North [*Grammar fails a little*]. And when it appeared, after some stay, that noe more weere likely to come, and Mr. Gardener Webb[1] speaking concerning the said election averred That the said High-Sherriffe had been damnably base in all his carriage. Whereupon I, Samuel Duncon, hearing the same, did [*As an enemy of blasphemy, and Constable of this Borough*] enforme the said High-Sheriffe of that outrageous and scandalous speeche; who thereupon asking the said Webb, Whether hee had spoken the said wordes or not? he answered, with much impudence and earnestness, That he had said soe, and would maintain it. And did thereupon in the presence of the said High-Sherriffe call mee, the said Samuel Duncon, base rascall and rogue [*He shall answer it!*] because I had acquainted the said High-Sherriffe with his said injurious speeches.

'SAMUEL DUNCON.'

[1] 'Gardiner Webb was the son of William Webb of Ixworth in Suffolk, 'attorney-at-law. He became heir, in right of his mother (who was one of the 'Gardiners of Elmswell), to considerable landed property' (*Dryasdust Mss.*); and seems to have been a hot-tempered loose-spoken individual.

No. III.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth, though without signature.*]

'*Wednesday the* 21*st October* 1640.

'The truncke was brought up into the Townhall, and the High-Sherriffe and the rest of the knights and gentlemen came up together to make end of their Bookes: and they passed quietly untill my Booke was produced; and then Mr. North protested against my Booke, and Sir Roger came up and exclaimed at mee, and said I was no fitt clerke, neyther authorised to write. Then was Mr. Farran called, and asked How I came to write? Which he answered, "He never saw mee before Monday in all his life, but wanting one to write, and I standing by, he requested mee to write." The High-Sherriffe told Sir Roger, "He could not but accept of my Booke, and would doe so if I had wrot for his own sonne;" and for myselfe, as I then testified, so am I ready to make oath, being lawfully called, That my Booke was just and right, and that I did not write one name that was not sworne for Sir Nathaniel; and notwithstanding Sir Roger and other knights did speake their large pleasures of mee and charged me with direct and manifest outrage [*Maltreating the honest Town-constable: shameful!*].

'In conclusion, the High-Sherriffe finished the Bookes, and soe we brake up that night, and the next day we proclaymed Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker Knights of the Shire for the ensuing Parliament.'

[SAMUEL DUNCON: signature not given.]

'To all these Three Pages I am ready to give testimony; and to the whole substance thereof.

'EDW. BESTWALL.'[1]

No. IV.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, Upon Tuesday morning some women [*Puritan women; zealous beyond discretion!*] came to be sworne for the two foresaid Knights; and Mr. Robert Clerke did suddenly take some of them; but as soone as Mr. High-Sherriffe had intelligence of it, wee had worde brought to the table where Mr. Clerke and myselfe wrot, that Mr. Sheriffe would have us take no women's oaths; and both the Knights desired that those that were taken might be put out, and that we should take no more: and so we refused the rest of the women after that notice from Mr. High-Sherriffe; and when Mr. High-Sherriffe cast up the Bookes, he cast out the women out of the generall summe.'

[SAMUEL DUNCON: signature not given.]

These transactions are of 'so high a nature,' it is probable a Parliamentary Committee will have to sit upon them: justice be-

[1] Bestwall is not known to Dryasdust. An impartial onlooker, and presumably nothing more. The 'Three Pages' he vouches for are all these testimonies of Duncon's from beginning to end,—*five-and-a-half* pages as printed here.

tween the vociferous irrational Sir Roger and the discreet unspotted Sir Simonds will then be done. Duncon backed by Bestwall, in writing, and by the Under-Sheriffs Farran and Choppin *vivâ voce* if needful, and indeed by the whole town of Ipswich if needful,—may sufficiently evince that Mr. High-Sheriff's carriage in the business was perfection or nearly so. The accurate Magistrate meanwhile thinks good to subjoin a succinct Narrative of his own, which he is ready to sign when required; every word of which can be proved by the oath of witnesses. No. V. is, clearly by D'Ewes himself; there are even some directions to his clerk about writing it fair.

No. V.

A short and true relation of the Carriage of the Election of the Knights for the Countie of Suffolke at Ipswich, which beganne there upon Monday morning, October 19, *this present Year* 1640, *and ended upon the Thursday morning then next ensuing.*[1]

'The Under-Sherriffe having had order from the High-Sheriffe of the same Countie to provide honest and able men to take the Poll, and to looke to gett ready materialls for the Election, went to Ipswich on Friday night: and the said High-Sherriffe was purposed to have gone thither the next day, but that hee understood the small-pox [*Nota bene*] was exceeding spread in the said towne. Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker joined together, and Henry North stood singlie, for the place of Knights of the Shire.

'The said High-Sherriffe came to Ipswich about eight of the clocke of the said Monday morning.[2] To whom Sir Roger North, father of the said Mr. Henry North, and divers other gentlemen repairing, hee yeilded to them to have the Poll taken in a feild neare the towne; and soe, after a little discourse without further stay, went to the Markett Crosse, and caused the King's Majestie's Writt to bee published; by which meanes the said Mr. North was carried about a good while before the other Knights [*Yes!*] had notice that the said Writt was published. And this the said High-Sherriffe did about an houre and-halfe sooner than he was by law compelled to; that there might be noe just ground of cavill, as if he had delaied the business [*Sir Simonds is himself known to be a Puritan; already elected, or about to be elected, for the town of Sudbury. So high stood Sudbury then; sunk now so low!*].

'After the publication of which, the said High-Sherriffe withdrew himselfe to make haste into the said feild [*Mr. Hambie's field; with the Conduit-head and big Elms in it*] to take the Poll. But before hee got thither, or any place was made readie for the clerkes to write, the said Mr. North was brought into the feild [*Triumphantly in his chair*]; and many of the gentrie as well as others that were of his partie pressed soe upon the place where the planks and boards were setting upp, as they could not be fastened

[1] From *Harleian Mss.* British Museum, collected by Sir S. D'Ewes, No. 158, page 275.

[2] He lived at Stow Hall (*Autobiography of D'Ewes*); he must have started early.

or finished. All this time the other two Knights knew yett nothing that the said Poll was begunn in the said feild: soe as [*So that*] the said High-Sherriffe begann Mr. North's poll alone, and admitted a clerke. The said Sir Roger North proffered to write the names, with the clerke his [*The High-Sheriff's*] Under-Sherriffe had before appointed, which hee [*The High-Sheriff*] conceived hee was not in law bound unto.

'Having then taken the Poll a while, in the said Sir Roger North's presence and his said sonne's, the companie did tread upon the said planks with such extreme violence, as having divers times borne them downe upon the said High-Sherriffe; and hee having used all meanes of entreatie and perswasion to desire them to beare off, as did the said Sir Roger North also,—the said High-Sherriffe was at the last forced to give over; and soe gave speedie order, by the advice of the said Sir Roger North and others, To have three severall tables [*"Three:" Duncon notices only two of them; one under the Elm, one at the Conduit-head, where the Puritan Knights were polling; Sir Simonds himself superintends the Norths' table:—" three several tables"*] sett upp against trees or other places wheere they might not bee borne downe by violence. Which being verie speedilie performed, the said High-Sherriffe went in person and assisted at the said table wheere Mr. North's poll was taking, leaving his Under-Sherriffe and sworne deputies to attend the other tables, and to administer the oath, where the said Sir Roger and his sonne did appoint their kindred and friends to overview all that was done.

'The said High-Sheriffe did there, without eating or drinking, assist the said Mr. North, from about nine of the clocke in the morning till it grew just upon night, notwithstanding it was in the open feild, and a verie cold and windie day: and did in his owne person take much paines to dispatch the said Poll; which had been much better advanced, if such as came to the same had not treaded with such extreme violence one upon another. And whereas the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston came, about twelve of the clocke that forenoone, to the said High-Sherriffe, desiring him that all the companie might dissolve to goe to dinner, and that in respect of the great winde, the Poll in the afternoone might be taken in the said towne of Ipswich [*A very reasonable motion*]: The said High-Sherriffe, upon the said Mr. North's request to the contrarie, staide in the said feild till the shutting upp of the said day, as is aforesaid.

'What was done at the other tables the said High-Sherriffe knew not; but twice, upon complaint to him made, repaired thither, and certified and reconciled all matters. And during the same day alsoe the said High-Sherriffe did desire the said Sir Roger North to sende for another table to the place wheere he sate, being willing by all meanes to expedite the said Poll. And though there were not one man sworne for the other two Knights at the said Mr. North's table,—yet were there divers sworne at one of the other two tables for the said Mr. North; soe as, by this and the early beginning of the said Mr. North's poll, he had neare upon Two-hundred voices advantage of the other two Knights, had they come single; but they having manie hundreds that gave voices for them jointly, did before night outstrippe his votes by about Fowre-hundred apiece.

'At the said High-Sherriffe's rising from the said Poll on the said Monday night, hee tooke the Bookes from the said clerkes; and though by lawe he was tied to call noe partie to assist him in the laying them upp, yet to take away all possible cause of cavill, and to showe his integritie in the whole proceedings, hee called the said Sir Roger North to him, and desired him to accompanie him not only to the places wheere he received

all the other Bookes or Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or the other clarkes that wrote them, but to his lodging also [*Mrs. Penning's*]; wheere hee bound and sealed upp the said Bookes and Papers, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North, and the said Under-Sherriffe; then locking them upp, gave the key to his said Under-Sherriffe to keepe; having first asked the said Sir Roger, If hee were not a person fitte to be trusted with it? And soe the said Sir Roger North departed, in a verie friendly and amicable manner, from the said High-Sherriffe, without so much as moving the least complaint against any of the said proceedings of that day.

'But it seemes, after his departure,—having that night learned that the other Knights' polls outstripped his said sonne's by divers hundreds,—he came the next morning to the said High-Sherriffe's lodging; and beganne, in violent and passionate termes, to charge him That hee had dealt unjustlie and partiallie in taking the Poll the day past [*Behold!*]: which at the present caused the said High-Sherriffe to wonder at that sudden and unexpected change; in respect the same Sir Roger parted in soe friendlie a manner from him the night foregoing, and that his indefatigable paines the day past deserved rather just acknowledgment than such unjust expostulation [*Certainly!*].

'The said High-Sherriffe therefore, having received the said key from his said Under-Sherriffe, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North, departed to the finishing of the said Poll. And whereas the other two Knights had but each of them one table allowed at which two clerkes only wrote; the said High-Sherriffe allowed the said Mr. North two tables and four clerkes: and at noone when the said Court was adjourned to two of the clocke of the same afternoone, the said High-Sherriffe having taken all the Bookes and Papers touching the same Poll from his Under-Sherriffe, or the clerkes which wrot them, desired the said Mr. North himselfe to accompanie him to his said lodging; which he did, and sawe them sealed and locked upp, and then had himselfe the key along with him.

'But all these testimonies of the said High-Sherriffe's impartialitie, and integritie in his proceedings, did in noe way mitigate the passion and indignation of the said Sir Roger North and some others, who now beganne to give the cause upp as conclamated [1] and lost; and therefore, though the said High-Sherriffe afterwardes in his numbering the votes of the said Poll did proceed with it in publike view, which hee might have done privately with his own clerkes, yet all the time after hee was often interrupted by most unjust and outrageous accusations and criminations; and by that meanes was almost as long, within an houre or two, in numbering the names of the said Poll, as hee was in taking the Poll itselfe. And in all differences that emergently fell out in numbering the said names, wheere there was but any equalitie of doubt, the said High-Sherriffe prevailed with the other two Knights to let the advantage rest on the said Mr. North's side.

'And though the said Sir Roger North came, on the said Tuesday in the afternoone, October 20th, into the Countie Court, whilst the said High-Sherriff sate taking the Poll for his said sonne, and there used most outrageous and violent speeches against the said High-Sherriffe [*Hear Duncon too*], and told him "Hee would make it good with his bloud;" yet the said High-Sherriffe, seeing him accompanied with many young gentlemen and others, all or most of them armed with their swords and their rapiers

[1] *Conclamatum est;*—summoned nine times, and making no answer, is now to be held for *dead*.

[*Questionable!*], and fearing if he had made use of his just power to punish such an affront, much bloudsheddd would have ensued, hee rather passed it over with an invincible patience; and only stoode upp, and desired silence to cleare himselfe from these unjust assertions and criminations which had been laid upon him; and resolved to expect redresse of his enemies from the High Court of Parliament [*Far the better plan, Mr. High-Sheriff!—which, among other good effects, has yielded us these present Documents withal*].

'Yet the said Sir Roger, not satisfied herewith, did, a little after, with the said companie of young gentlemen, and others that followed him, armed as aforesaid, or the greater part of them, go about the Corne Hill in Ipswich, where the Crosse stands, and cried, "A North! a North!" calling the saylers Water-dogges [*Puritan sailors;—mark it; had voted for the Gospel Candidates: "Water-dogs"*], and otherwise provoking them: one also of the companie drewe out his sword [*Lo, there!*], and brandished it about, nor did they give over till one of the Constables of Ipswich [*Sam Duncon; we saw him doing it*], being a sworne officer, charged them In the King's name to desist. The other two Knights, then sitting at the Poll, were fain at the instant to withdraw themselves in at the next windowe of the house wheere they stoode; having first besought the people and saylers to bee quiet, and not to answer violence with violence. For it is too apparent what was sought for in that dangerous action; and that if the said High-Sherriffe had, at that present, made use of his power to vindicate his owne affronts and sufferings, much bloudshedde might have ensued. Nor did the said High-Sherriffe suffer only from the violent language of the said Sir Roger North and some others of qualitie, but from two of the Webbes alsoe, whose Christian names were Roger and Gardiner [*The intemperate Webbes of Ixworth*], and such like persons of inferiour rank. The said High-Sherriffe having sate out all Wednesday October 21, from morning till night, in the West Hall or Court House in Ipswich aforesaid, without dining, did at last, notwithstanding the violent interruptions of the said Sir Roger North and others, finish the numbring of the said votes that day; and found that the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston had 2140 voices, and Sir Philip Parker 2240 at the least,—besides the voices of all such persons as had been admitted without the said High-Sherriffe's knowledge, and were by him, upon numbring the same, disallowed and cast out. And the said Mr. Henry North had 1422.

'The next morning, October 22, the said High-Sherriffe made open publication of the said votes; and pronounced the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker the due elected Knights for the said Countie of Suffolke. And then caused the indentures witnessing the same election to be there ensealed and loyallie [*Lawfully*] executed.

''Tis true that, by the ignorance of some of the clerkes at the other tables, the oaths of some single women [*We saw it with Duncon*] that were freeholders were taken, without the knowledge of the said High-Sherriffe; who, as soon as he had notice thereof, instantlie sent to forbidd the same, conceiving it a matter verie unworthy of anie gentleman, and most dishonourable in such an election, to make use of their voices, although they might in law have been allowed; nor did the said High-Sherriffe allow of the said votes upon his numbring the said Poll, but with the allowance and consent of the said two Knights themselves discount them and cast them out.

'Now, though all the frivolous cavills, exceptions and protestations

which were made against the foresaid Election by the said Sir Roger North or others did only concerne the Poll which was taken on the said Monday October 19; and are sufficiently answered with the verie preceding bare Narration of the true carriage thereof; and the rather, because himselfe accompanying the said High-Sheriffe the same evening when he received all the said Bookes and Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or such persons who had written them, did except against noe person, nor noe booke or paper, but consented to the sealing and locking them upp as Acts by which the matter in question was to be decided: Yet to satisfy all the world, such exceptions shall be heare set down, and clearly elevated or wiped away, which on the Tuesday and Wednesday following were pressed at Ipswich upon the said High-Sherriffe, with soe much outrageous passion as he could be scarce permitted to make answer to the same, by reason of the vociferation and clamours of the other partie.

'It was objected, That the said High-Sherriffe made delaies on purpose to hinder the said Mr. North. This is so frivolous as 'tis not worth the answering; for the hindrance must have been equallie prejudiciale to the other two Knights as well as to him. Nay, on the contrarie, if any had wrong, they had; for the said High-Sherriffe soe hastened both the reading of the Writt, and goeing to the Poll as hee could not in time give the other two Knights notice of it. Soe as if the said Mr. North's companie had not by their overpressing violence throwne downe the boards and planks, wheere the said High-Sherriffe begann his the said Mr. North's poll alone, hee had gained neare upon an houre's advantage of the other two.

'Another objection, That the said High-Sherriffe refused such clerkes as the said Sir Roger North offered him; telling him hee was provided. This is a shamefull objection: as if the adverse partie were to provide men to take the poll. In this matter the said High-Sherriffe committed all to the trust and care of his Under-Sherriffe, who assured him hee had provided able and sufficient writers; yet did the said High-Sherriffe admitt a clarke, at the said Mr. North's poll, to write with the clerke his said Under-Sherriffe had provided, upon the motion of the said Sir Roger North.

'A third objection, That the said Mr. North lost many voices that were forced to goe out of towne the same Monday, because they could not be sworne. And soe doubtless did the other two likewise. And this was an invincible or remediless mischief on all sides. And 'tis evident the extreame pressing of the said Mr. North's votes hindred some hundreds from being dispatched. Besides, the said High-Sherriffe, at his entreatie, forbore his dinner [*The high spirited imm ulate man*], to sitt it out with him in the winde and cold till night; which deserved acknowledgement, and not rage and furie. Besides, he made the said Sir Roger North once or twice to send for another table to the same place; which courtesie the said High-Sherriffe afforded the said Mr. North the next morning, more than was allowed the other two Knights. And had the said Mr. North lost the place by one or two hundred voices, there might indeed be some colour that hee had miscarried because the Poll could not be finished on the said Monday night; which notwithstanding that it had been soe, yet the said High-Sherriffe was noe ways the cause thereof. But it is noe ways probable that the said Mr. North should be so ill-beloved or lightlie esteemed by such as appeared for him, that Seven-hundred persons would all depart and desert his cause, rather than abide and stay one night in Ipswich to assist him with their votes. For by so many at the least did either of the other two Knights carrie it from him.

'Lastly, for conclusion of the whole. There is not a word or sillible sett down here, which is not notoriously known to manie, or which the said High-Sherriffe himself will not make good by his corporall oath being legallie thereunto called, as also by the Bookes and Papers taken at the said Poll. Soe as never was innocency oppressed more by violence and fury; nor did his royall Majestie's Authoritie ever suffer more in the person of his Minister, than by the outrageous affronts offered unto, and unjust criminations heaped upon, the said High-Sherriffe at the said Election.'

Such is the account High-Sheriff D'Ewes has to give of himself, concerning his carriage in the Election of Knights of the Shire for Suffolk on this memorable occasion. He has written it down in an exact manner, to be ready for the Parliament, or for any and all persons interested; his clerks can now make copies of it as many as wanted. In the same Volume, No. 158 of the *Harley Collection*, there is another copy of this 'short and true relation,' with slight changes, principally in the punctuation; doubtless the immaculate Magistrate saw good to revise his Narrative more than once, and bring it still nearer perfection: he adds always this direction for the amanuenses: "They are desired who take a coppie of this to compare it with the originall after they have transcribed it,"—to be sure that they are exact. The original, which at any rate, in D'Ewes's hand, few persons could have read, is happily lost.

No notice in the *Commons Journals*, or elsewhere, indicates at all whether this case ever came before the Election Committee of the Long Parliament. But if it did, as is probable enough, we put it to the commonest sense of mankind, whether on Sir Roger North's side it could have a leg to stand on! No Election Committee can have difficulty here. Accordingly our Puritan Knights Sir Philip Parker and Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston sat indisputable as County Members for Suffolk, Mr. Henry North consoling himself as he could. Sir Simonds the High-Sheriff had another case before the Parliament; this namely, that he being High-Sheriff had returned *himself* for Sudbury as duly elected there, which was thought informal by some: but in this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. The intemperate Sir Roger, as we said, was admitted Member for Eye: but in the second year, mingling with 'Commission of Array' and other Royalist concerns, to small purpose as is likely, he, like many others, was 'disabled,'—cast forth, to Oxford, to 'malignancy,' disaster, and a fate that has not been inquired into.

Sir Simonds sat spotless for Sudbury; made occasional fantastic Speeches; and what is far more important for us, took exact Notes. Several of his Speeches he has preserved in writing; one, probably the most fantastic and pedantic of all, he sent forth in

print: it relates to a dispute for seniority that had arisen between Oxford University and Cambridge; proves by unheard-of arguments and erudition, obsolete now to all mortals, that Cambridge, which was his own University, is by far the older,—older than Alfred himself, old as the very hills in a manner. Sir Simonds had the happiness to "shake hands with Mr. Prynne," when he came to the Parliament Committee on his deliverance from prison, and to congratulate Mr. Prynne on the changed aspects that then were. He wrote frequent letters to 'Abraham Wheloc,' and many others. Far better, he almost daily dictated to his secretary, or jotted-down for him on scraps of paper, Notes of the Proceedings of the Long Parliament; which Notes still exist, safe in the British Museum; unknown seemingly to all the learned. He was a thin highflown character, of eminent perfection and exactitude, little fit for any solid business in this world, yet by no means without his uses there.

This one use, had there been no other, That he took Notes of the Long Parliament! Probably there is much light waiting us in these Notes of his, were they once disimprisoned into general legibility. They extend, in various forms, in various degrees of completeness, to the year 1645: but in that year, after the victory of Naseby, the questionable course things were taking gave offence to our Presbyterian Grandison; he sat mostly silent, with many thoughts, and forbore jotting any farther. Two of his written Speeches relate to the confused negotiations with King Charles in the Isle of Wight; and are strong in the Royalist-Presbyterian direction. Colonel Pride, in the end, purged him out altogether, on the memorable 6th of December 1648; sent him, with four or five score others, 'over to the Tavern called Hell, kept by Mr. Duke, near Palaceyard,'—in the most unheard-of manner! For on questioning Mr. Hugh Peters, who had come across to them, By what law? By what shadow or vestige of any law, common or statutory, human or divine, is this unheard-of thing done?—the candid Mr. Peters, a man of good insight and considerable humour of character, answered these much-injured honourable gentlemen, "By the law of Necessity; truly by the power of the sword!" And they remained in a nearly rabid state; evidently purged out, without reason and without remedy; and had to retire to their respective countries, and there rhyme the matter for themselves as they could. Our poor Knight, Sir Simonds, soon after died; leaving an unspotted pedant character, and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Besides his *History of the Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth*, a laborious compilation, which has since been printed, long ago, and still enjoys a good reputation of its sort, there are, as we count,

some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers still extant in the British Museum; very worthless some of them, very curious others;—among which latter, certain portions of his *Autobiography*, already known in print,[1] are well worth reading; and these his *Notes of the Long Parliament* are perhaps, to us English, the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Pury's Notes of the Long Parliament[2] appear to be irretrievably lost; Varney's, which also have never yet been made accessible,[3] extend over only a short early period of the business: it is on these Notes of D'Ewes's, principally, that some chance of understanding the procedure and real character of the Long Parliament appears still to depend for us. At present, after shiploads of historical printing, it is and remains mere darkness visible; if in these Notes by an accurate eye-witness there be no chance of light, then is light anywhere hopeless, and this remarkablest Parliament that ever sat will continue an enigma forever. In such circumstances, we call these Notes the most interesting of all Manuscripts. To an English soul who would understand what was really memorable and godlike in the History of his Country, distinguishing the same from what was at bottom *un*memorable and devil-like; who would bear in everlasting remembrance the doings of our noble heroic men, and sink into everlasting oblivion the doings of our loud ignoble quacks and sham-heroes,—what other record can be so precious? If English History have nothing to afford us concerning the Puritan Parliament but vague incoherences, inconceivabilities and darkness visible,—English History in this Editor's opinion, must be in a poor way!

It has often been a question, Why none of the Dryasdust Publishing Societies, the *Camden* or some other, has gone into these

[1] *Bibliotheca Topographica*, No. 6.

[2] 'Mr. Robinson asked me this morning,' Monday, 12 Jan. 1656-7, 'before 'the Speaker came, If I took Notes at Scot's Committee? I said, Yea. He told 'me He had much ado to forbear moving against my taking Notes, for it was 'expressly against the Orders of the House. I told him How *Mr. Davy* took 'Notes all the Long Parliament, and that Sir Symons D'Ewes wrote great 'volumes' of the like.—*Burton's Diary* (London, 1828), i. 341.

Of Sir Simonds's 'great volumes' we are here speaking: but who the 'Mr. Davy' is? No person of the name of *Davy* sat in the Long Parliament at all; or could by possibility have taken Notes! After multifarious examination, and bootless trial of various names more or less resembling *Davy*, a sight of the original MS. of the thing called *Burton's Diary* was procured; and the name 'Davy' then straightway turned out to be *Pury*. Pury, or Purry, perhaps now written *Perry*, Alderman of Gloucester, and once well known as Member for that City. But of him or of his *Notes*, on repeated application there, no trace could now be found. If, as is possible, they still exist, in the buried state, in those regions,—to resuscitate and print them were very meritorious.

[3] Edited now (London, 1845) by Mr. Bruce.

D'Ewes's *Mss.* in an efficient spirit, and fished-up somewhat of them? Surely it is the office of such Publishing Societies. Now when Booksellers are falling irrecoverably into the hand-to-mouth system, unable to publish any thing that will not repay them on the morrow morning; and in Printed Literature, as elsewhere, matters seem hastening pretty fast towards strange consummations: who else but the Printing Societies is to do it? They should lay aside vain Twaddle and Dilettantism, and address themselves to their function by real Labour and Insight, as above hinted,—of which, alas, there is at present little hope!

Unhappily the Publishing Societies, generally speaking, are hitherto 'Dryasdust' ones; almost a fresh nuisance rather than otherwise. They rarely spend labour on a business, rarely insight; they consider that sham-labour, and a twilight of ignorance and buzzard stupidity, backed by prurient desire for distinction, with the subscription of a guinea a year, will do the turn. It is a fatal mistake! Accordingly the Books they print, intending them apparently to be read by some class of human creatures, are wonderful. Alas, they have not the slightest talent for knowing, first of all, what *not* to print; what, as a thing dead, and incapable of ever interesting or profiting a human creature more, ought not to be printed again, to steal away the valuable cash, and the invaluable time and patience of any man again! It is too bad. How sorrowful to see a mass of printed Publishings and Republishings, all in clear white paper, bound in cloth and gold lettered; concerning which you have to acknowledge that there should *another* artist be appointed to go in the rear of them, to fork them swiftly into the oven, and save all men's resources from one kind of waste at least. Mr. Chadwick proposes that sweepers shall go in the rear of all horses in London, and, instantly sweep-up their offal, before it be trampled abroad over the pavement to general offence. Yes; but what sweeper shall follow the Dryasdust Printing Societies, the Authors, Publishers, and other Prurient-Stupids of this intellectual Metropolis, who are rising to a great height at present! Horse-offal, say Chadwick and the Philanthropists very justly, if not at once swept-up, is trampled abroad over the pavements, into the sewers, into the atmosphere, into the very lungs and hearts of the citizens: Good Heavens, and to think of Author-offal, and how *it* is trampled into the very souls of men; and how the rains and the trunkmakers do not get it abolished for years on years, in some instances!

TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY YEARS AGO:

A FRAGMENT ABOUT DUELS.[1]

[1850.]

DUELLING.

DUELLING, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was very prevalent; nor has it abated in King James's. It is one of the sincerities of Human Life, which bursts-through the thickest-quilted formulas; and in Norse-Pagan, in Christian, New-Christian, and all manner of ages, will, one way or the other, contrive to show itself.

A background of wrath, which can be stirred-up to the murderous infernal pitch, does lie in every man, in every creature; this is a fact which cannot be contradicted;—which indeed is but another phasis of the more general fact, that every one of us is a *Self*, that every one of us calls himself *I*. How can you be a Self, and not have tendencies to self-defence! This background of wrath,—which surely ought to blaze-out as seldom as possible, and then as nobly as possible,—may be defined as no other than, the general radical fire, in its least-elaborated shape, whereof Life itself is composed. Its least-elaborated shape, this flash of accursed murderous rage;—as the glance of mother's-love, and all intermediate warmths and energies and genialities, are the same element *better* elaborated. Certainly the elaboration is an immense matter,—indeed, is the whole matter! But the figure, moreover, under which your infernal element itself shall make its appearance, nobly or else ignobly, is very significant. From Indian Tomahawks, from Irish Shillelahs, from Arkansas Bowie-knives, up to a deliberate Norse *Holmgang*, to any civilised Wager of Battle, the distance is great.

Certain small fractions of events in this kind, which give us a direct glance into Human Existence in those days, are perhaps, in the dim scarcity of all events that are not dead and torpid, worth snatching from the general leaden haze of my erudite friend, and saving from bottomless Nox for a while.

[1] Found recently in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, Nos. 1, 3, 6 (Saturday 7th December 1850, *et seqq.*). Said there to be 'from a Waste-paper Bag' of mine. Apparently some fraction of a certain *History* (Failure of a History) *of James I.*, of which I have indistinct recollections.—(*Note of* 1857.)

No. I.

HOLLES OF HAUGHTON.

John Holles, Esquire, or to speak properly, Sir John Holles, of Haughton, in Notts; the same Sir John whom we saw lately made Comptroller of the Prince's Household;—an indignant man, not without some relation to us here: John Holles indignantly called it 'political simony' this selling of honours; which indeed it was: but what then? It was doable, it was done for others; it was desirable to John also, who possessed the requisite cash. He was come of London citizens, had got broad lands and manors, Haughton, Erby, and others; had wealth in abundance,—'his father used to keep a troop of players:' he now, in this epoch, for a consideration of 10,000*l.*, gets himself made Earl of Clare. We invite our readers to look back some two-score years upon his history, and notice slightly the following circumstances there.

John Holles, Esquire, of Haughton, in Notts, a youth of fortune, spirit and accomplishment, who had already seen service under the Veres, the Frobishers, by land and sea, did in 1591, in his twenty-sixth year, marry his fair neighbour, Anne Stanhope;—Mistress Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Thomas Stanhope, in those parts, from whom innumerable Chesterfields, Harringtons and other Stanhopes extant to this very day descend. This fair Anne Stanhope, beautiful in her fardingales and antiquarian headgear, had been the lady of John Holles's heart in those old times; and he married her, thinking it no harm. But the Shrewsburys, of Worksop, took offence at it. In his father's time, who kept the troop of players and did other things, John Holles had been bespoken for a daughter of the Shrewsburys; and now here has he gone-over to the Stanhopes, enemies of the house of Shrewsbury. Ill blood in consequence; ferment of high humours; a Montague-and-Capulet business; the very retainers, on both sides, biting thumbs at one another.

Pudsey, a retainer on the Shrewsbury Worksop side, bit his thumb at Orme, a retainer on the Holles Haughton side; was called-out with drawn rapier; was slain on the spot, like fiery Tybalt, and never bit his thumb more. Orme, poor man, was tried for murder; but of course the Holleses and the Stanhopes could not let him be hanged; they made interest, they feed law-counsel, —they smuggled him away to Ireland, and he could not be hanged. Whereupon Gervase Markham, a passably loose-tongued, loose-living gentleman, sworn squire-of-dames to the Dowager of Shrewsbury, took upon himself to say publicly, "That John Holles was

himself privy to Pudsey's murder; that John Holles himself, if justice were done ——!" And thereupon John Holles, at Haughton, in Notts, special date not given, presumable date 1594 or '95, indited this emphatic Note, already known to some readers:

'*For Gervase Markham.*

'Whereas you have said that I was guilty of that villany of 'Orme in the death of Pudsey, I affirm that you lie, and lie like a 'villain; which I shall be ready to make good upon yourself, or 'upon any gentleman my equal living.—JOHN HOLLES.'

Gervase Markham, called upon in this emphatic way, answered, "Yes, he would fight; certainly;—and it should be in Worksop Park, on such a day as would suit Holles best." Worksop Park; locked Park of the Shrewsburys! Holles, being in his sound wits, cannot consent to fight there, and Markham and the world silently insinuate, "Are you subject to niceties in your fighting, then? Readier, after all, with your tongue than with your rapier?" These new intolerabilities John Holles had to pocket as he could, to keep close in the scabbard, beside his rapier, till perhaps a day would come.

Time went on: John Holles had a son; then, in 1597, a second son, Denzil by name. Denzil Holles, Oliver Cromwell's Denzil: yes, reader, this is he; come into the world not without omens! For at his christening, Lady Stanhope, glad matron, came as grandmother and godmother; and Holles, like a dutiful son-in-law, escorted her homewards through the Forest again. Forest of merry Sherwood, where Robin Hood and others used to inhabit; that way lies their road. And now, riding so toward Shelton House, through the glades of Sherwood, whom should they chance to meet but Gervase Markham also ambling along, with some few in his company! Here, then, had the hour arrived.

With slight salutation and time of day, the two parties passed on: but Holles, with convenient celerity, took leave of his mother-in-law: "Adieu, noble Madam, it is all straight road now!" Waving a fond adieu, Holles gallops back through Sherwood glades; overtakes Markham; with brief emphasis, bids him dismount, and stand upon his guard. And so the rapiers are flashing and jingling in the Forest of Sherwood; and two men are flourishing and fencing, their intents deadly and not charitable. "Markham," cried Holles, "guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you presently;" for Markham, thrown into a flurry, fences ill; in fact, rather capers and flourishes than fences; his antagonist standing steady in his place the while, supple as an eel, alert as a serpent, and with a

sting in him too. See, in few passes, our alert Holles has ended the capering of Markham; has pierced and spitted him through the lower abdominal regions, in very important quarters of the body, 'coming out at the small of the back!' That, apparently, will do for Markham; loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham lies low, having got enough. Visible to us there, in the glades of ancient Sherwood, in the depths of long-vanished years! O Dryasdust, was there not a Human Existence going-on there too; of hues other than the leaden-hazy? The fruit-trees looked all leafy, blossomy, my erudite friend, and the Life-tree Igdrasil which fills this Universe; and they had not yet rotted to brown peat! Torpid events shall be simply damnable, and continually claim oblivion from all souls; but the smallest fractions of events not torpid shall be welcome. John Holles, 'with his man, Acton,' leaving Markham in this sated condition, ride home to Haughton with questionable thoughts.

Nevertheless Markham did not die. 'He was carried home to Worksop, pale, hopeless; pierced in important quarters of the body: and the Earl of Shrewsbury 'gathered a hundred retainers to apprehend Holles;' and contrariwise the Earl of Sheffield came to Haughton with fifty retainers to protect Holles;—and in the mean while Markham began to show symptoms of recovering, and the retainers dispersed themselves again. The doctor declared that Markham would live; but that,—but that—— Here, we will suppose, the Doctor tragi-comically shook his head, pleading the imperfections of language! Markham did live long after; breaking several of the commandments, but keeping one of them it is charitably believed. For the rest, having 'vowed never to eat supper nor to take the sacrament' till he was revenged on Holles, he did not enjoy either of those consolations in this world.[1]

Such doings went forward in Sherwood Forest and in our English Life-arena elsewhere; the trees being as yet all green and leafy.

No. II.

CROYDON RACES.

Sardanapalus Hay, and other Scotch favourites of King James, have transiently gleamed athwart us; their number is in excess, not in defect. These hungry magnificent individuals, of whom Sardanapalus Hay is one, and supreme Car another, are an eye-

[1] The above facts are given in Gervase Holles's Manuscript *Memoirs of the Family of Holles* (in *Biographia Britannica*, § Holles); a Manuscript which some of our Dryasdust Societies ought to print.

sorrow to English subjects; and sour looks, bitter gibes, followed by duels within and without the verge, keep his Majesty's pacificatory hand in use. How many duels has he soldered-up, with difficulty: for the English are of a grim humour when soured; and the Scotch too are fierce and proud; and it is a truculent swashbuckler age, ready with its stroke, in whatever else it may be wanting.

Scotch Maxwell, James Maxwell, Usher of the Black or some kind of Rod, did he not, in his insolent sardonic way, of which he is capable, take a certain young tastefully dizened English gentleman by the bandstring, nay perhaps by the earring and its appendage, by some black ribbon in or about the ear; and so, by the ribbon, *lead* him out from the Royal Presence,—as if he had been a nondescript in Natural History; some tame rabbit, of unusual size and aspect, with ribbon in its ear! Such touches of sardonic humour please me little. The Four Inns of Court were in deadly emotion; and fashionable Young England in general demanded satisfaction, with a growl that was tremendous enough. Sardonic Maxwell had to apologise in the completest manner,—and be more wary in future how he led-out fashionable young gentlemen.

"*Beati pacifici*, Happy are the peacemakers," said his Majesty always. Good Majesty; shining examples of justice too he is prepared to afford; and has a snarl in him which can occasionally bite. Of Crichton Lord Sanquhar, from the pleasant valley of Nith,—how the Fencing-master accidentally pricked an eye out of him, and he forgave it; how, much wrought-upon afterwards, he was at last induced to have the Fencing-master assassinated;—and to have himself executed in Palace Yard in consequence, and his two assassin servants hanged in Fleet Street; rough Border serving-men of all work, too unregardful of the gallows: of this unadmirable Crichton the whole world heard, not without pity, and can still hear.[1]

This of Croydon Races, too, if we read old *Osborne* with reflection, will become significant of many things. How the races were going on, a new delightful invention of that age; and Croydon Heath was populous with multitudes come to see; and between James Ramsay of the Dalhousie Ramsays, and Philip Herbert of the Montgomery Herberts, there rose sudden strife; sharp passages of wit,—ending in a sharp stroke of Ramsay's switch over the crown and face of my Lord Montgomery, the great Earl of Pembroke's brother, and himself capable to be Earl Pembroke! It is a fact of the most astonishing description; undeniable,—though

[1] State Trials.

the exact date and circumstances will now never be discovered in this world. It is all vague as cloud, in old *Osborne;* lies off or on, within sight of Prince Henry's Pageant; exact date of it never to be known. Yet is it well recognisable as distant ill-defined *land,* and no cloud; not dream but astonishing fact. Can the reader sufficiently admire at it? The honourable Philip Herbert, of the best blood of England, here is he switched over the crown by an accursed Scotch Ramsay! We hear the swift-stinging descent of the ignominious horse-switch; we see the swift-blazing countenances of gods and men.

Instantaneous shriek, as was inevitable, rises near and far: The Scotch insolence, Scotch pride and hunger, Scotch damnability! And 'a cripple man, with only the use of three fingers,' crooked of shape, hot of temper, rode about the field with drawn dagger; urging in a shrill manner, that we should prick every Scotch lown of them home to their own beggarly country again, or to the Devil,—off Croydon Heath, at least. The name of this shrill individual, with dagger grasped between two fingers and a thumb, was 'John Pinchback' or Pinchbeck; and appears here in History, with something like golden lustre, for one moment and no more. "Let us breakfast on them at Croydon," cries Pinchbeck, in a shrill, inspired manner; "and sup on them at London!" The hour was really ominous. But Philip Herbert, beautiful young man, himself of infirm temper and given to strokes, stood firmly dissuasive: he is in the King's service, how shall he answer it; he was himself to blame withal. And young Edward Sackville is, with his young friend Bruce of Kinloss, firmly dissuasive; it is the Bruce whom we saw at the chapel-door, stepping-out a new-made knight, now here with Sackville; dear friends these, not always to be friends! But for the present they are firmly dissuasive; all considerate persons are dissuasive. Pinchbeck's dagger brandishes itself in vain.

Sits the wind so, O Pinchbeck? Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother: this is her son, and he stands a switch?—Yes, my shrill crookbacked friend, to avoid huge riot and calamity, he does so: and I see a massive nobleness in the man, which thou, egregious cock of bantam, wilt never in this world comprehend, but only crow over in thy shrill way. Ramsay and the Scots, and all persons, rode home unharmed that night; and my shrill friend gradually composed himself again. Philip Herbert may expect knighthoods, lordhoods, Court-promotions: neither did his heroic mother 'tear her hair,' I think, to any great extent,—except in the imaginations of Osborne, Pinchbeck and such like.

This was the scene of Croydon Races; a fact, and significant of

many facts, that hangs-out for us like a cloud-island, and 'is not cloud.[1]

No. III.

SIR THOMAS DUTTON AND SIR HATTON CHEEK.

His Majesty, as I perceive in spite of calumnies, was not a 'coward;' see how he behaved in the Gowrie Conspiracy and elsewhere. But he knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to preside pacifically over an age of some ferocity much given to wrangling. Peace here, if possible; skins were not made for mere slitting and slashing! You that are for war, cannot you go abroad, and fight the Papist Spaniards? Over in the Netherlands there is always fighting enough. You that are of ruffling humour, gather your truculent ruffians together; make yourselves colonels over them; go to the Netherlands, and fight your bellyful!

Which accordingly many do, earning deathless war-laurels for the moment; and have done, and will continue doing, in those generations. Our gallant Veres, Earl of Oxford and the others, it has long been their way: gallant Cecil, to be called Earl of Wimbledon; gallant Sir John Burroughs, gallant Sir Hatton Cheek,—it is still their way. Deathless military renowns are gathered there in this manner; deathless for the moment. Did not Ben Jonson, in his young hard days, bear arms very manfully as a private soldado there? Ben, who now writes learned plays and court-masks as Poet Laureate, served manfully with pike and sword there for his groat a day with rations. And once when a Spanish soldier came strutting forward between the lines, flourishing his weapon, and defying all persons in general,—Ben stept forth, as I hear;[2] fenced that braggart Spaniard, since no other would do it; and ended by soon slitting him in two, and so silencing him! Ben's war-tuck, to judge by the flourish of his pen, must have had a very dangerous stroke in it.

'Swashbuckler age,' we said; but the expression was incorrect, except as a figure. Bucklers went out, fifty years ago, 'about the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth;' men do not now swash with them, or fight in that way. Iron armour has mostly gone out, except in

[1] Francis Osborne's *Traditional Memorials on the Reign of James the First* (Reprinted in Sir Walter Scott's History of the Court of James I., Edinburgh, 1811), pp. 220-227. [2] Life of Ben Jonson.

mere pictures of soldiers: King James, said, It was an excellent invention; you could get no harm in it, and neither could you do any. Bucklers, either for horse or foot, are quite gone. Yet old Mr. Stowe, good chronicler, can recollect when every gentleman had his buckler: and at length every serving-man and City dandy. Smithfield,—still a waste field, full of puddles in wet weather,—was in those days full of buckler-duels, every sunday and holiday in the dry season; and was called Ruffian's Rig, or some such name.

A man, in those days, bought his buckler, of gilt leather and wood, at the haberdasher's; 'hung it over his back, by a strap fastened to the pommel of his sword in front.' Elegant men showed what taste, or sense of poetic beauty, was in them, by the fashion of their buckler. With Spanish beaver, with starched ruff, and elegant Spanish cloak, with elegant buckler hanging at his back, a man, if his moustachios and boots were in good order, stepped forth with some satisfaction. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; a decidedly truculent-looking figure. Jostle him in the street thoroughfares, accidentally splash his boots as you pass,—by Heaven, the buckler gets upon his arm, the sword flashes in his fist, with oaths enough; and you too being ready, there is a noise! Clink, clank, death and fury; all persons gathering round, and new quarrels springing from this one! And Dogberry comes up with the town-guard? And the shopkeepers hastily close their shops? Nay, it is hardly necessary, says Mr. Howe: these buckler-fights amount only to noise, for most part; the jingle of iron against tin and painted leather. Ruffling swashers strutting along, with big oaths and whiskers, delight to pick a quarrel; but the rule is, you do not thrust, you do not strike below the waist; and it was oftenest a dry duel—mere noise, as of working tinsmiths, with profane swearing! Empty vapouring bully-rooks and braggarts, they encumber the thoroughfares mainly. Dogberry and Verges ought to apprehend them. I have seen, in Smithfield on a dry holiday, 'thirty of them on a side,' fighting and hammering as if for life; and was not at the pains[1] to look at them, the blockheads; their noise as the mere beating of old kettles to me!

The truth is, serving-men themselves, and City apprentices had got bucklers; and the duels, no death following, ceased to be sublime. About fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away. Holles in Sherwood, as we saw, fought with rapier, and he soon spoiled Markham. Rapier and dagger especially; that is a more silent duel, but a terribly serious

[1] Stowe's Chronicle, and Howe's Continuation, 1024, &c.

one! Perhaps the reader will like to take a view of one such serious duel in those days, and therewith close this desultory chapter.

It was at the siege of Juliers, in the Netherlands wars, of the year 1610;[1] we give the date, for wars are perpetual, or nearly so, in the Netherlands. At one of the storm-parties of the siege of Juliers, the gallant Sir Hatton Cheek, above alluded to, a superior officer of the English force which fights there under my Lord Cecil, that shall be Wimbledon; the gallant Sir Hatton, I say, being of hot temper, superior officer, and the service a storm-party on some bastion or demilune, speaks sharp word of command to Sir Thomas Dutton, the officer under him, who also is probably of hot temper in this hot moment. Sharp word of command to Dutton; and the movement not proceeding rightly, sharp word of rebuke. To which Dutton, with kindled voice, answers something sharp; is answered still more sharply with voice high-flaming;—whereat Dutton suddenly holds in; says merely, "He is under military duty here, but perhaps will not always be so;" and rushing forward, does his order silently, the best he can. His order done, Dutton straightway lays down his commission; packs up, that night, and returns to England.

Sir Hatton Cheek prosecutes his work at the siege of Juliers; gallantly assists at the taking of Juliers, triumphant over all the bastions and half-moons there; but hears withal that Dutton is, at home in England, defaming him as a choleric tyrant and so forth. Dreadful news; which brings some biliary attack on the gallant man, and reduces him to a bed of sickness. Hardly recovered, he despatches message to Dutton, That he will request to have the pleasure of his company, with arms and seconds ready, on some neutral ground,—Calais sands for instance,—at an early day, if convenient. Convenient; yes, as dinner to the hungry! answers Dutton; and time, place and circumstances are rapidly enough agreed upon.

And so, on Calais sands, in a winter morning of the year 1610, this is what we see, most authentically, through the lapse of dim

[1] Siege began in the latter end of July 1610; ended victoriously, 4th September following: principal assaults were, 10th August and 14th August; in one of which this affair of ours must have taken rise. Siege commanded by Christian of Anhalt, a famed Protestant Captain of those times. Henri IV. of France was assassinated while setting-out for this siege; Prince Maurice of Nassau was there; 'Dutch troops, French, English and German' (Brandenburgers and Pfalz-Neuburgers chiefly, *versus* Kaiser Rodolf II. and his unjust seizure of the Town) 'fought with the greatest unity.' Prelude to the Thirty-Years War, and one of the principal sources of it, this Controversy about Juliers. (Carl Friedrich Pauli: *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschichte,* 4to, Halle, 1762, iii. 502-527.)

Time. Two gentlemen stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched; their looks sufficiently serious! The seconds, having stript, equipt, and fairly overhauled and certified them, are just about retiring from the measured fate-circle, not without indignation that *they* are forbidden to fight. Two gentlemen in this alarming posture; of whom the Universe knows, has known, and will know nothing, except that they were of choleric humour, and assisted in the Netherlands wars! They are evidently English human creatures, in the height of silent fury, and measured circuit of fate; whom we here audibly name once more, Sir Hatton Cheek, Sir Thomas Dutton, knights both, soldadoes both. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this?

Dutton, though in suppressed rage, the seconds about to withdraw, will explain some things if a word were granted. "No words," says the other; "stand on your guard!" brandishing his rapier, grasping harder his dagger. Dutton, now silent too, is on his guard. Good Heavens: after some brief flourishing and flashing,—the gleam of the swift clear steel playing madly in one's eyes, —they, at the first pass, plunge home on one another; home, with beak and claws; home to the very heart! Cheek's rapier is through Dutton's throat from before, and his dagger is through it from behind,—the windpipe miraculously missed; and, in the same instant, Dutton's rapier is through Cheek's body from before, his dagger through his back from behind,—lungs and life *not* missed; and the seconds have to advance, 'pull out the four bloody weapons,' disengage that hell-embrace of theirs. This is serious enough! Cheek reels, his life fast flowing; but still rushes rabid on Dutton, who merely parries, skips; till Cheek reels down, dead in his rage. "He had a bloody burial there that morning," says my ancient friend.[1] He will assist no more in the Netherlands or other wars.

Such scene does History disclose, as in sunbeams, as in blazing hell fire, on Calais sands, in the raw winter morning; then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting Night, over it, and passes on elsewhither. Gallant Sir Hatton Cheek lies buried there, and Cecil of Wimbledon, son of Burleigh, will have to seek another superior officer. What became of the living Dutton afterwards, I have never to this moment had the least hint.

[1] Wilson (in Kennet), ii. 684.

———

THE OPERA.[1]

["DEAR P.,—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular *Conspectus of England*, lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here His *Conspectus*, a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Buncombe, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their 'Transactions' one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!"—T. C.]

MUSIC is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times; and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and the reality of things; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, for a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and reality, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

[1] KEEPSAKE for 1852.—The 'dear P.' there, I recollect, was my old friend Procter (Barry Cornwall); and his 'pious Adventure' had reference to that same Publication, under touching human circumstances which had lately arisen.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it; the judgments of Eternal Destiny upon the erring sons of men. Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divinest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To 'sing the praise of God,' that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him!

David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing! * * *

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this. Lustres, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of the Lamp; a hall as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies; originally an almost poetic soul, or man of *genius*, as we term it; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a train-

ing equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity, and patient travail, to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees,—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taglioni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semiramis nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too: to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing! Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware

what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-master: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am*? And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent-for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And, it must be owned, the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciosity, and then tripping out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes! Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to 'the Melodies Eternal,' might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Chatabagues and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, oh, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you

are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart and Bellini—— Oh, Heavens! when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair. * * *

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you: It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. * * *

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your "amusements," which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

PROJECT OF A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.[1]

[1854.]

To DAVID LAING, *Esquire (Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland), Signet Library, Edinburgh.*

MY DEAR SIR, Chelsea, 3d May 1854.

With regard to that *General Exhibition of Scottish Historical Portraits*, it is certain there are many people more qualified to speak than I. In fact, it has never been with me more than an aspiration; an ardent wish, rather without much hope: to make it into an executable project, there are needed far other capacities and opportunities than mine. However, you shall at once hear what my crude notions on the subject are or have been, since you wish it.

First of all, then, I have to tell you, as a fact of personal experience, that in all my poor Historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after; a good *Portrait* if such exists; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that Face and Figure, which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be, in a deeper or less deep degree, the universal one; and that every student and reader of History, who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of Fact and *Man* this or the other vague Historical *Name* can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a Portrait, for all the reasonable Portraits there are; and never rest till he have made out, if possible, what the man's natural face was like. Often I have found a Portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written 'Biographies,' as Biographies are written;—or rather, let me say, I have found that the Portrait was as a small lighted *candle*

[1] Printed in *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. i. Part 3 (4to, Edinburgh, 1855).

by which the Biographies could for the first time be *read*, and some human interpretation be made of them; the *Biographied* Personage no longer an empty impossible Phantasm, or distracting Aggregate of inconsistent rumours—(in which state, alas his usual one, he is *worth* nothing to anybody, except it be as a dried thistle for Pedants to thrash, and for men to fly out of the way of),—but yielding at last some features which one could admit to be human. Next in directness are a man's genuine Letters, if he have left any, and you can get to *read* them to the bottom: of course, a man's *actions* are the most complete and indubitable stamp of him; but without these aids, of Portraits and Letters, they are in themselves so infinitely abstruse a stamp, and so confused by foreign rumour and false tradition of them, as to be oftenest undecipherable with certainty.

This kind of value and interest I may take as the highest pitch of interest there is in Historical Portraits; this, which the zealous and studious Historian feels in them: and one may say, all men, just in proportion as they are '*Historians*' (which every mortal is, who has a *memory*, and attachments and possessions in the Past), will feel something of the same,—every human creature, something. So that I suppose there is absolutely nobody so dark and dull, and everyway sunk and stupefied, that a Series of Historical Portraits, especially of his native country, would not be of real interest to him;—*real* I mean, as coming from himself and his own heart, not *imaginary*, and preached-in upon him by the Newspapers; which is an important distinction.

And all this is quite apart from the *artistic* value of the Portraits (which also is a real value, of its sort, especially for some classes, however exaggerated it may sometimes be): all this is a quantity to be *added* to the artistic value, whatever it may be; and appeals to a far deeper and more universal principle in human nature than the love of Pictures is. Of which principle some dimmer or clearer form may be seen continually active wherever men are;—in your Antiquarian Museum, for example, may be seen, giving very conspicuous proofs of itself, sanctioned more or less by all the world! If one would buy an indisputably authentic *old shoe* of William Wallace for hundreds of pounds, and run to look at it from all ends of Scotland, what would one give for an authentic visible shadow of his face, could such, by art natural or art magic, now be had!

It has always struck me that Historical Portrait-Galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatever; that in fact they ought to exist (for many reasons, of all degrees of weight) in every country, as among the most po-

pular and cherished National Possessions:—and it is not a joyful reflection, but an extremely mournful one, that in no country is there at present such a thing to be found. What Louis-Philippe may have collected, in the way of French Historical Portrait, at Versailles, I did not see: if worth much (which I hear it is not), it might have proved the best memorial left by him, one day. Chancellor Clarendon made a brave attempt in that kind for England; but his House and 'Gallery' fell all-asunder, in a sad way; and as yet there has been no second attempt that I can hear of. As matters stand, Historical Portraits abound in England; but where they are, or where any individual of them is, no man knows, or can discover except by groping and hunting (*underground*, as it were, and like the mole!) in an almost desperate manner: even among the intelligent and learned of your acquaintance, you inquire to no purpose. Nor is the English National Gallery poorer in this respect than others,—perhaps even much the reverse. The sad rule holds in all countries. In the Dresden Gallery, for instance, you find Flayings of Bartholomew, Flayings of Marsyas, Rapes of the Sabines: but if you ask for a Portrait of Martin Luther, of Friedrich the Wise, nay even of August the Big, of Marshal Saxe or poor Count Brühl, you will find no satisfactory answer. In Berlin itself, which affects to be a wiser city, I found, not long ago, Picture-Galleries not a few, with ancient and modern *virtù* in abundance and superabundance,—whole acres of mythological smearing (Tower of Babel, and I know not what), by Kaulbach and others, still going on: but a *genuine Portrait of Frederic the Great* was a thing I could nowhere hear of. That is strange, but that is true. I roamed through endless lines of Pictures; inquired far and wide, even Sculptor Rauch could tell me nothing: at last it was chiefly by good luck that the thing I was in quest of turned up.—This I find to be one of the saddest of those few defects in the world which are easily capable of remedy: I hope you in Scotland, in the 'new National Museum' we hear talk of, will have a good eye to this, and remedy it in your own case! Scotland at present is not worse than other countries in the point in question: but neither is it at all better; and as Scotland, unlike some other countries, *has* a History of a very readable nature, and has never published even an *engraved* series of National Portraits, perhaps the evil is more sensible and patent there than elsewhere. It is an evil which should be everywhere remedied: and if Scotland be the first to set an example in that respect, Scotland will do honourably by herself, and achieve a benefit to all the world.

From this long Prologue, if you have patience to consider it

over, you will see sufficiently what my notion of the main rules for executing the Project would be. The grand interest to be held in view is that which I have defined as the *Historian's*, the ingenuous sincere *Student of History's*. Ingenuous and sincere student; not *pedantic*, fantastic and imaginary! It seems to me all *real* interest for the other classes of mankind, down to the most ignorant class, may well be considered as only a more and more diluted form of that interest. The rule therefore is, Walk straight towards that; not refusing to look to the right and left, but keeping your face steadily on that: if you can manage to secure that *well*, all else will follow from it, or attend it. Ask always, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous Scottish soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying of Scottish History to himself? This is what it concerns us to try if we can get for him and for the world;—and, on the whole, this only; for it is certain, all other men will by and by follow this best-informed and most ingenuous one; and at the end of the account, if you have served him well, you will turn-out to have served everybody well.

Great zeal, great industry will of course be needed in hunting-up what Portraits there are, scattered wide over country mansions in all parts of Scotland;—in gathering-in your raw-material, so to speak. Next, not less, but even more important, will be skill,—knowledge, judgment, and above all, fidelity,—in selecting, exhibiting and elucidating these. That indeed, I reckon, will be the vitallest condition of all; the cardinal point, on which success or failure will turn. You will need the best Pictorial judgment (some faithful critic who really *knows* the Schools and Epochs of Art a little, and can help towards the solution of so many things that will depend on that); especially all the *Historical* knowledge and good sense that can be combined upon the business will be indispensable! For the rest, I would sedulously avoid all concern with the vulgar Showman or Charlatan line of action in this matter. For though the thing must depend, a good deal at least, on popular support, the real way to get that (especially in such a matter) is, to deserve it: the thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods; nor should it, if it could.—In a word, here as everywhere, to winnow-out the chaff of the business, and present in a clear and pure state what of *wheat* (little or much) may be in it; on this, as I compute, the Project will stand or fall. If faithfully executed,—the chaff actually well suppressed, the wheat honestly given,—I cannot doubt but it might succeed. Let it but promise to deserve success, I suppose honourable help might be got for it among the wealthier and wiser classes of Scotchmen.

But to come now to your more specific questions, I should be inclined, on the above principles, to judge:

1°. That no living Scotchman's portrait should be admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be. And I would farther counsel that you should be extremely chary about such 'Historical men' as have died within the last twenty-five or thirty years; it requires always the space of a generation to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities in the matter of Men,—to let mere dust-clouds settle into their natural place and bulk. But from that point, especially from the beginning of this century, you have free scope, and ever freer, backwards to the very beginning of things,—which, alas, in the Pictorial respect, I fear will only be some two or three centuries, or little more! The oldest Scottish portrait I can recollect to have seen, of any worth, is that of James IV. (and only as an engraving, the original at Taymouth), though probably enough you may know of older. But for the earlier figures,—I would go back to Colm and Adamnan,—if I *could*, by any old illuminated missal or otherwise? You will have engravings, coins, casts of sepulchral monuments—I have seen Bruce's *skull*, at least, cast in plaster!—and remember always that any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man will be welcome, in these as indeed in all cases. The one question is, that they be genuine (or, if not, well marked as *doubtful*, and in what degree doubtful); that they *be* 'helps,' instead of *hindrances* and criminal misguidances!

2°. In regard to modern pictures representing historical events, my vote would clearly be, To make the rule absolute *not* to admit any one of these; at least not till I saw one that was *other* than an infatuated blotch of insincere ignorance, and a mere distress to an earnest and well-instructed eye! Since the time of *Hollar*, there is not the least *veracity*, even of intention, in such things; and, for most part, there is an *ignorance* altogether abject. *Wilkie's John Knox*, for example: no picture that I ever saw by a man of genius can well be, in regard to all earnest purposes, a more perfect failure! Can anything, in fact, be more entirely *useless* for earnest purposes, more *un*like what ever could have been the reality, than that gross Energumen, more like a boxing-butcher, whom he has set into a pulpit surrounded with draperies, with fat-shouldered women, and play-actor men in mail, and labelled KNOX? I know the picture only by engravings, always hasten-on when I see it in a window, and would not for much have it hung on the wall beside me! So, too, I have often seen a *Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other, which consists of an angry man and horse (man presumably intended for Cromwell, but not like him),

—man, with heavy flapping Spanish cloak, &c., and no hat to his head, firing a pistol over his shoulder into what seems a dreadful shower of rain in the distance! What can be the use of such things, except to persons who have turned their back on real interests, and gone wool-gathering in search of imaginary? All that kind of matter, as indisputable 'chaff,' ought to be severely purged away.

3°. With respect to *plurality* of portraits, when you have the offer of more than one? The answer to that, on the principles already stated, will come-out different in different cases, and be an affair of consideration and compromise. For the earlier (and more uncertain) figures, I should incline to admit *all* that could be got; certainly all that could be found genuine, that were 'helps,' as above said. Nay, such even as were only half-genuine if there were no others; marking well their doubtful character. As you come lower down, the selection will be stricter; and in quite modern times when pictures are plentiful, I should think *one* portrait would in general be the rule. But of course respect must be had to the importance of the man, the *excellence* of the portraits offered (or their peculiar worth for your objects), the quantity of house-room you are like to have, &c., &c.; and the decision will be the summary and adjustment of all these considerations.

For example, during the *Reformation period* I would take of John Knox, and his consorts and adversaries (Lethington, Kirkcaldy, Regents Murray, Morton, and Mar, Buchanan, Bothwell, even Rizzio, and the like), any picture I could get; all attainable pictures, engravings, &c., or almost all, unless they be more numerous than I suppose,—might promise to be 'helps,' in that great scarcity, and great *desire* to be helped. While, again, in reference to *The Forty five*, where pictures abound, and where the personages and their affair are so infinitely insignificant in comparison, I should expect that one portrait, and that only of the very topmost men, would well suffice. Yet there is a real interest, too, in that poor Forty-five,—for, in fine, we lie very *near* it still, and that is always a great point; and I should somehow like to have a Hawley, a Sir John Cope, Wade, and Duke of Cumberland smuggled in, by way of 'illustrative Notes,' if that were possible. Nay, I really think it should be done; and, on the whole, perceive that *The Forty-five* will be one of your more opulent fields.

The question "Who is a Historical Character?" is, in many cases, already settled, and, in most cases, will be capable of easy settlement. In general, whoever *lives* in the memory of Scotchmen, whoever is yet practically recognisable as a conspicuous worker, speaker, singer, or sufferer in the past time of Scotland,

he is a 'Historical Character,' and we shall be glad to see the veritable likeness of him. For examples, given at random:—George Buchanan, David Rizzio, Lord Hailes, Lord Kames, Monboddo, Bozzy, Burns, Gawin Douglas, Barbour, Jamie Thomson. I would take in, and eagerly, David Dale (of the cotton manufacture), less eagerly Dundas (of the suffrage ditto), and, in general, ask myself, Who said, did, or suffered anything truly memorable, or even anything still much remembered? From Bruce down to Heathfield and Abercromby, the common History-books will direct you plentifully as to one class; and for the others, knowledge and good judgment will be the methods.

4°. Lastly, as to the Catalogue. I am accustomed to conceive the Catalogue, if well done, as one of the best parts of the whole. Brevity, sound knowledge, exactitude, fidelity, ought to be the characteristic of every feature of it. Say you allow, on the average, not more than half a page to each, in by far the majority of cases; hardly more than a page to any: historical, lucid, above all things exact. I would give the *essence* of the man's history, *condensed* to the very utmost; the dates, his birth, death, main transactions,—in short, the *bones* of his history; then add reference to books and sources (carefully distinguishing the good from the less good), where his history and character can be learned farther by such as wish to study it. Afterwards, in a line or two, indicate the actual *habitat* of the picture here exhibited; *its* history, if it have one; that it is *known* to be by such and such a master (and on what authority), or that it is only guessed. What value and excellence might lie in such a Catalogue, if rightly done, I need not say to David Laing; nor what labour, knowledge and resources would be needed to do it well! Perhaps divided among several men (with some head to *preside* over all), according to the several *periods* and classes of subject;—I can perceive *work* enough for *you*, among others, there! But, on the whole, it could be done; and it would be well worth doing, and a permanently useful thing. I would have it printed in some *bound* form, not as a pamphlet, but still very cheap; I should expect a wide immediate sale for it at railway stations and elsewhere while the Exhibition went on, and a steady and permanent sale for it afterwards for a long time indeed. A modern *Nicolson*, done according to the *real want* of the present day; and far beyond what any 'Historical Library,' with its dusty pedantries, ever was before!

But enough now. Your patience must not be quite ridden to death, and the very paper admonishes me to have done. Accept in good part what hasty stuff I have written; forgive it at least. I must say, this small National Project has again grown to look

quite beautiful to me;—*possible* surely in some form, and full of uses. Probably the real "*Crystal Palace*" that would beseem poor old Scotland in these days of Exhibitions,—a country rather eminently rich in men perhaps, which is the pearl and soul of all other "riches."—Believe me yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.[1]

[1] Some efforts, I believe, were made in the direction indicated, by Gentlemen of the Antiquarian Society and others; but as yet without any actual "Exhibition" coming to light. Later, and for Britain at large, we have had, by the Government itself, some kind of "Commission" or "Board" appointed, for forming a permanent "National Portrait-Gallery,"—with what success, is still to be seen.—(*Note of* 1857.)

THE PRINZENRAUB:[1]

A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

[1855.]

Over seas in Saxony, in the month of July 1455, a notable thing befel; and this in regard to two persons who have themselves, by accident, become notable. Concerning which we are now to say something, with the reader's permission. Unluckily, few English readers ever heard of the event; and it is probable there is but one English reader or writer (the present reviewer, for his sins) that was ever driven or led to inquire into it: so that it is quite wild soil, very rough for the ploughshare; neither can the harvest well be considerable. "English readers are so deeply ignorant of foreign history, especially of German history!" exclaims a learned professor. Alas, yes; English readers are dreadfully ignorant of many things, indeed of most things;—which is a lamentable circumstance, and ought to be amended by degrees.

But, however all this may be, here is somewhat in relation to that Saxon business, called the *Prinzenraub*, or Stealing of the Princes, and to the other "pearls of memory" (do not call them old buttons of memory!) which string themselves upon the threads of that. Beating about in those dismal haunted wildernesses; painfully sorting and sifting in the historical lumber-rooms and their dusty fusty imbroglios, in quest of far other objects,—this is what we have picked up on that accidental matter. To which the reader, if he can make any use of it, has our welcome and our blessing.

The *Wettin* Line of Saxon Princes, the same that yet endures, known by sight to every English creature (for the high individual,

[1] Westminster Review, No. 123, January 1855.—1. *Schreiter's Geschichte des Prinzenraubs* (Schreiter's History of the Stealing of the Princes). Leipzig, 1804.

2. *Johann Hübner's, Rectoris der Schule zu S. Johannis in Hamburg, Genealogische Tabellen* (Genealogical Tables, by Johann Hübner, Rector of St. John's School in Hamburg). 3 vols. oblong 4to. Leipzig, 1725–1728.

3. *Genealogische Tafeln zur Staatengeschichte der Germanischen und Slawischen Völker im 19ten Jahrhundert* (Genealogical Tables for the State History of the Germanic and Slavic Nations in the 19th Century). By Dr. Friedrich Maximilian Œrtel. 1 vol. oblong 12mo. Leipzig, 1846.

Prince Albert, is of it), had been lucky enough to combine in itself, by inheritance, by good management, chiefly by inheritance, and mere force of survival, all the Three separate portions and divided dignities of that country: the Thüringen Landgraviate, the Meissen Markgraviate, and the ancient Duchy and Electorate of Saxony; and to become very great among the Princes of the German empire. It was in 1423 that Elector Frederick, named *der Streitbare* (the Fencible, or Prompt-to-fight), one of the notables of this line, had got from Emperor Sigismund, for help rendered (of which poor Sigismund had always need, in all kinds), the vacant *Kur* (Electorship) and Dukedom of Saxony; after which accession, and through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, this Saxon House might fairly reckon itself the greatest in Germany, till Austria, till Brandenburg gradually rose to overshadow it. Law of primogeniture could never be accepted in that country; nothing but divisions, redivisions, coalescings, splittings, and never-ending readjustments and collisions were prevalent in consequence; to which cause, first of all, the loss of the race by Saxony may be ascribed.

To enter into all that, be far from us. Enough to say that this *Streitbare*, Frederick the *Fencible*, left several sons, and none of them without some snack of principality taken from the main lot: several sons, who, however, by death and bad behaviour, pretty soon reduced themselves to two: 1st, the eldest, a Frederick, named the Placid, Peaceable, or Pacific (Friedrich *der Sanftmüthige*), who possessed the electorate and indivisible, inalienable land thereto pertaining (Wittenberg, Torgau, &c.; a certain 'circle' or province in the Wittenberg region; of which, as Prussia has now got all or most of it, the exact boundaries are not known to me); and 2d, a Wilhelm, who in all the other territories 'ruled conjointly' with Frederick.

Conjointly: were not such lands likely to be beautifully 'ruled'? Like a carriage-team with *two* drivers on the box! Frederick, however, was Pacific; probably an excellent good-natured man; for I do not find that he wanted fire either, and conclude that the friendly elements abounded in him. Frederick was a man that could be lived with; and the conjoint government went on, without visible outbreak, between his brother Wilhelm and him, for a series of years. For twelve years, better or worse;—much better than our own red and white *Roses* here at home, which were fast budding into battles of St. Albans, battles of Towton, and other sad outcomes about that time! Of which twelve years we accordingly say nothing.

But now in the twelfth year, a foolish second-cousin, a Friedrich the Silly (*Einfältige*), at Weimar, died childless, A.D. 1440; by

which event extensive Thuringian possessions fell into the main lot again; whereupon the question arose, How to divide them? A question difficult to solve; which by and by declared itself to be insoluble; and gave rise to open war between the brothers Frederick Pacific and Wilhelm of Meissen. Frederick proving stronger, Wilhelm called-in the Bohemians,—confused Hussite, Ziska-Podiebrad populations, bitter enemies of orthodox Germany; against whom Frederick sent celebrated fighting captains, Kunz von Kaufungen and others; who did no good on the Bohemians, but showed all men how dangerous a conflagration had arisen here in the heart of the country, and how needful to be quenched without delay. Accordingly the neighbours all ran up, Kaiser Frederick III. at the head of them (a cunning old Kaiser, Max's father); and quenched it was, after four or five years' ruinous confusion, by the 'treaty of Naumburg' in 1450,—most obscure treaty, not necessary to be laid before the reader;—whereby, if not joint government, peaceable division and separation could ensue.

The conflagration was thus put out; but various coals of it continued hot for a long time,—Kunz von Kaufungen, above mentioned, the hottest of all. Kunz or Conrad, born squire or ritter of a certain territory and old tower called Kaufungen, the *site* of which old tower, if now no ruins of it, can be seen near Penig on the Mulde river, some two hours' ride south-east of Altenburg in those Thuringian or Upper Saxon regions,—Kunz had made himself a name in the world, though unluckily he was short of property otherwise at present. For one thing, Kunz had gained great renown by beating Albert of Brandenburg, the Albert named *Achilles*, third Hohenzollern Elector of Brandenburg, and the fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man, ancestor of Frederick the Great); Kunz, I say, had beaten this potentate, being hired by the town of Nürnberg, Albert's rebellious town, to do it; or if not beaten him (for Albert prevailed in the end). had at least taken him captive in some fight and made him pay a huge ransom. He had also been in the Hussite wars, this Kunz, fighting up and down: a German *condottiere*, I find, or Dugald Dalgetty of the epoch; his last stroke of work had been this late engagement, under Frederick the Peaceable, to fight against brother Wilhelm and his Bohemian allies.

In this last enterprise Kunz had prospered but indifferently. He had indeed gained something they called the 'victory of Gera,' —loud honour, I doubt not, and temporary possession of that little town of Gera;—but in return, had seen his own old tower of Kaufungen, and all his properties, wasted by ravages of war. Nay, he had at length been taken captive by the Bohemians, and been

obliged to ransom himself by huge outlay of money :—4,000 *gold-gulden*, or about 2,000*l.* sterling ; a crushing sum ! With all which losses, why did not Kunz lose his life too, as he might easily have done ? It would have been better for him. Not having lost his life, he did of course, at the end of the war, claim and expect indemnity : but he could get none, or not any that was satisfactory to him.

Elector Frederick had had losses of his own ; was disposed to stick to the letter of his contracts in reference to Kunz : not even the 4,000 *goldgulden* of Bohemian ransom would he consent to repay. Elector Frederick alleged that Kunz was not his liegeman, whom he was bound to protect ; but only his soldier, hired to fight at so much per day, and stand the risks himself. In fine, he exasperated Kunz very much ; and could be brought to nothing, except to agree that arbitrators should be named, to settle what was really due from one to the other ;—a course of little promise to indigent, indignant Kunz. The arbitrators did accordingly meet, and Kunz being summoned, made his appearance ; but not liking the figure of the court, went away again without waiting for the verdict ; which, accordingly, did fall-out infinitely short of his wishes or expectations, and made the indigent man still more indignant. Violent speeches were heard from him in consequence, and were officiously reported ; nay, some say, were heard by the Elector himself : for example, That a man might have vengeance, if he could get nothing else ; that an indigent, indignant fighting-man, driven utterly desperate, would harry and destroy ; would do this and also that, of a direful and dreadful nature. To which the Elector answered : " Don't burn the fishponds, at any rate ; the poor fishes in their ponds !"—still farther angering Kunz. Kunz was then heard growling about "vengeance not on this unjust Elector's land and people, but on his flesh and blood ;" in short, growing ever more intemperate, grim of humour, and violent of speech, Kunz was at last banished the country ; ordered flatly to go about his business, and growl elsewhere. He went, with certain indigent followers of his, across into Bohemia ; where, after groping about, he purchased an old castle, Isenburg the name of it ; castle hanging somewhere on the western slopes of the *Erzgebirge* (Metal Mountains so-called), convenient for the Saxon frontier, and to be had cheap : this empty damp old castle of Isenburg Kunz bought ; and lived there, in such humour as may be conceived. Revenge on this unjust Elector, and " not on his land and people, but on his flesh and blood," was now the one thought of Kunz.

Two Misnian squires, Mosen and Schönberg, former subalterns

of his, I suppose, and equally disaffected as himself, were with him at Isenburg; besides these, whose connexions and followers could assist with head or hand, there was in correspondence with him one Schwalbe, a Bohemian by birth, officiating now as cook (cook or scullion, I am uncertain which) in the electoral Castle itself at Altenburg; this Schwalbe, in the way of intelligence and help for plotting, was of course the most important of all. Intelligence enough from Schwalbe and his consorts; and schemes grounded thereon; first one scheme and then another, in that hungry castle of Isenburg, we need not doubt. At length word came from Schwalbe, That on the 7th of July (1455), the Elector was to take a journey to Leipzig; Electress and two Princes (there were but two, still boys) to be left behind at Altenburg: whether anything could follow out of that? Most of the servants, Schwalbe added, were invited to a supper in the town, and would be absent drinking. Absent drinking; Princes left unguarded? Much can follow out of that! Wait for an opportunity till Doomsday, will there ever come a better? Let this, in brief, be the basis of our grand scheme; and let all hands be busy upon it. Isenburg expects every man to do his duty!—Nor was Isenburg disappointed.

The venerable little Saxon town of Altenburg lies, among intricate woods and Metal-Mountain wildernesses, a good day's riding west from Isenburg: nevertheless, at the fit date, Isenburg has done its duty; and in spite of the intricacies and the hot weather, Kunz is on the ground in full readiness. Towards midnight, namely, on the 7th of July 1455, Kunz, with a party of thirty men, his two Misnian squires among them, well-mounted and armed, silently approaches the rendezvous under the Castle of Altenburg; softly announces himself, by whew of whistling, or some concerted signal, audible in the stillness of the ambrosial night. Cook Schwalbe is awake; Cook Schwalbe answers signal; flings him down a line, fixes his rope-ladders: Kunz, with his Misnian squires and a select few more, mounts aloft; leaving the rest below, to be vigilant, to seize the doors especially, when once we are masters of them from within.

Kunz, who had once been head chamberlain here, knows every room and passage of this royal Castle; probably his Misnians also know it, or a good deal of it, from of old. They first lock all the servants' doors; lock the Electress's door; walk then into the room where the two Princes sleep, in charge of their ancient governess, a feeble old lady, who can give no hindrance;—they seize the two Princes, boys of twelve and fourteen; descend with them, by the great staircase, into the court of the Castle, successfully so far;—or rather, not quite successfully, but with a mistake to mend.

They find, when in the court of the Castle, that here indeed is Prince Ernst, the eldest boy, but that instead of Prince Albert we have brought his bedfellow, a young Count Barby, of no use to us. This was Mosen the Misnian's mistake, stupid Mosen! Kunz himself runs aloft again; finds now the real Albert, who had hid himself below the bed; descends with the real Albert. "To horse now, to horse, my men, without delay!" These noises had awakened the Electress; to what terrors and emotions we can fancy. Finding her door bolted, but learning gradually what is toward, she speaks or shrieks, from the window, a passionate prayer, in the name of earth and heaven, Not to take her children from her. "Whatsoever your demands are, I will see them granted, only leave my children!"—"Sorry we cannot, high Lady!" thought Kunz, and rode rapidly away; for all the Castle is now getting awake, and locks will not long keep every one imprisoned in his room.

Kunz, forth again into the ambrosial night, divides his party into two, one Prince with each; Kunz himself leading the one, Mosen to lead the other. They are to ride by two different roads towards Bohemia, that if one misluck, there may still be another to make terms. Kunz himself, with the little Albert he has got on hand (no time to *change* princes at present), takes the more northerly road; and both dive into the woods. Not a moment to be lost; for already the alarm-bell is out at Altenburg,—some servant having burst his door, and got clutch of it; the results of which will be manifold! Result *first* could not fail: The half-drunk servants, who are out at supper, come tumbling home; listen open-mouthed, then go tumbling back into the little town, and awaken *its* alarm-bell; which awakens, in the usual progression, all others whatsoever; so that Saxony at large, to the remotest village, from all its belfries, big and little, is ringing madly; and all day Kunz, at every thin place of the forest, hears a ding-dong of doom pronounced against him, and plunges deviously forward all the more intently.

A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm-bell, and shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now, within an hour of the Bohemian border,—cheerily, my men, through these wild woods and hills! The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on; all but himself and two squires shall ride on, get everything ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince; dismounts, he and his squires, to gather

him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers-in upon the scene; a grimy *Köhler*, namely (Collier, Charcoal-burner), with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schurbaum*) in his hand: grimy Collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap; somewhat astonished to find company in these solitudes. "How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased to be doing here?" inquired the Collier. "Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations; who has fallen thirsty: do you know where bilberries are?—No?—Then why not walk on your way, my grim one?" The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go: Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by the spurs, falls flat on his face; the young Prince whispers eagerly, "I am Prince Albert, and am stolen!"—Whew-wew!—One of the squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said; perhaps it was at the Collier only: the Collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the squire, belabours Kunz himself. During which the Collier's dog lustily barks; and, behold, the Collier's Wife comes running on the scene, and with her shrieks brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done! He surrenders, with his squires and Prince; is led, by this black bodyguard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighbouring monastery of Grünhain (Green Grove), and is there safe warded under lock-and-key. The afternoon of July 8th, 1455; what a day for him and for others!—I remark, with certainty, that dusty riders, in rather unusual numbers, and of miscellaneous equipment, are also entering London City, far away, this very evening; a constitutional parliament having to take seat at Westminster, tomorrow, 9th July 1455, of all days and years,[1] to settle what the battle of St. Albans, lately fought, will come to. For the rest, that the King of England has fallen imbecile, and his she-wolf of France is on flight; that probably York will be Protector again (till he lose his head),—and that the troubles of mankind are not limited to Saxony and its Metal Mountains, but that the Devil everywhere is busy, as usual!—This consideration will serve at least to date the affair of Kunz for us, and shall therefore stand unerased.

From Grünhain Monastery the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other: praised be heaven forever for it. "And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish, what is your want?—How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz, you with your simple poking-pole, you Collier sent of heaven!"—"Madam, I *drilled* him soundly

[1] Henry's History of Britain, vi. 108.

with my poking-pole (*hab ihn weidlich getrillt*);" at which they all laughed, and called the Collier *der Triller*, the *Driller*.

Meanwhile, Mosen the Misnian is also faring ill; with the alarm-bells all awake about him, and the country risen in hot chase. Six of his men have been caught; the rest are diving ever deeper into the thickets. In the end, they seek shelter in a cavern, stay there perdue for three days, not far from the castle of Steina, still within the Saxon border. Three days,—while the debate of Westminster is prosperously proceeding, and imbecile Henry the Sixth takes his ease at Windsor,—these poor fellows lie quaking, hungry, in their cave; and dare not debate, except in whispers; very uncertain what the issue will be. The third day they hear from colliers or wandering woodmen, accidentally talking together in their neighbourhood, that Kunz is taken, tried, and most probably beheaded. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Hereupon they open a correspondence with the nearest Amtmann, him of Zwickau: to the effect, That if free pardon is granted, they will at once restore Prince Ernst; if not, they will at once kill him. The Amtmann of Zwickau is thrown into excitement, it may well be supposed: but what can the Amtmann or any official person do? Accede to their terms, since, as desperate men, they have the power of enforcing them. It is thought, had they even demanded Kunz's pardon, it must have been granted; but they fancied Kunz already ended, and did not insist on this. Enough, on the 11th of the month, fourth day since the flight, third day in this hunger-cave of Steina, Prince Ernst was given up; and Mosen, Schönfels and Co., refreshed with food, fled swiftly unharmed, and 'were never heard of more,' say my authorities.

Prince Ernst was received by his glad father at Chemnitz; soon carried to his glad mother and brother at Altenburg: upon which the whole court, with trembling joy, made a pilgrimage to Ebersdorf, a monastery and shrine in those parts. They gave pious thanks there, one and all; the mother giving suitable dotation furthermore; and, what is notable, hanging-up among her other votive gifts two coats (she, says rumour and prints; but I guess it was the lucrative showmen after *her*): the coat of Kunz, leather buff I suppose, and the coat of The Driller, Triller, as we call that heaven-sent Collier, coat grimy black, and made of what stuff I know not. Which coats were still shown in the present generation; nay, perhaps are still to be seen at this day, if a judicious tourist made inquiry for them.

On the 14th, and not till then, Kunz of Kaufungen, tried and doomed before, laid his head on the block at Freyberg: some say, pardon *had* been got for him from the joyful Serene Highnesses,

but came an hour too late. This seems uncertain, seems improbable: at least poor Dietrich of Kaufungen, his younger brother, was done to death at Altenburg itself some time after, for 'inconsiderate words' uttered by him,—feelings not sufficiently under one's control. That Schwalbe, the Bohemian Cook, was torn with 'red-hot pincers,' and otherwise mercilessly mangled and strangled, need not be stated. He and one or two others, supposed to be concerned in his peculiar treason, were treated so; and with this the gallows-part of the transaction ended.

As to the Driller himself, when asked what his wish was, it turned out to be modest in the extreme: Only liberty to cut, of scrags and waste wood, what would suffice for his charring purposes, in those wild forests. This was granted to the man and his posterity: made sure to him and them by legal deed: and to this was added, So many yearly bushels of corn from the electoral stockbarns, and a handsome little farm of land, to grow cole and *sauerkraut*, and support what cows and sheep, for domestic milk and wool, were necessary to the good man and his successors. 'Which properties,' I am vaguely told, but would go to see it with my eyes, were I touring in those parts, 'they enjoy to this day.' Perhaps it was a bit of learned jocularity on the part of the old conveyancers, perhaps in their high chancery at Altenburg they did not know the man's real name, or perhaps he had no very fixed one; at any rate, they called him merely *Triller* (Driller), in these important documents: which courtly nickname he or his sons adopted as a surname that would do very well; surname borne by them accordingly ever since, and concerning which there have been treatises written.[1]

This is the tale of Kunz of Kaufungen; this is that adventure of the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes), much wondered at, and talked of, by all princes and all courtiers in its own day, and never quite forgotten since; being indeed apt for remembrance, and worthy of it, more or less. For it actually occurred in God's Creation, and was a fact, four-hundred years ago; and also is, and will forever continue one,—ever-enduring part and parcel of the Sum of Things, whether remembered or not. In virtue of which peculiarity it is much distinguished from innumerable other tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's Creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the Sum of No-

[1] Groshupf's *Oratio de gentis Trillerianæ ortu* (cited in Michaelis, *Geschichte der Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Teutschland*, i. 469) is one.—See, for the rest, Schurzfleisch, *Dissertatio de Conrado Kaufungo* (Wittenberg, 1720); Tenzel (Gotha, 1700); Rechenberg, *De Raptu Ernesti et Alberti;* Sagittarius, Fabricius, &c. &c.

things; which nevertheless obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers. In comparison, I thought this business worth a few words to the ingenuous English reader, who may still have rooms to let, in that sense. Not only so; but it seemed to deserve a little nook in modern memory for other peculiar reasons,—which shall now be stated with extreme brevity.

The two boys, Ernst and Albert, who, at the time of their being stolen, were fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and had Frederick the *Peaceable*, the *Placid* or *Pacific*, for father, came safe to manhood. They got, by lucky survivorship, all these inextricable Saxon Territories combined into Two round lots;—did not, unfortunately, keep them so; but split them again into new divisions,—for new despair of the historical student, among others! —and have at this day extensive posterity, of thrice-complex relationship, of unintelligible names, still extant in the high places of the world. Unintelligible names, we may well say; each person having probably from ten to twenty names: not John or Tom; but Joachim *John* Ferdinand Ernst Albrecht; Theodor *Tom* Carl Friedrich Kunz;—as if we should say, Bill Walter Kit all as one name; every one of which is good, could you but omit the others! Posterity of unintelligible names, thrice-complex relationship;—and in fine, of titles, qualities and territories that will remain forever unknown to man. Most singular princely nomenclature, which has often filled me with amazement. Designations *worse* than those of the Naples Lazzaroni; who indeed "have no names," but are, I conclude, distinguished by Numbers, No. 1, No. 2, and can be *known* when mentioned in human speech! Names, designations, which are too much for the human mind;—which are intricate, long-winded; abstruse as the Sibyl's oracles; and flying about, too, like her leaves, with every new accident, every new puff of wind. Ever-fluctuating, ever-splitting, coalescing, re-splitting, re-combining, insignificant little territories, names, relationships and titles; inextricably indecipherable, and not worth deciphering; which only the eye of the Old Serpent could or would decipher!—Let us leave them there; and remark that they are all divided, after our little stolen Ernst and Albert, into Two main streams or Lines, the Ernst or *Ernestine Line*, and the Albert or *Albertine Line*; in which two grand divisions they flow on, each of them many-branched, through the wilderness of Time ever since. Many-branched each of the two, but conspicuously separate each from the other, they flow on; and give us the comfort of their company, in great numbers, at this very day. We will note a few of

the main phenomena in these two Saxon Lines,—higher trees that have caught our eye, in that sad wilderness of princely shrubbery unsurveyable otherwise.

ERNESTINE LINE.

Ernst, the elder of those two stolen boys, became *Kurfürst* (Elector); and got for inheritance, besides the 'inalienable proper-ties' which lie round Wittenberg, as we have said, the better or Thuringian side of the Saxon country—that is, the Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, &c. Principalities:—while the other youth, Albert, had to take the '*Osterland* (Easternland), with part of Meissen,' what we may in general imagine to be (for no German Dryasdust will do you the kindness to say precisely) the eastern region of what is Saxony in our day. These Albertines, with an inferior territory, had, as their main towns, Leipzig and Dresden, a *Residenz-Schloss* (or sublime enough Ducal Palace) in each city, Leipzig as yet the grander and more common one. There, at Leipzig chiefly, I say, lived the august younger or Albertine Line; especially there lived Prince Albert himself, a wealthy and potent man, though younger. But it is with Ernst that we are at present concerned.

As for Ernst, the elder, he and his lived chiefly at Wittenberg, as I perceive; there or in the neighbourhood, was their high Schloss; distinguished among palaces. But they had Weimar, they had Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg,—above all, they had the *Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn. Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sung there, St. Elisabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles, Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto,—the most interesting *Residenz*, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels,—standing in Luther's room, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken inkholder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with mere Heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of "One man *versus* the Devil and all men" was fought, and the latest prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances, and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over

it; speaking sad. and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honour of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him; *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimmest men now living; and looked like lightning and rain all the morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his line are not at a loss for Residences, whatever else he and they may want.

Ernst's son was *Frederick the Wise*, successor in the *Kur* (Electorship) and paternal lands; which, as Frederick did not marry and there was only one other brother, were not farther divided on this occasion. Frederick the Wise, born in 1463, was that ever-memorable *Kurfürst* who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms in 1521. A pious Catholic, with due horror of heresy up to that time, he listened with all his faculties to the poor Monk's earnest speech of four hours; knew not entirely what to think of it; thought at least, "We will hear this man farther, we will not burn this man just yet!"—and snatched him up accordingly, and stuck him safe into the Wartburg for a year. Honour to such a Kurfürst:—and what a luck to him and us that he was there to do so ever-memorable a thing, just in the nick of time! A Kurfürst really memorable and honourable, by that and by many other acts of wisdom, piety and prudent magnanimity; in which qualities History testifies that he shone. He could have had the Kaisership, on Max's death, some years before, but preferred to have young Charles V., Max's grandson, elected to it. Whereby it came that the grand Reformation Cause, at once the grandest blessing and the grandest difficulty, fell to the guidance, not of noble German veracity and pious wisdom, but of long-headed obstinate Flemish cunning; and Elector Frederick indeed had an easier life, but Germany has ever since had a much harder one! Two portraits of this wise Frederick, one by Albert Dürer, and another of inferior quality by Lucas Kranach, which represent to us an excellent, rather corpulent, elderly gentleman, looking-out from under his electoral cap, with a fine placid, honest and yet vigilant and sagacious aspect, are well known to print-collectors: but his history, the practical physiognomy of his life and procedure in this world, is less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than it ought to be;—if there were any chance of their taking pattern by him! He was twenty years Luther's senior; they never met personally, much as they corresponded together, during the next four years, both living oftenest in the same town. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his brother, John the Steadfast (*Johann der Beständige*).

This brother, Johann *der Beständige*, was four years younger; he also was a wise and eminently Protestant man. He struggled very faithfully for the good Cause, during his term of sovereignty; died in 1532 (fourteen years before Luther), having held the Electorate only seven years. Excellent man, though dreadfully *fat;* so that they had to screw him up by machinery when he wished to mount on horseback, in his old days.—His son was Johann Friedrich, the Magnanimous by epithet (*der Grossmüthige*), under whom the Line underwent sad destinies; *lost* the Electorship, lost much; and split itself after him, into innumerable branches, who are all of a small type ever since; and whom we shall leave for a little, till we have brought forward the Albertine Line.

ALBERTINE LINE.

Albert the Courageous (*der Beherzte*) was the name this little stolen boy attained among mankind, when he grew to maturity and came to his properties in Meissen and the Osterland. What he did to merit such high title might, at this date, in this place, be difficult to say. I find he was useful in the Netherlands, assisting Kaiser Max (or rather young Prince Max, Kaiser indeed, and Charles V.'s grandfather, in time coming) when the said young Max wedded the beautiful young Mary of Burgundy, the great heiress in those parts. Max got the Netherlands by this fine match, and came into properties enough; and soon into endless troubles and sorrows thereby; in all which, and in others that superadded themselves, Albert the Courageous was helpful according to ability; distinguishing himself indeed throughout by loyalty to his Kaiser; and in general, I think, being rather of a conservative turn. The rest of his merit in History,—we conclude, it was work that had mainly a Saxon, or at most a German fame, and did not reach the ear of the general world. However, sure enough it all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German Life to this hour, Saxony reaping the full benefit of it (if any); and it shall not concern us here. Only on three figures of the posterity begotten by him shall we pause a little, then leave him to his fate. Elector Moritz, Duke George, August the Strong: on these three we will glance for one moment; the rest, in mute endless procession, shall rustle past unseen by us.

Albert's eldest son, then, and successor in the eastern properties and residences, was Duke George of Saxony,—called 'of Saxony,' as all those Dukes, big and little, were and still are,—*Herzog Georg von Sachsen:* of whom, to make him memorable, it is enough to say that he was Luther's Duke George! Yes, this is he with whom Luther had such wrangling and jangling. Here, for the first time,

English country-gentlemen may discern "Duke George" as a fact, though a dark one, in this world; see dimly who begat him, where he lived, how he actually *was* (presumably) a human creature, and not a mere rumour of a name. "Fear of Duke George?" said Luther: "No, not that. I have seen the King of Chaos in my time, Sathanas himself, and thrown my inkbottle at him. Duke George! Had I had business in Leipzig, I should have gone thither, if it had rained Duke Georges for nine days running!" Well, reader, this is he: George the Rich, called also the *Barbatus* (Beardy), likewise the Learned: a very magnificent Herr; learned, bearded, gilded, to a notable degree; and much reverenced by many, though Luther thought so little of him.

He was strong for the old religion, while his cousins went so valiantly ahead for the new. He attended at Diets, argued, negotiated; offered to risk life and fortune, in some diplomatic degree, but was happily never called to do it. His Brother, and most of his people, gradually became Protestants, which much grieved him. Pack, unfortunate Herr Pack, whose 'revelations' gave rise to the Schmalkaldic League, and to the first Protestant War, had been his secretary. Pack ran off from him; made said 'revelations,' That there was a private bargain, between Duke George and others, headed by the Kaiser, to cut-off and forfeit Philip of Hesse, the chief Protestant, that &c. &c.: whereby, in the first place, poor Pack lost his head; and, in the second place, poor Duke George's troubles were increased fourfold and tenfold.

Poor soul, he had lost most of his ten children, some of them in infancy, others in maturity and middle age, by death; was now himself getting old, within a year or two of seventy; and his troubles not in the least diminishing. At length he lost his wife; the good old dame, a princess of Bohemia, who had been his stay in all sorrows, she too was called away from him. Protestantism spreading, the Devil broken loose, all was against Duke George; and he felt that his own time must now be nigh. His very Brother, now heir-apparent by the death of all the young men, was of declared Protestant tendencies. George wrote to his Brother, who, for the present, was very poor, offering to give him up the government and territories at once, on condition that the Catholic Religion should be maintained intact: Brother respectfully refused. Duke George then made a will, to the like effect; summoned his Estates to sanction it; Estates would not sanction: Duke George was seized with dreadful bowel-disorders, and lay down to die. Sorrow on it! Alas, alas!

There is one memorability of his sad last moments: A reverend Pater was endeavouring to strengthen him by assurances about his

own good works, about the favour of the Saints and such like, when Dr. Rothe, the Crypto-Protestant medical gentleman, ventured to suggest in the extreme moment, "*Gnädiger Herr*, you were often wont to say, Straightforward is the best runner! Do that yourself; go straight to the blessed Saviour and eternal Son of God, who bore our sins; and leave the dead Saints alone!"—"Ey, then—help me, then," George groaned out in low sad murmur, "true Saviour, Jesus Christ; take pity on me, and save me by thy bitter sorrows and death!" and yielded-up his soul in this manner. A much-afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. He was so learned, he had written his Father Albert's exploits in Latin; of which respectable 'Monograph,' Fabricius, in his Chronicle, has made use:' Fabricius: not that big Hamburg Fabricius of the *Bibliothecas;* but an earlier minor one, *Georg Goldschmied* his vernacular name, who was 'crowned poet by Kaiser Max,' became head-schoolmaster in Meissen, and wrote meritorious chronicles, indifferently exact, *Rerum Misnicarum*, and such like,—*he* is the Fabricius to whom the respectable Monograph fell. Of this poor Duke's palaces and riches, at Leipzig and elsewhere, I say nothing, except that they were very grand. He wore a magnificent beard, too, dagger-shaped and very long; was of heroic stature and carriage; truly a respectable-looking man. I will remember nothing more of him, except that he was withal an ancestor of Frederick the Great: no doubt of that small interesting fact. One of his daughters was married to Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse, —wife insufficient for magnanimous Philip, wherefore he was obliged to marry a second, or supplement to her, which is a known story! But another of Duke George's daughters, who alone concerns us here, was spouse to Joachim II., sixth *Kurfürst* of Brandenburg, who bore him Johann George, seventh ditto, in lawful wedlock; and so was Frederick the Unique's great-grandfather's great-grandmother, that is to say, lineal ancestress in the seventh generation. If it rained Duke Georges nine days running, I would say no more about them.

We come now to *Elector Moritz*, our second figure. George's brother, Henry, succeeded; lived only for two years; in which time all went to Protestantism in the eastern parts of Saxony, as in the western. This Henry's eldest son, and first successor, was *Moritz*, the "Maurice" known in English Protestant books; who, in the Schmalkaldic League and War, played such a questionable game with his Protestant cousin, of the elder or Ernestine Line,—quite ousting said cousin, by superior jockeyship, and reducing his Line and him to the second rank ever since. This cousin was Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, of the Ernestine Line; whom

we left above waiting for that catastrophe: and it came about in this manner.

Duke Moritz refused, namely, to join his poor cousin and other fellow Protestants in the Schmalkaldic League or War, in spite of Secretary Pack's denunciations, and the evidence of facts. Duke Moritz waited till the Kaiser (Charles V., year 1547), and their own ill-guidance, had beaten to pieces and ruined said League and War; till the Kaiser had captured Johann Frederick the Magnanimous in person, and was about to kill him. And then, at this point of the game, by dextrous management, Duke Moritz got the Electorship transferred to himself; Electorship, with Wittenberg and the 'inalienable lands and dignities;'—his poor cousin sitting prisoner the while, in imminent danger of his life; not getting loose for five years, but following the Kaiser like condemned luggage, up and down, in a very perilous and uncomfortable manner! This from Moritz, who was himself a Protestant, only better skilled in jockeyship, was not thought handsome conduct,—nor could it be.

However, he made it good; succeeded in it,—what is called succeeding. Neither is the game yet played out, nor Moritz publicly declared (what he fully surely *is*, and can by discerning eyes be seen to be) the *loser*. Moritz kept his Electorship, and, by cunning jockeying, his Protestantism too; got his Albertine or junior Line pushed into the place of the Ernestine or first; in which dishonourably-acquired position it continues to this day; performing ever since the chief part in Saxony, as Electors, and now as Kings of Saxony;—which seems to make him out rather as winner in the game? For the Ernestine, or honourable Protestant Line is ever since in a secondary, diminished, and as it were, *disintegrated* state, a Line *broken small;* nothing now but a series of small Dukes, Weimar, Gotha, Coburg, and the like, in the Thuringian region, who, on mere genealogical grounds, put Sachsen to their name: Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Weimar, &c.;—and do not look like winners. Nor perhaps are they,—if they also have played too ill! Perhaps neither of the two is winner; for there are many other hands in the game withal: sure I am only that Moritz has *lost*, and never *could* win! As perhaps may appear yet, by and by.

But, however that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got *disintegrated*, broken small, and is not in a culminating condition. These, I say, are the Dukes who in the present day put Sachsen to their name: sons of Ernst, sons of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, all now in a reduced condition: while the sons of Albert, nephews of George the Dagger-bearded ('if it rain Duke

Georges'), are Kings of Saxony, so-called Kings. No matter: nay, who knows whether it is not perhaps even *less* than nothing to them, this grand dignity of theirs? Whether, in very truth, if we look at substance and not semblance, the Albertine Line has *risen* since Moritz's time; or in spite of all these crowns and appearances, sublime to the valet judgment, has fallen and is still falling? I do not find, in fact, that it has ever *done* anything considerable since; which is the one sure symptom of rising. My probable conjecture rather is, that it has done (if Nature's Register, if the Eternal Daybook, were consulted) very little indeed, except dwindle into more and more contemptibility, and impotence to *do* anything considerable whatever! Which is a very melancholy issue of Moritz's great efforts; and might give rise to unspeakable considerations, in many a high man and many a low, —for which there is not room in this place.

Johann Frederick, it is well known, sat magnanimously playing chess, while the Kaiser's sentence, of death, was brought in to him: he listened to the reading of the sentence; said a polite word or two; then turning round, with "*Pergamus*, Let us proceed!" quietly played on till the checkmate had been settled.[1] Johann Frederick magnanimously waited-out his five years of captivity, excellent old Lucas Kranach, his painter and humble friend, refusing to quit him, but steadfastly sharing the same; then quietly returned (old Lucas still with him) to his true loving-hearted wife, to the glad friends whose faith had been tried in the fire. With such a wife waiting him, and such a Lucas attending him, a man had still something left, had his lands been all gone; which in Johann Frederick's case, they were still far from being. He settled at Weimar, having lost electoral Wittenberg and the inalienable properties; he continued to do here, as formerly, whatever wise and noble thing he could, through the short remainder of his life:—one wishes he had not founded all that imbroglio of little dukes! But perhaps he could not help it: law of primogeniture, except among the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns, always a wise, decisive, thrifty and growing race, who *had* the fine talent of 'annihilating rubbish,' was not yet known in those countries. Johann Frederick felt, most likely, that he, for one, in this aspect of the stars, was not founding kingdoms! But indeed it was not he, it was his successors, his grandson and great-grandson chiefly, that made these multiplex divisions and confusions on the face of the German mother-earth and perplexed the human soul with this inextricable wilderness of little dukes. From him, however, they do all descend; this let the reader know, and let it be some slight

[1] De Wette: *Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), i. 39.

satisfaction to him to have got a historical double-girth tied round them in that manner, and see Two compact Bundles made of them, in the mean while.

Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long. Shortly after Johann Frederick got home to Weimar, Moritz had already found his death, in prosecution of that game begun by him. It is well known he had no sooner made the Electorate sure to himself than he too drew sword against the Kaiser; beat the Kaiser; chased him into the Tyrol mountains; could have taken him there, but—"I have no cage big enough to hold such a bird," said Moritz: so he let the Kaiser run; and made the Treaty of Passau with him instead. Treaty of Passau (A.D. 1552), by which Johann Frederick's liberty was brought about, for one thing, and many liberties were stipulated for the Protestants; upon which Treaty indeed Germany rested from its religious battles, of the blood-shedding sort, and fought only by ink thenceforth,—till the Thirty-Years War came, and a new Treaty, that of Munster or Westphalia (1648), had to succeed.

Shortly after Passau, Moritz, now on the Kaiser's side, and clear for peace and submission to said treaty, drew-out against his oldest comrade, Albert Hohenzollern of Anspach,—'Albert *Alcibiades*' as they call him, that far-shining, too-impetuous Failure of a Frederick the Great;—drew-out, I say, against this Alcibiades, who would not accept the Treaty of Passau; beat Alcibiades in the battle of Sievershausen, but lost his own life withal in it,—no more, either of fighting or diplomatising, needed from him;—and thus, after only some six years of Electorship, slept with his fathers, no Elector, but a clod of the valley.

His younger brother succeeded; from whom, in a direct line, come all the subsequent Saxon potentates; and the present King of Saxony, with whom one has no acquaintance, nor much want of any. All of them are *nephews*, so to speak, of Elector Moritz, grand-nephews of Duke George the Dagger-bearded ('if it rained Duke Georges'). Duke George is, as it were, the grand-uncle of them all; as Albert, our little stolen boy for whom Kunz von Kaufungen once gathered bilberries, is father of him and of them all. A goodly progeny, in point of numbers; and handsomely equipt and decorated by a liberal world: most expensive people,—in general not admirable otherwise. Of which multifarious progeny I will remember farther only one, or at most two; having no esteem for them myself, nor wish to encumber anybody's innocent memory with what perhaps deserves oblivion better, and at all events is rapidly on the way to get it, with or without my sanction. Here, however, is our third figure, *August the Strong*.

Frederick August, the big King of Poland, called by some of his contemporaries August the Great, which epithet they had to change for *August der Starke*, August the Physically Strong: this August, of the three-hundred-and-fifty-four bastards, who was able to break a horse-shoe with his hands, and who lived in this world regardless of expense,—he is the individual of this junior-senior Albertine Line, whom I wish to pause one moment upon: merely with the remark, that if Moritz had any hand in making him the phenomenon he was, Moritz may well be ashamed of his work. More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkeys seldom trod this lower earth. A miracle to his own century,—to certain of the flunkey species a quasi-celestial miracle, bright with diamonds, with endless mistresses, regardless of expense,—to other men a prodigy, portent and quasi-infernal miracle, awakening insoluble inquiries: Whence this, ye righteous gods, and above all, whither! Poor devil, he was full of good humour too, and had the best of stomachs. A man that had his own troubles withal. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all, would have driven most men mad. You may discern dimly in the flunkey histories, in babbling *Pöllnitz* and others, what a set they were; what a time he must have had with their jealousies, their sick vapours, megrims, angers and infatuations;—springing, on occasion, out of bed in their shift, like wild-cats, at the throat of him, fixing their mad claws in him, when he merely enters to ask, "How do you do, *mon chou?*"[1] Some of them, it is confidently said, were his own children. The unspeakably unexemplary mortal!

He got his skin well beaten,—cow-hided, as we may say,—by Charles XII., the rough Swede, clad mostly in leather. He was coaxed and driven-about by Peter the Great, as Irish post-horses are,—long miles, with a bundle of hay, never to be attained, stuck upon the pole of the coach. He reduced himself to utter bankruptcy. He had got the crown of Poland by pretending to adopt Papistry,—the apostate, and even pseudo-apostate; and we may say he has made Protestant Saxony, and his own House first of all, spiritually bankrupt ever since. He died at last, at Warsaw (year 1733), of an 'old man's foot;' highly composed, eupeptic to the last; busy in scheming-out a partition of Poland,—a thing more than once in men's heads, but not to be completed just yet. Adieu to him forever and a day.

One of his bastards was Rutowsky, long conspicuous in poor Saxony as their chief military man; whom the Prussians beat at Kesselsdorf,—who was often beaten; whom Frederick the Great at last shut-up in Pirna. Another was the *Chevalier de Saxe*, also

[1] Pöllnitz: *La Saxe Galante; Mémoires et Lettres, &c.*

a kind of general, good for very little. But by far the notablest was he of Aurora von Königsmark's producing, whom they called *Comte de Saxe* in his own country, and who afterwards in France became *Maréchal de Saxe;* a man who made much noise in the world for a time. Of him also let us say an anecdotic word. Baron d'Espagnac and the biographers had long been uncertain about the date of his birth,—date and place alike dubious. For whose sake, here at length, after a century of searching, is the extract from the baptismal register, found by an inquiring man. Poor Aurora, it appears, had been sent to the Harz Mountains, in the still autumn, in her interesting situation; lodges in the ancient highland town of Goslar, anonymously, very privately; and this is what the books of the old *Marktkirche* (Market-Church) in that remote little place still bear:

'*Den acht-und-zwenzigsten October*'—But we must translate: 'The 'twenty-eighth of October, in the year Sixteen-hundred and ninety-'six, in the evening, between seven and eight o'clock, there was 'born, by the high Lady (*von der vornehmen Frau*) who lodges in 'R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel's house, a Son; which Son, on 'the 30th *ejusdem*, was in the evening baptised, in M. S. Alb's 'house, and, by the name *Mauritius*, incorporated to the Lord 'Jesus (*dem Herrn Jesu einverleibt*). Godfathers were Herr Dr. 'Trumph, R. N. Dusings and R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel.'[1] Which ought to settle that small matter, at least.

On the authority of Baron d'Espagnac, I mention one other thing of this *Mauritius*, or Moritz, Maréchal de Saxe; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a scavenger, had words with the scavenger, who perhaps had splashed him with his mud-shovel, or the like. Scavenger would make no apology; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of the breeches; whirls him aloft, in horizontal position; pitches him into his own mudcart, and walks on.[2] A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

He was tall of stature, had black circular eyebrows, black bright eyes,—brightness partly intellectual, partly animal,—oftenest with a smile in them. Undoubtedly a man of unbounded dissoluteness; of much energy, loose native ingenuity; and the worst *speller* probably ever known. Take this one specimen, the shortest I have, not otherwise the best; specimen achieved, when there had a proposal risen in the obsequious Académie Française to elect this Maréchal a member. The Maréchal had the sense to decline. *Ils*

[1] Cramer: *Aurora von Königsmark* (Leipzig, 1836), p. 126.
[2] Espagnac: *Vie du Maréchal de Saxe* (ii. 274, of the German Translation).

veule me fere de la Cadémie, writes he; *sela mirgt com une bage a un chas*; meaning probably, *Ils veulent me faire de l'Académie; cela m'iroit comme une bague à un chat*: 'They would have me in the Academy; it would suit me as a ring would a cat,'—or say, a pair of breeches a cock. Probably he had much skill in war; I cannot judge: his victories were very pretty; but it is to be remembered, he gained them all over the Duke of Cumberland; who was beaten by everybody that tried, and never beat anything, except once some starved Highland peasants at Culloden.

To resume and conclude. August the Physically Strong, be it known in brief then, is great-grandson of an Elector called Johann Georg I., who behaved very ill in the Thirty-Years War; now joining with the great Gustavus, now deserting him; and seeking merely, in a poor tortuous way, little to the honour of German Protestantism in that epoch, to save his own goods and skin; wherein, too, he did not even succeed: August the Physically Strong, and Pseudo-Papist apostate, is great grandson of that poor man; who again is grand-nephew of the worldly-wise Elector Moritz, Passau-Treaty Moritz, questionable Protestant, questionable friend and enemy of Charles V., with 'No cage fit to hold so big a bird,'—and is therefore also great-grand-nephew of Luther's friend, 'If it rained Duke Georges.' To his generation there are six from Duke George's, five from Elector Moritz's: that is the genealogy. And if I add, that the son of August the Physically Strong was he who got to be August III., King of Poland; spent his time in smoking tobacco; and had Brühl for minister,—Brühl of the three-hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, who brought Frederick of Prussia and the Seven-Years War into his country, and thereby, so to speak, quite broke the back of Saxony,—I think we may close our excerpts from the Albertine Line. Of the elder or Ernestine Line, in its *disintegrated* state, I will hastily subjoin yet a word, with the reader's leave, and then end.

ERNESTINE LINE (*in the disintegrated state, or broken small*).

Noble Johann Frederick, who lost the Electorate, and retired to Weimar, nobler for his losses, is not to be particularly blamed for splitting his territory into pieces, and founding that imbroglio of little dukedoms, which run about, ever shifting, like a mass of quicksilver cut into little separate pools and drops; distractive to the human mind, in a geographical and in far deeper senses. The case was not peculiar to Johann Frederick of the Ernestine Line; but was common to all German dukes and lines. The pious German mind grudges to lop anything away; holds by the palpably superfluous; and in general 'cannot annihilate rubbish;'—

that is its inborn fault. Law of primogeniture, for such small sovereignties and dukedoms, is hardly yet, as the general rule, above a century old in that country; which, for sovereigns and for citizens, much more than for geographers, was certainly a strange state of matters!

The Albertine Line, Electoral though it now was, made apanages, subdivisions, unintelligible little dukes and dukeries of a similar kind, though perhaps a little more charily: almost within a century we can remember little sovereign dukes of that line. A Duke of Weissenfels, for instance; foolish old gawk, whom Wilhelmina Princess Royal recollects for his distracted notions,[1]—which were well shaken-out of him by Wilhelmina's Brother afterwards. Or again, contemporaneously, that other little Duke,—what was the title of him?—who had built the biggest bassoon ever heard of; thirty feet high, or so; and was seen playing on it from a trap-ladder;[2]—poor soul, denied an employment in this world, and obliged to fly to bassoons!

Then, too, a Duke of Merseburg,[3] who was dining solemnly, when the "Old Dessauer" (Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, conqueror at Kesselsdorf afterwards, and a great rough Prussian son of Mars) broke-in upon him, in a friendly manner, half-drunk, with half-drunk grenadiers whom he had been reviewing; and reviewed and paraded them again *there* within the sublime ducal dining-room itself, and fired volleys there (to the ruin of mirrors and cut-glass); and danced with the princesses, his officers and he,—a princess in your left-hand, a drawn sword in your right;—and drank and uproared, in a Titanic manner, for about eight hours; making a sorcerer's sabbath of the poor duke's solemn dinner.[4] Sachsen-Weissenfels, Sachsen-Merseburg, Sachsen-Zeitz:—there were many little dukes of the Albertine Line, too, but happily they are now all dead childless; and their apanages have fallen home to the general mass, which does not henceforth make subdivisions of itself. The Ernestine Line was but like the Albertine, and like all its neighbours in that respect.

So, too, it would be cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes that they have no history; though it must be owned, in the modern state of the world, they are ever more, and have long been, almost in the impossibility of having any. To build big bassoons, and play on them from trap-ladders; to do hunting, build opera-houses, give court-shows: what else, if they do not care to serve in foreign

[1] *Mémoires de Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margravе de Bareith.*
[2] Pöllnitz: *Mémoires et Lettres.*
[3] Same as the Bassoon Duke.—Ed.
[4] *Des weltberühmten Fürstens Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben, &c.* (Leipzig, 1742), pp. 108-112.

armies, is well possible for them? It is a fatal position; and they really ought to be delivered from it. Perhaps then they might do better. Nay, perhaps already here and there they have more history than we are all aware of. The late Duke of Weimar was beneficent to men-of-letters; had the altogether essential merit, too, which is a very singular one, of finding out, for that object, the real men of letters instead of the counterfeit. A Duke of Sachsen-Gotha, of earlier date, went into the *Grumbach'sche Handel* (sad 'Grumbach Brabble,' consisting of wild-justice in high quarters, by assassination or sudden homicide in the street, with consequences; of all which the English reader happily knows nothing), —went into it bravely, if rashly, in generous pity for Grumbach, in high hope for himself withal; and got thrown into jail for life, poor Duke! Where also his Wife attended him, like a brave true woman, 'for twenty years.'—On the whole, I rather think they would still gladly have histories if they could; and am willing to regret that brave men and princes, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand inert in the whirling arena of the world in that manner, swathed in old wrappages and packthread meshes, into inability to move; watching sadly the Centuries with their stormful opulences rush past you, Century after Century in vain!

But it is better we should close. Of the Ernestine Line, in its disintegrated state, let us mention only two names, in the briefest manner, who are not quite without significance to men and Englishmen; and therewith really end. The first is Bernhard of Weimar; champion of Elizabeth Stuart, Ex-queen of Bohemia; famed captain in the Thirty-Years War; a really notable man. Whose *Life* Goethe once thought of writing; but prudently (right prudently, as I can now see) drew out of it, and wrote nothing. Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mountainous owl-droppings, deadening to the human nostril, which moulder in Record Offices and Public Libraries; patrolled-over by mere irrational monsters, of the gryphon and vulture and chimæra species! Easier, a good deal, to versify the Ideal a little, and stick-by ballads and the legitimate drama. Bernhard was Johann Frederick the Magnanimous's great grandson: that is his genealogy; great grandson of little stolen Ernst's grandson. He began in those Bohemian Campaigns (1621), a young lad of seventeen; *Rittmeister* to one of his elder Brothers; some three of whom, in various capacities, fought in the Protestant wars of their time. Very ardent Protestants, they and he; men of devout mind withal; as generally their whole Line, from Johann Frederick the Magnanimous down-

wards, were distinguished by being. He had risen to be a famed captain, while still young; and, under and after the great Gustavus, he did exploits to make the whole world know him. He 'was in two-and-thirty battles;' gained, or helped to gain, almost all of them; but unfortunately *lost* that of Nördlingen, which, next to Lützen, was the most important of all. He had taken Breisach (in the Upper-Rhine country), thought to be inexpugnable; and was just in sight of immense ulterior achievements and advancements, when he died suddenly (1639), still only in his thirty-fifth year. The Richelieu French poisoned him (so ran and runs the rumour); at least he died conveniently for Richelieu, for Germany most inconveniently; and was in truth a mighty kind of man; distinguished much from the imbroglio of little Dukes: 'grandson's great-grandson,' as I said, 'of'——Or, alas, is it hopeless to charge a modern reader's memory even with Bernhard!

Another individual of the Ernestine Line, surely notable to Englishmen, and much to be distinguished amid that imbroglio of little Dukes, is the '*Prinz* ALBRECHT *Franz August Karl Emanuel von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha;*' whom we call, in briefer English, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg; actual Prince Consort of these happy realms. He also is a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst. Concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something,—but not conveniently in this place. By the generality of thinking Englishmen he is regarded as a man of solid sense and worth, seemingly of superior talent, placed in circumstances beyond measure singular. Very complicated circumstances; and which do not promise to grow less so, but the contrary. For the Horologe of Time goes inexorably on; and the Sick Ages ripen (with terrible rapidity at present) towards—— Who will tell us what? The human wisdom of this Prince, whatever share of it he has, may one day be unspeakably important to mankind!—But enough, enough. We will here subjoin his Pedigree at least; which is a very innocent Document, riddled from the big Historical cinderheaps, and may be comfortable to some persons:

'Ernst the Pious, Duke of Sachsen-Gotha (1601–1675), was one of Bernhard of Weimar's elder brothers; great-grandson of Johann Frederick the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate. Had been a soldier in his youth; succeeded to Gotha and the main part of the Territories; and much distinguished himself there. A patron of learning, among other good things; set Seckendorf on compiling the *History of the Reformation*. To all appearance, an excellent, prudent and really *pious* Governor of men. He left seven sons; who at first lived together at Gotha, and 'governed conjointly;' but at length divided the Territories; Frederick the eldest taking Gotha, where various other Fredericks succeeded him, and the line did not die out till 1824. The other six brothers likewise all founded

'Lines,' Coburg, Meinungen, Römhild, Eisenberg, Hildburghausen, Saalfeld, most of which soon died out; but it is only the youngest brother, he of *Saalfeld* with his Line, that concerns us here.

1° JOHANN ERNST (1658–1729), youngest son of Ernst the Pious; got *Saalfeld* for his portion. The *then* Coburg Line died out in 1678, upon which arose great arguings as to who should inherit; arguings, bargainings; and, between Meinungen and Saalfeld especially, a lawsuit in the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council, as we call it), which seemed as if it would never end. At length, in 1735, Saalfeld, 'after two-hundred and six *Conclusa* (Decrees) in its favour,' carried the point over Meinungen; got possession of 'Coburg Town, and nearly all the Territory,' and holds it ever since. Johann Ernst was dead in the interim; but had left his son,

2° FRANZ JOSIAS (born 1697) Duke of *Sachsen-Saalfeld*,—who, as we see, in 1735, after these '206 Decrees,' got Coburg too, and adopted that town as his *Residenz;* Duke of Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld thenceforth. A younger brother of this Franz Josias was the "Cobourg" (Austrian General) thrice-famous in the French Newspapers of 1792–'94, if now forgotten. His (Franz Josias's) son and successor was

3° ERNST FRIEDRICH (1724–1800);—and his

4° FRANZ FRIEDRICH ANTON (1750–1806). He left three daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Kent, and mother of Queen Victoria: likewise three sons; the youngest of whom is Leopold, now King of the Belgians; and the eldest of whom was

5° ERNST ANTON KARL LUDWIG (1784–1844); to whom *Sachsen-Gotha* fell in 1824;—whose elder son is now reigning Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha* (chief Residence Gotha), and whose younger is

6° PRINCE ALBERT, whom we know.'[1]

So that the young gentleman who will one day (it is hoped, but not till after many years) be King of England, is visibly, as we count, Thirteenth in direct descent from that little boy Ernst whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole. Ernst's generation and Twelve others have blossomed-out and grown big, and have faded and been blown away; and in these 400 years, since Kunz did his feat, we have arrived so far. And that is the last 'pearl, or odd button,' I will string on that Transaction.

*** Here is a Letter since received, which may be worth printing:

'Royal Society, Somerset House, 6th August 1856.

"DEAR SIR,—I am a stranger to you, though not to your works; and would not intrude on your time and attention, were it not that the subject on which I write may perhaps procure me your indulgence.

'I have taken a walk into Bohemia, and visited, on the way, some of the places identified with the Prinzenraub. The old town of Altenburg is picturesque in situation, architecture and the costume of its Wendish population. In the castle, which stands on a hill resembling that at Edinburgh,

---

[1] Hübner, tab. 163; Œrtel, tab. 70; Michaelis, *Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser in Teutschland*, i. 511-525.

are to be seen the dresses worn by the young Princes at the time of their kidnapping, ancient weapons, armour, &c., old chambers and modern halls, and a walled-up window marking the situation of the one through which Kunz carried-off his princely booty.

'The estate which was given to the Driller, is situate about half-an-hour's walk to the east of Zwickau; a town that recalls Luther to memory. He (Luther) often ascended the tall church-tower to enjoy the prospect around; and there remains on the top an old clumsy table said to have been his.

'The Driller family is not extinct. Three male representatives are living at Freyberg and other places in Saxony; but the estate has been out of their possession for many years. It lies pleasantly on one side of a narrow glen, and is now the site of a large brewery—*Driller Bierbrauerei*—famed in all the country round for the excellence of its beer. By experience acceptably gathered on the spot on a hot afternoon, I can testify that the *Driller beer* is equal to its reputation. Hence there is something besides a patriotic sentiment to attract customers to the shady gardens and spacious guest-chambers of the brewery; and to justify the writing over the entrance,—*Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ.*

'In one of the rooms I saw a full-length painting of the Driller; a sturdy, resolute-looking fellow, with ample black beard, grasping his pole, and supporting the young Prince whom he has just rescued. Also two miniatures; one inscribed *Georg Schmidt od. Triller;* the other, a likeness of his Wife, a rustic dame of quiet expression, with gray eyes and arched eyebrows. Also a portrait of Kunz, very different from what I expected. He bears a striking resemblance to our portraits of Sir Philip Sidney; with crisp curly hair, ample forehead, well-opened eye, pointed beard, and wearing a gold chain. Also a thin quarto containing a history of the *Prinzenraub*, with portraits, and engravings of the incidents: The stealing of the princes from the castle—the rescue—the joyful return—the beheading of Kunz, &c. All these things help to keep-up a little enthusiasm among the Saxons, and perhaps encourage trade.

'On the 8th of July of last year (1855), a festival was held to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the *Prinzenraub*. A long procession, headed by Herr Ebert, the chief proprietor (since deceased), walked from Zwickau to the brewery, passing under two triumphal-arches on the way. The leader was followed by a long file of coalers, by friends on foot and in carriages, and bands of music in wagons; altogether about eight-hundred persons. They kept-up the celebration with right good will, and drank, so the Braumeister told me, a hundred *eimers* of beer.

'A similar festival was held on the same day at Altenburg, Hartenstein, Grünhain, attended by people from all the neighbouring villages, when not a few paid a visit to the Prinzenhöhle,—the cave in which Prince Ernst was hidden.

'I did not see the monastery of Ebersdorf; but I was informed by sundry persons that the Driller's coat is still to be seen there.

'I remain, yours with much respect,

'WALTER WHITE.

'THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.'

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

CHAP. V. *The Artist.*

Jeanne de Saint-Remi, a brisk little nondescript Scion-of-Royalty: Her parentage and hungry prospects. Her singularly undecipherable character. Conscience not essential to every character named human. A Spark of vehement Life, not developed into Will of any kind, only into Desires of many kinds. Glibness, shiftiness and untamability. (p. 20).—Kittenness, not yet hardened into cathood. Marries M. de Lamotte, and dubs him Count. Hard shifts for a living. Visits his Eminence Prince Louis de Rohan; his monomaniac folly now under Cagliostro's management. The glance of hungry genius. (24).

CHAP. VI. *Will the Two Fixed-ideas meet?*

The poor Countess de Lamotte's watergruel rations; and desperate tackings and manœuvrings within wind of Court. Eminence Rohan arrives thitherward, driven by his fixed-idea. Idle gossiping and tattling concerning Boehmer and his Necklace. In some moment of inspiration, a question rises on our brave Lamotte: If not a great Divine Idea, then a great Diabolic one. How Thought rules the world! (p. 25).—A Female Dramatist worth thinking of. Could Madame de Lamotte have written a *Hamlet?* Poor Eminence Rohan in a Prospero's-grotto of Cagliostro magic; led on by our sprightly Countess's soft-warbling deceitful blandishments. (27).

CHAP. VII. *Marie-Antoinette.*

The Countess plays upon the credulity of his Eminence: Strange messages for and from the innocent, unconscious Queen. Frankhearted Marie-Antoinette; beautiful Highborn, so foully hurled low! The 'Sanctuary of Sorrow' for all the wretched: That wild-yelling World, and all its madness, will one day lie dumb behind thee! (p. 29).

CHAP. VIII. *The Two Fixed-ideas will unite.*

Further dexterities of the glib-tongued Lamotte: How she managed with Cagliostro. Boehmer is made to hear (by accident) of her new-found favour with the Queen; and believes it. Drowning men catch at straws, and hungry blacklegs stick at nothing. (p. 31).—*Can* her Majesty be persuaded to buy the Necklace? *Will* her Majesty deign to accept a present so worthy of her?—Walk warily, Countess de Lamotte, with nerve of iron, but on shoes of felt! (33).

CHAP. IX. *Park of Versailles.*

Ineffable expectancy stirs-up his Eminence's soul: 'This night the Queen herself will meet thee!' Sleep rules this Hemisphere of the World;—rather curious to consider. Darkness and magical delusions: The Countess's successful dramaturgy. Ixion de Rohan, and the foul Centaurs he begat. (p. 34).

CHAP. X. *Behind the Scenes.*

The Lamotte all-conquering talent for intrigue. The Demoiselle d'Oliva; unfortunate Queen's Similitude, and unconscious tool of skilful knavery. (p. 37).

CHAP. XI. *The Necklace is sold.*

A pause: The two fixed-ideas have felt each other, and are rapidly coalescing. His Eminence will buy the Necklace, on her Majesty's account. O Dame de Lamotte! — 'I? Who saw me in it?' (p. 39). — Rohan and Boehmer in earnest business conference: A forged Royal approval: Secrecy as of Death. (41).

CHAP. XII. *The Necklace vanishes.*

The bargain concluded; his Eminence the proud possessor of the Diamond Necklace. Again the scene changes; and he has forwarded it—whither he little dreams. (p. 43).

CHAP. XIII. *Scene Third: by Dame de Lamotte.*

Cagliostro, with his greasy prophetic bulldog face. Countess de Lamotte and his Eminence in the Versailles Gallery. Through that long Gallery, what Figures have passed, and vanished! The Queen now passes; and graciously looks this way, according to her habit: Dame de Lamotte looks on, and dextrously pilfers the royal glances. Eminence de Rohan's helpless, bottomless, beatific folly. (p. 44).

CHAP. XIV. *The Necklace cannot be paid.*

The Countess's Dramaturgic labours terminate. How strangely in life the Play goes on, even when the Mover has left it! No Act of man can ever die. His Eminence finds himself no nearer his expected goal: Unspeakable perturbations of soul and body. (p. 46).—Blacklegs in full feather: Rascaldom has no strong-box. Dame de Lamotte gaily stands the brunt of the threatening Earthquake: The farthest in the world from a brave woman. (48).—Gloomy weather-symptoms for his Eminence: A thunder-clap (*per* Countess de Lamotte); and mud-explosion beyond parallel. (49).

CHAP. XV. *Scene Fourth: by Destiny.*

Assumption-day at Versailles;—a thing they call worshiping God to enact: All Noble France, waiting only the signal to begin worshiping. Eminence de Rohan chief-actor in the imposing scene. Arrestment in the King's name: There will be no Assumption-service this day. The Bastille opens its iron bosom to all the actors in the Diamond-drama. (p. 50).

CHAP. XVI. *Missa est.*

The extraordinary 'Necklace Trial,' an astonishment and scandal to the whole world. Prophetic Discourse by Count Arch-Quack Cagliostro:—

Universal Empire of Scoundrelism: Truth wedded to Sham gives birth to Respectability. The old Christian whim, of some sacred covenant with an actual, living and ruling God. Scoundrel Worship and Philosophy: Deep significance of the Gallows. Hideous fate of Dame de Lamotte. Unfortunate foully-slandered Queen: Her eyes red with their first tears of pure bitterness. The Empire of Imposture in flames.—This strange, many-tinted Business, like a little cloud from which wise men boded Earthquakes. (p. 51).

MIRABEAU.

The Life of an Original Man, the highest fact our world witnesses: Such a Man a problem, not only to others, but to himself. Woe to him who has no court of appeal against the world's judgment! (p. 61).—In such matter the world cannot be right, till *after* it has learnt the lesson the New Man brings. The world's wealth and creative strength consists solely in its Original Men, and what they do for it. Before we can have Morality and critical canons, we must have Heroes and their heroic performances. (62).—He were a sanguine seeker who should look to the French Revolution for creators or exemplars of morality. A greater work never done in the world's history by men so small. Effervescence, and heroic desperation: Mahomet Robespierre's scraggiest of prophetic discourses: Exaggerated commonplace, and triviality run rabid. A vain, cramped, atrabiliar Formula of a man, for nearly two years Autocrat of France. (64).—And yet the French Revolution did disclose three original men. Napoleon Bonaparte in a fair way of being rightly appreciated: His gospel, 'The tools to him that can handle them,' our ultimate Political Evangel. Trimmers, moderates, plausible persons; hateful to God, and to the Enemies of God. If Bonaparte were the 'armed Soldier of Democracy,' then was Danton the *Enfant Perdu*, and *un*enlisted Titan of Democracy: An Earthborn, yet honestly born of Earth! Wild, all-daring 'Mirabeau of the Sansculottes:' What to him were whole shoals of immaculate Pharisees and Respectabilities? 'Let my name be blighted, then; so the Cause be glorious, and have victory!' Once cleared, why should not this name too have significance for men? (65).—Mirabeau, by far the best-gifted of this questionable trio: Of him too it is interesting to notice the progressive dawning, out of darkness into light. Difference between an Original Man and a parliamentary mill. Insufficiency of Mirabeau's Biographers. Dumont's *Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*, not without faithfulness and picturesque clearness; the great Mirabeau being a thing set in motion mainly by him! Lucas Montigny's biographical work, a monstrous heap of shot-rubbish, containing and hiding much valuable matter. By one means and another some sketch of Mirabeau himself may be brought to light. (68).—His Father a crabbed, sulphurous, choleric old—Friend of Men. The Mirabeaus cast-out of Florence at the time Dante was a boy: A notable kindred; as the kindred

and fathers of most notable men are. A family totally exempt from blockheads, but a little liable to blackguards. One of them vowed to chain two mountains together; and did it. They get firm footing in Marseilles as trading nobles: Talent for choosing wives. Uncouth courtiership at Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf. Jean Antoine, afterwards named Silverstock: Haughtier, juster, more choleric man need not be sought-for. Battle of Casano: The Mirabeau family narrowly escapes extinction. World-wide influence of the veriest trifles: Inscrutability of genetic history. (72).—In the whole kindred, no stranger figure than the 'Friend of Men,' Mirabeau's father: Strong, tough as an oak-root, and as gnarled and unwedgeable. Really a most notable, questionable, hateable, lovable old Marquis. A Pedant, but under most interesting new circumstances. Nobility in France based no longer on heroic nobleness of conduct and effort; but on sycophancy, formality, adroitness: How shall the proudest of the Mirabeaus fall prostrate before a Pompadour? Literary powers, characteristics and shortcomings: Not through the press is there any progress towards premiership. The world a mad imbroglio, which no Friend of Men can set right. Domestic rebellions and tribulations: Lawsuits between man and wife: Fifty-four *Lettres de Cachet*, for the use of a single Marquis. Blessed old Marquis, or else accursed; there is stuff in thee; and stuff is stuff, were it never so crabbed! His Brother, Bailli de Mirabeau, and their frank brotherly love. (78).—Gabriel Honoré Mirabeau, born 9th March 1749: A very Hercules; as if in this man-child Destiny had swept together all the wildnesses and strengths of his lineage. Mirabeau, Goethe, Burns: Could the well-born of the world be always rightly bred, and rightly welcomed, what a world it might be! Mirabeau's rough, vehement, genial childhood: His father's pedantic interference: No lion's-whelp or young Mirabeau will go like clockwork. What a task the poor paternal Marquis had. His troubled notions about his own offspring. Young Mirabeau sent to boarding-school in disgrace: Gains the goodwill of all who come near him. Sent to the Army: The people of Saintes grew to like him amazingly: Quarrels with his Colonel: Archer's daughter, and the tongue of the Old Serpent: *Lettre de Cachet* and the Isle of Rhe. Happily there is fighting in Corsica, and young Mirabeau gets leave to join it. His good uncle pronounces him the best fellow on earth if well dealt with. Restored to his father's favour. Visits Paris, and gains golden opinions. His father's notable criticisms: In the name of all the gods what prodigy is this I have hatched? A Swallower of all Formulas: And has not France formulas enough to swallow, and make away with? (84).—Neither in the rural Man-of-business department is he found wanting. Demon of the Impossible. Letter to his Uncle. Unfortunate Marriage: A young Alexander, with a very poor outlook. Tries to make a fitting home for his young Wife. Jew-debts, and another *Lettre de Cachet.* In Manosque, too, a man can live and read, and write an Essay on Despotism. Fresh entanglements: His Wife's theoretic flirtations: His generous efforts to make the twisted straight. A sudden quarrel beyond the limits of the royal Letter: Grim confinement in the Castle

of If, at the grim old Marquis's order. O thou poor Mirabeau, thou art getting really into war with Formulas,—terriblest of all wars! A stolen visit from his Brother, the Younger Mirabeau. The old Marquis's ear deaf as that of Destiny. Poor Mirabeau; and poor shallow-hearted Wife: The ill-assorted pair will never meet again. (94).—Mirabeau allowed to walk in Pontarlier on parole. Old President Monnier, aged seventy-five; and his lovely, sad-heroic young wife. Mirabeau feels their danger, and implores his own wife to come to him: She declines the invitation. Temptation, and jealous entanglements: An explosion: Sophie Monnier, sharply dealt with, avows and justifies her love for Mirabeau. *Lettrès de Cachet*, and Convent-walls: They both fly. The tough old Marquis gives chase: They reach Holland, broken in character, though not yet in heart. Who might be the first and greatest sinner in this bad business? Dear brethren of Mankind, 'endeavour to clear your minds of Cant!' Mirabeau cited before the *Parlement* of Besançon, and beheaded in Paper Effigy. Garret-life in Holland: The wild man and beautiful sad-heroic woman lived their romance of reality as well as might be expected. After eight months of hard toils and trembling joys begirt with terror, they are discovered and brought back. Mirabeau fast-locked in the Castle of Vincennes for forty-two months: His wretched Sophie in some milder Convent confinement: Their Correspondence. A last, untoward meeting: Poor Sophie's melancholy end. Mirabeau, again at liberty, storms before the Besançon *Parlement;* and the Paper Effigy has its head stuck on again. The tough old Marquis summons his children about him, and frankly declares himself invalided: They must now strive to govern themselves! Mirabeau's Demosthenic fire and pathos: But he cannot get his wife's property. (101).—Mirabeau's life for the next five years creeps troublous, obscure: The world's esteem, its codes and formulas, gone quite against him. In spite of the world, a living strong man, who will not tumble prostrate. His wandering, questionable mode of life: Incontinence, enormous, entirely indefensible: In audacity, in recklessness, not likely to be wanting. Mirabeau as a writer and speaker Instead of tropes and declamatory fervid feeling, a totally unornamented force and massiveness,—conviction striving to convince: The primary character, sincerity and insight. Nicknames that are worth whole treatises. (109).—Convocation of the States-General. Need we ask whether Mirabeau bestirs himself now? One strong dead-lift pull, thou Titan, and perhaps thou carriest it! How Mirabeau wrestled and strove, under such auspices: His flinging-up of the handful of dust. Voluntary guard of a hundred men: Explosions of rejoicing musketry: Chosen deputy for two places. For this Mirabeau, too, the career at last opens: Forty long stern years; and now, Hyperion-like, he has scaled the mountain-tops: What a scene, and new kingdom lies before him! O Son of Adam! Son of Lucifer! the thing thou wantest is equilibrium,—*rest* or *peace*. (113).—Madame de Staël's account of Mirabeau in the procession of Deputies. Seen visibly to have saved, as with his own force, the existence of the Constituent Assembly: Alone of all these Twelve-hundred, there is

in him the faculty of a King. The brave old Marquis lived to see his son's victory; and rejoiced in it. Death, amid the mourning of a people. Imperfection of human characters; and difficulty of *seeing* them as they are and were. Mirabeau also was made by the Upper Powers; in their wisdom, not in *our* wisdom, was he so made, and so marred. (115).

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The French Revolution, the grand event of these modern ages. (p. 119).—Innumerable Histories, and attempts to picture it. Thiers's *History*, with its superficial air of order and candour, inwardly waste, inorganic, incorrect. Mignet's, although utterly prosaic, a much more honestly-written book: His jingling dance of algebraical x's, and Kalmuck rotary-calabash. Only some three publications, hitherto, really worth reading on the matter. (120).—The *Histoire Parlementaire*, a valuable and faithful collection of facts and documents. Account of old Foulon's miserable end. Camille Desmoulins, a light harmless creature, 'born to write verses;' but whom Destiny directed to overthrow Bastilles. The French Palais Royal, and the Roman Forum: White and black cockades: Insurrection of Women. (123).—The Jacobins' Club, in its early days of rose-pink and moral-sublime: In some few months—the September Massacre: Like some Ezekiel Vision become real, does Scene after Scene disclose itself. The French Revolution, 'an attempt to realise Christianity,' and put it fairly into action in our world. For the love of Heaven, Messieurs, '*humez vos formules,*' and look! (130).

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished. (p. 135).—Sir Walter Scott's unparalleled popularity. Mr. Lockhart's *Life*, in Seven Volumes: Essentials of a real Biography. Necessity for paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write: Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen *under* it, determines the value. Fenimore Cooper, and what lay in him to have done. When the Devil may fairly be considered conquered. Mr. Lockhart's work an honest, careful compilation: Foolishly blamed for being too communicative. Delicate, decent, empty English Biography; bless its mealy mouth! (137).—No extent of popularity can *make* a man great: The stupidity of men, especially congregated in masses, extreme: Lope de Vega; Cervantes; Kotzebue. The real ungarnished Walter Scott, reduced to his own natural dimensions: Other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. His highest gift, a love of picturesque, vigorous and graceful things. The great Mystery of Existence had no greatness for him: His conquests were for his own behoof mainly, over common market-labour. The test of

every great, divine man, that he have *fire* in him to burn-up somewhat of the sins of the world: Paltry, self-conscious, hollow imitations. A great man ever possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon, not the superfinest of great men, had an idea to start with: His idea, 'The tools to him that can handle them,' the one true central idea to which everything practical is tending. Small vestige of any such fire, latent or luminous, in the inner-man of Scott. Yet was he a right brave and strong man, according to his kind: One of the *healthiest* of men. A healthy *soul*, the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Walter Scott and William Cobbett, the two healthiest men of their day: A cheerful sight, let the greatness be what it will. Scott, very much the old fighting Borderer, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century. Who knows how much slumbers in many men? (143).—Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards distinction of any kind. His infancy and boyhood: How Destiny was steadily preparing him for his work. Presbyterian Scotland: Brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true! A true Thought will take many forms, in the Voices and the Work of a hardy, endeavouring, considering Nation. The good in the Scotch national character, and the not-so-good. (148).—Scott's early days pleasant to read of: A little fragment of early Autobiography. His 'Liddesdale Raids:' Questionable doings; whisky mounting beyond its level. A stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good-humour. The uttered part of a man's life bears but a small unknown proportion to the unuttered, unconscious part: The greatest, by nature also the *quietest*. Fichte's consolation in this belief, amid the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious. Scott the temporary comforter of an age, at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism: In his Romances the Past stood before us, not as dead tradition, but as palpable presence: His brilliant, unprecedented success. (151).—For a Sermon on Health, Scott should be the text: Money will buy money's worth; but 'fame,' what is it? How strange a Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men! What sadder book than that *Life of Byron*, by Moore? Poor Byron! who really had much substance in him. Scott's commercial enterprises: Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! Scott and Shakspeare. If not skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; neither is he a canting chimera, but a substantial terrestrial man. (156).—Considering the wretched vamping-up of old tatters then in vogue, Scott's excellence may be called superior and supreme. Goethe's *Götz von Berlichingen*, the remote spring whence this river of Metrical Romance arose: Influence of *Götz* and *Werter*. Curious, how all Europe is but like a set of parishes; participant of the selfsame influences, from the Crusades and earlier! Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott among the first to perceive the day of Metrical Chivalry-Romance was declining: Let it shake-off its rhyme-fetters, then, and try a wider sweep. The *Waverley Novels*: A certain anonymous mystery kept up, rather piquant to the public. Scott's Letters, never without interest, yet seldom or never very in-

teresting. A dinner with the Prince-Regent: Another at James Ballantyne's, on the birtheve of a Waverley Novel. A Sunday-morning ramble. Abbotsford infested with tourists and wonder-hunters, what Schiller calls 'flesh-flies:' Captain Basil Hall compressed. The good Sir Walter bore it as he could; and did not sweep his premises clear of them. His guests not all of the bluebottle sort: A Boccaccio picture: Singular brute-attachments to Sir Walter Scott: A wise little Blenheim cocker. Strange animal and human resemblances. Alas, Scott, with all his health, became *infected:* The inane racket must now be kept up, and rise ever higher. A black speck in every soul. (160).—Had Literature no task but that of harmlessly amusing, the Waverley Novels were the perfection of Literature. Difference in drawing a character, between a Scott, a Shakspeare and Goethe. Not by quaintness of costume, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely by being men. Incalculable service these Historical Novels have rendered History. (173).—The extempore style of writing. No great thing ever done without difficulty: The 'soul's travail.' Cease, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility! Quality, not quantity, the one thing needful. (177).—Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, could not in any case have ended in good. Alas, in one day his high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity. It was a hard trial: He met it proudly, bravely; like a brave proud man of the world. The noble Warhorse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Extracts from his Diary: His Wife's death: Lonely, aged, deprived of all: an impoverished, embarrassed man. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, farewell! (180).

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS.

Inexhaustible interest of Veracity and Memoir-writing: Varnhagen's peculiar gifts and qualifications. (p. 185).—Glimpses of literary worthies; Schleiermacher; Wolf; La Fontaine. A pleasant visit to Jean Paul, at his little home in Baireuth. A Battle-piece: Napoleon at Wagram; and Varnhagen's first experience of War. Varnhagen at the Court of Napoleon: What he saw; and what he thought of the Emperor. The eye sees only what it brings the means of seeing: Mystery and strength of *originality.* (189).—Varnhagen most of all rejoices in the memory of Rahel, his deceased wife. A kind of spiritual queen in Germany: One of the first to recognise the significance of Goethe. Her face with no pretensions to beauty, yet lovable and attractive in a singular degree: Its characteristics. Her Letters, of the *subjective* sort; an unprofitable kind of writing. Not by looking at itself, but by ascertaining and ruling things *out of itself,* can the mind become known. (198).—Her brilliant conversational powers. A few short extracts from her Letters: Obscure glimpses of the wealth and beauty of her loving woman's-soul. Her deathbed. That such a woman

should have lived unknown, and as it were silent to the world, a suggestive lesson to our time: Blessed are the humble, they that are *not* known. 'Seekest thou great things, seek them not;' live where thou art, wisely, diligently. The Working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally forever, and cannot die. (201).

PETITION ON THE COPYRIGHT BILL.

Assuring to each man the just recompense of his labour, the business of all Legislation and Government among men. To have written a genuine enduring book, not a sufficient reason for the forfeiture of the Law's protection. Why then should extraneous persons be allowed to steal from the poor book-writer the poor market-price of his labours? (p. 207).

ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.

The first public notice in England of Lord Howe's victory and the destruction of the *Vengeur*. (p. 209).—The French Convention, in its Reign of Terror, had to give its own version of the matter. Barrère reports it as a glorious victory for France: At length, unable to conceal the defeat, he pictures the manner of it as a spectacle for the gods. His Report translated, and published without comment, in the *Morning Chronicle*. The French naturally proud of so heroic a feat. It finds its way into English History. Extract from Carlyle's 'French Revolution:' Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths, denying altogether the correctness of the account. Another Letter, giving an emphatic statement of the facts, as witnessed by himself. Letter from T. Carlyle to 'a distinguished French friend:' In the interest of all whom it may concern, let the truth be known. (210).—Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle, enclosing a Copy of Letter from Rear-Admiral Renaudin, Captain of the sunken *Vengeur*. The French Journals and official persons in no haste to canvass the awkward-looking case. Response of one who did respond: Not a recantation of an impudent amazing falsehood; but a faint whimper of admission that it is probably false. Every windbag at length ripped; in the longrun no lie can be successful. Of Nothing you can, with much lost labour, make only —Nothing. (216).

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.

Mr. Robert Baillie, a solid comfortable Parish Minister of Kilwinning: How he became gradually heated to the welding-pitch, by the troubles of the Seventeenth Century. (p. 223).—Happily his copious loquacity prompted him to use pen as well as tongue without stint. A collection of his Letters printed, and reprinted. Like the hasty, breathless, confused *talk* of a

man, looking face to face on that great whirl of things. Strange to consider; *it*, the very phenomenon itself, does stand depictured there, had we intellect *enough* to decipher it: With intellect *enough*, even 'your constant assured friend Charles Rex' were no longer an enigma and chimera. Duty of every reader to read faithfully; and of every writer to write his wisest: Shall stealing the money of a man be a crime: and stealing the time and brains of innumerable men be none? Warm-hearted, canny, blundering, babbling Baillie! The daily tattle of men, as the air carried it two-hundred years ago, becomes audible in these pages: With all its shortcomings, perhaps no book of that period will better reward the trouble of reading. (224).—His account of the Scotch Encampment on the Hill of Dunse: King Charles looking on it with a spy-glass; though without much profit to himself. A far-off look into the domesticities of Baillie; A journey to London: All here weary of bishops: Strafford caged; Canterbury to be pulled down; and everywhere a mighty drama going on. (233).—Impressive passages in the Impeachment and Trial of Strafford. How different from the dreary vacuity of 'Philosophy teaching by experience,' is the living picture of the fact; such as even a Boswell or Baillie can give, if they will honestly look. Our far-off Fathers, face to face; alive,—and yet not alive. On our horizon, too, loom now inevitabilities no less stern; one knows not sometimes, whether not very near at hand. (239).

DR. FRANCIA.

The South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, a great confused phenomenon; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. (p. 249).—Liberator Bolivar, a much-enduring and many-counselled man. Of General San Martin, too, there is something to be said: His march over the Andes into Chile; a feat worth looking at. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? Don Ambrosio O'Higgins: His industry and skill in road-making. O'Higgins the Second: Governing a rude business everywhere; but in South America of quite primitive rudeness. Ecclesiastic Vampire-bats. An immense increase of soap-and-water, the basis of all improvements in Chile. (250).—By far the notablest of these South-American phenomena, Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay. Nothing could well shock the constitutional mind like this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia. Our chief source of information about him, a little Book by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp: An endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The Messrs. Robertson, and their *Francia's Reign of Terror* and other books: Given a cubic inch of Castile soap, to lather it up in water so as to fill a wine-puncheon. How every idle volume flies abroad like idle thistle-down; frightful to think of, were it not for reaphook and rake. In all human likelihood this sanguinary tyrant of Paraguay did mean *something*, could we in quietness ascertain What. (256).—Francia born about the year 1757;

of Portuguese or French extraction. Intended for a priest. Subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria. Sent to the University of Cordova in Tucuman. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries, often dreadfully ill-dealt with, as times go: So much is unspeakable; and a most strange Universe, this, to be born into! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Had doubtless gained some insight into the veritable workings of the Universe: Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit-theology he did not take-in. French-Encyclopedic influences, and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company: An *ill*-fed, ghastly-looking flame; but a needful, and even kind of sacred one. Francia perhaps the best and justest Advocate that ever took briefs in that distant Assumpcion City. The people of that profuse climate in careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things: One art they seem to have perfected, that of riding. Their lives, like empty capacious bottles, calling to the Heavens and the earth, and to all Dr. Francias who may pass that way. Francia a lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men: Passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour and rectitude. A Law-case; an unjust judge discomforted. Francia's quarrel with his Father. A most barren time: Not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes, that can *lasso* him permanently. But now, far over the waters there have been Federations, Sansculottism: In the new Hemisphere, too, arise wild projects, armed gatherings, invasions and revolts. A new figure of existence is cut-out for the Assumpcion Advocate. (261).—Not till a year after, did the Paragueños, by spontaneous movement resolve on a career of freedom. National Congress: Papers 'compiled chiefly out of Rollin's *Ancient History*.' Paraguay Republic: Don Fulgencio Yegros, President; two Assessors; Francia, Secretary. Alas, these Guacho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain, mendacious: We know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury, to do a just or true thing under that sun. Secretary Francia flings-down his papers, and retires again into privacy: An accidental meeting; description of the man, and of his library. The reign of liberty becomes unendurable: A second Congress got together: Fulgencio and Francia, joint Consuls. Next year, a third Congress; and Francia gets himself declared Dictator. He never assembled any Congress more; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and got his wicked will! (274). —A great improvement did, nevertheless, in all quarters forthwith show itself: Every official in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin actually doing his work. The land had peace; a rabid dog-kennel wide as South America raging round it, but kept-out as by lock-and-key. A Conspiracy; to start with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it might close with: Francia not a man to be trifled-with in plots. It was in this stern period he executed above forty persons. A visitation of locusts: Two harvests in one season. (278).—Sauerteig's sunglances into the matter. No Reform, whether of an individual or a nation, can be effected without stern suffering, stern working: Pity it cannot be done by 'tremen-

dous cheers.' What they say about 'love of power:' Love of 'power' to make flunkeys come and go for you! A true man must tend to be king of his own world. This Paraguay got the one veracious man it had, to take lease of it. Funeral Eulogium, by the Reverend Manuel Perez: Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still. Dictator Francia, a man whose worth and meaning are not soon exhausted. His efforts to rebuild the City of Assumpcion. His desire to open a trade with the English Nation,—foolishly supposed to be represented, and made accessible, in the House of Commons: Francia's unreasonable detestation of a man who was not equal to his word. (281).—His sore struggle with imaginary workmen, cleric and laic: In despair he erected his 'Workman's Gallows:' Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, everywhere pressingly desirable. O Guachos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting-out your Seven Devils! (288).—Francia; as he looked and lived, managing that thousandfold business for his Paraguenos, and keeping a sharp eye for assassins. His treatment of M. Bonpland; of his old enemy Artigas: His rumoured conduct to his dying Father. His interest in any kind of intelligent human creature, when such by rarest chance could be fallen-in with. So lived, so laboured Dictator Francia; and had no rest but in Eternity. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute some forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee! (290).

AN ELECTION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

How Pym, Hampden and others, rode about the country to promote the election of their own faction. Our entire ignorance, but for this fact, how that celebrated Long Parliament was got together. (p. 295).—Welcome discovery of certain semi-official Documents, relative to the Election for Suffolk. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a most spotless man and High-Sheriff; ambitious to be the very pink of Puritan magistrates: How shall any shadow of Impartiality be suffered to rest on his clear-polished character?—Hence these Documents. General character of our Civil-War documents and records: Comparative emphasis and potency of Sir Simonds' affidavits. An old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived on that 'extreme windy day,' may dimly suggest itself. (297).—Samuel Duncon, Town-constable, testifieth: — Unconsciously, How the Polling was managed in those old days. Consciously, How the Opposition Candidate was magnanimously allowed every precedence and facility; and yet couldn't win: And, How in the rage of their disappointment and ingratitude, his party scandalously upbraided the immaculate High-Sheriff himself with injustice towards them. The High-Sheriff's own Narrative of his admirable carriage, and ill-requited magnanimity. (300).—Another case Sir Simonds had to clear-up: Being High-Sheriff, he returned *himself* for Sudbury: In this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. A thin highflown character, by no

means without his uses. Colonel Pride in the end had to purge him out, with four or five score others. He died soon after; leaving an unspotted pedant character, and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers in the British Museum. His Notes of the Long Parliament, perhaps the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Our sorrowful Dryasdust Printing Societies; and what they might do towards a real History of England. (311).

TWO-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY YEARS AGO:

A FRAGMENT ABOUT DUELS.

Duelling, one of the sincerities of Human Life, capable of taking many forms. A background of wrath does lie in every man and creature: Deadliest rage, and tenderest love, different manifestations of the same radical fire whereof Life is made. The elaboration an immense matter! (p. 315).

No. I. *Holles of Haughton.*

How John Holles married the fair Anne Stanhope, and so gave offence to the Shrewsburys. High feud between the two houses; the very retainers biting thumbs, and killing one another. John Holles and Gervase Markham: 'Markham, guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you!' Loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham could not guard himself; and got 'spoilt' accordingly. (p. 316).

No. II. *Croydon Races.*

Scotch favourites of King James, and English jealousies. Scotch Maxwell, and his insolent sardonic humour: Fashionable Young England in deadly emotion. How his Majesty laboured to keep peace. At the Croydon Races there arose sudden strife; and the hour looked really ominous: Philip Herbert (beautiful young man), of the best blood in England, switched over the head by an accursed Scotch Ramsay! And Philip Herbert's rapier—did *not* flash-out. (p. 318).

No. III. *Sir Thomas Dutton and Sir Hatton Cheek.*

How unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! Peace here, if possible; over in the Netherlands is always fighting enough. Swash-buckler duels had now gone-out: Fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away: A more silent duel, but a terribly serious one. Hot tempers at the siege of Juliers: Under military duty; but not always to be so. Two gentlemen on Calais sands, in the height of silent fury stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched. A bloody burial there

that morning. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this? (p. 321).

THE OPERA.

Music the speech of Angels; raising and admitting the soul to the Council of the Universe. It was so in old earnest times, whatever it may have come to be with us. The waste that is made in music among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts. David's inspired Psalms; and the things men are inspired to sing now at the Opera. (p. 325).—The Haymarket Opera, with its lustres, painting, upholstery: Artists, too, got together from the ends of the world; capable of far other work than squalling here. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers and mad ugly caperings, little short of miraculous. And to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it! (326).—All this to afford an hour's dreary amusement to a high-dizened select populace—not worth amusing. The Rhythmic Arts, with their magical accessories, a mere accompaniment; the real service of the evening Paphian rather. Wonderful to see, and sad if we had eyes, what the Modern Aristocracy of men can deliberately do! A world all calculated for strangling of heroisms; and the ages have altered strangely: They will alter yet again. (327).

PROJECT OF A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.

Historical interest in good Historical Portraits. *Any* representation by a faithful human creature of a Face and Figure worth knowing, which *he* saw, which we can *never* see, is invaluable. (p. 330).—All this apart from the artistic value of the Portraits. Historical Portrait-Galleries might far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatsoever. In selecting Portraits, the grand question, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying History to himself? At the end of the account, to have served him, will be to have served everybody. The thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods; nor should it, if it could. (331).—No portrait of any living man admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be: The space of a generation required, to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities. Engravings, coins, casts; any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man, should be welcome. No modern pictures of Historical events: Infatuated blotches of insincere ignorance: Wilkie's *John Knox; Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other. All that kind of matter, as indisputable 'chaff,' to be severely purged away. Considerations respecting a plurality of por-

traits of the same person. The question, Who is a Historical Character? The Catalogue, if well done, one of the best parts of the whole concern. (334).

THE PRINZENRAUB:

GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

English ignorance of foreign history. German history, especially, quite wild soil, very rough to the ploughshare. (p. 338).—The Wettin Line of Saxon Princes (Prince Albert's line); and its lucky inheritance and force of survival: Through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, one of the greatest houses in Germany. Coalescings, splittings, never-ending re-adjustments. Frederick the Pacific and his brother Wilhelm 'rule con jointly;' till they quarrel and take to fighting. Kunz von Kaufungen, a German *condottiere*, employed by Frederick. The fighting over, Kunz is dissatisfied with his bargain: Exasperations, and threats of revenge. Frederick's two children left at home unguarded: Here is the opportunity we have hungrily waited-for! A midnight surprise in the venerable little town of Altenburg: The two Princes (but with a mistake to mend) carried-off: Sudden alarms, shrieks, a mother's passionate prayer: Away, rapidly, through the woods. All Saxony, to the remotest village, from all its belfries ringing madly. (338).—Kunz, with Albert the younger Prince, within an hour of the Bohemian border. A grimy Collier, much astonished to find such company in the solitudes: The Prince rescued, and Kunz safe-warded under lock-and-key. The rest of his band supposing their leader dead, restore Prince Ernst, and are permitted to fly. Kunz and others soon after tried, and all their transactions ended. The Collier also, not allowed to go unrewarded. This little actual adventure worthy of a nook in modern memory, for many reasons. (343).—Inextricable confusion and unintelligibility of Saxon princely names; each person having from ten to twenty, to hide among. Our two little stolen Princes the heads of two main streams or Lines, which still continue conspicuously distinct. The elder, or Ernestine Line, got for inheritance the better side of the Saxon country: They had Weimar, Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg,—above all, Wartburg; of all places the sun now looks upon, the ***holiest*** for a modern man: Immortal remembrances, influences and monitions. Ernst's son, Frederick the Wise; who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms: A man less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than he might be. His brother, John the Steadfast, succeeded him; with whose son the Line underwent sad destinies. (347).—Of the younger, or Albertine Line, there was 'Duke George;' much reverenced by many, though Luther thought so little of him: A much-afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. One of his daughters a lineal ancestress of Frederick the Great. Elector Moritz, and his seemingly-successful jockeyship: The game not yet played-out. However that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got disintegrated: Johann

Friedrich the Magnanimous, then head of that elder line, all now in a reduced condition: Why did he found all that imbroglio of little dukes! The thrifty Brandenburg Hohenzollerns; and their fine talent of 'annihilating rubbish.' Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long: No cage big enough to hold a Kaiser: Beats Albert Alcibiades; and gets killed. The present King of Saxony a far-off *nephew* of jockeying Moritz: A most expensive progeny; in general not admirable otherwise. August the Strong, of the three-hundred-and-fifty-four bastards: More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkeys seldom stalked this earth. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all: The unspeakably unexemplary mortal! Protestant Saxony spiritually bankrupt ever since. One of his bastards became Maréchal de Saxe, and made much noise for a time: Like his father, an immensely strong man; of unbounded dissoluteness, and loose native ingenuity. (350).—The elder or Ernestine Line, in its undecipherable, disintegrated state. How the pious German mind holds by the palpably superfluous; and in general cannot annihilate rubbish: The Ernestine Line was but like its neighbours in that. Cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes, they have no history: Perhaps here and there they have more history than we are aware of. Pity brave men, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand thus inert, amid the whirling arena of the world! (358).—Bernhard of Weimar, a famed captain in the Thirty-Years War,—whose Life Goethe prudently did *not* write: Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mouldering paper-heaps. Another individual of the Ernestine Line; notable to Englishmen as 'Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.' He also a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst; concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something. The Horologe of Time goes inexorably on. (360).

INDEX.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY LEVEY, ROBSON, AND FRANKLYN,
Great New Street and Fetter Lane.